

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 6.

PORPOISE-SHOOTING.



SHOOTING A PORPOISE.

"CANOE ahoy-oy-oy!"

"Ahoy-oy-oy."

"Where are you bound?"

"Indian Beach, Grand Menan."

"You can't fetch it, in this wind and sea; better come aboard the schooner."

The hail came from an outward bound pilot-boat, running down the Bay of Fundy, close-reefed, in a strong breeze, and was addressed to the writer and his Indian friend Sebatis, who were crossing the bay in a canoe bound to Indian Beach, Grand Menan, on a porpoise-shooting expedition.

"Sebatis, the men in the schooner want to take us aboard; they say that there is too much wind and sea to fetch Indian Beach with the canoe."

VOL. XX.—52.

"No danger; canoe best; we fetch 'im Indian Beach all safe—s'pose we go on pilot-boat, sartin very sea-sick."

On hearing Sebatis's remark, a hearty laugh and a cheer came from the crew of the pilot-boat, and, thanking them for their kind intentions, we bore away for our destination.

To one unaccustomed to the sea-worthy qualities of a birch canoe properly handled, the situation would have seemed a perilous one, for the sea was running high, and the breeze stiffening.

"Look out, Sebatis!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as the spray from a sea breaking almost aboard of us drenched me.

"All right, no danger 'tall, only little wet."

[Copyright, 1880, by Scribner & Co. All rights reserved.]



SEBATÍS IN A PERILOUS SITUATION.

"I'm afraid we'll be swamped, Sebatís."

"No chance swamp 'im, I watch canoe so close, you see, water can't come 'board 'tall."

I began to think that our situation very much resembled that of the old Indian who, for lack of a sail, put up a big bush in the bow of his canoe;—all went well with him until the wind increased to a gale and he could not get forward to reef his bush. So he sat like a statue, steering with his paddle, and repeating, in a mournful monotone:

"Too much bush, too much bush, for little canoe."

With this in my mind, I said to Sebatís:

"Don't you think that we are carrying too much sail? A heavy squall might upset us."

"Well, you see," he replied, "no chance reef 'im now, wind so heavy, but I take care, got sheet in my hand, s'pose squall, then I let go pretty quick."

He had the sheet in his hand, as he said, and was steering with the paddle in the other, whale-boat fashion. So I took heart of grace and troubled myself no more about the matter.

"You hear 'im wolves?" said Sebatís, pointing to a low-lying group of rocky islands that have crushed many a noble ship with their ugly fangs; "make good deal noise" (alluding to the surf); "wind shift now—fair all way Indian Beach."

And away we bounded, the canoe riding the waves like a duck, and so buoyantly

that at times six feet of her length were out of water.

After another hour's sailing:

"Only a little ways now," said Sebatís. "Just 'round big headland, then no wind, only sea pretty heavy."

In a few moments we doubled the headland safely, and Sebatís unstepped the mast and stowed the sail in the bottom of the canoe, then resumed his paddle.

On viewing our prospect for landing, I must confess to more anxiety than I had hitherto experienced. True, we were out of the wind, but the night was shutting down apace, and a transient gleam from the storm-rent clouds disclosed the sea rolling in on the beach in such a manner as to make our landing, in the treacherous light of the departing day, a dangerous one.

"Now then," exclaimed Sebatís, "s'pose you jump overboard, and run right up the beach, when I give the word. I'll beach the canoe all 'lone myself."

He was paddling with might and main, and we were successfully riding the waves within one hundred yards of the beach.

"Now then, jump quick, and run," he cried, as a receding wave left us in a swashing undertow.

I was overboard in an instant and struggled out of the reach of the sea. After holding the canoe steady while I jumped, Sebatís followed, and, partly dragging and partly carrying the canoe, beached her high and dry.

We were now on Indian Beach, where the Indians camp for the summer and autumn porpoise-shooting. The beach extends for about half a mile, between two projecting headlands, and the camps, constructed of drift-wood, are placed just above high-water mark, and under the shelter of the overhanging cliffs.

Drenched with salt water, and as hungry as wolves, we unpacked the canoe and carried our "possibles" to Sebat's camp.

Porpoise-shooting affords to the Indians of the Passamaquoddy tribe their principal means of support. It is practiced at all seasons of the year, but the fish killed in the winter are the fattest and give the largest quantities of oil. The largest-sized porpoises measure about seven feet in length, about the girth five feet, weigh three hundred pounds and upward, and yield from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber is about one and one-half inches thick in summer, and two inches thick in winter, at which time the creature is in its best condition. The blubber from a large porpoise weighs about one hundred pounds. The Indians try out the oil in a very primitive manner, and with very rude but picturesque appliances. The blubber is stripped off, then cut into small pieces, which are placed in huge iron pots and melted over a fire. All along the beach were placed, at intervals, curious structures, consisting of two upright pieces

of wood surmounted by a cross-piece, from which the pots were hung by chains. Under this cross-piece large stones were piled in a semicircle, inside of which a fire was made that was allowed to burn fiercely until the stones were at a white heat. The fire was then scattered, and the pots containing the blubber were placed over the stones and just enough fire kept under them to insure the melting of the blubber. When melted, the oil was skimmed off into other receptacles, then poured into tin cans of about five gallons capacity, and the process was complete. If the oil is pure, it readily brings ninety cents per gallon, but if adulterated with seal, or any other inferior oil, its value is reduced to sixty-five cents per gallon. A very superior oil is obtained from the jaw of the porpoise. The jaws are hung up in the sun, and the oil, as it drips, is caught in cans placed for that purpose. The quantity of oil thus procured is small, being only about half of a pint from each jaw, but a large price is paid for it by watch-makers and others requiring a very fine lubricator. The oil from the blubber gives a very good light, and was for a long time used in all the light-houses on the coast. It is also a capital oil for lubricating machinery, never gets sticky, and is unaffected by cold weather. When pure, there is no offensive smell, and I know of no oil equal to it for those who are compelled to use



SPEARING A PORPOISE.



THE CAMP AT INDIAN BEACH.

their eyes at night. The light is very soft, and, used in a German student's lamp, one can work almost as comfortably as by daylight, and the dreaded glare of gas and other artificial lights is completely avoided.

If industrious, and favored with ordinary success, an Indian can kill from one hundred and fifty to two hundred porpoises in a year, and they will probably average three gallons of oil each. But, unfortunately, the poor Indians are not industrious, or only so by fits and starts, or as necessity compels them. Their way is usually to accumulate some fifteen or twenty gallons of oil, then go off to Eastport, Maine, with it, for a market. Thus, much time is lost in loitering about the towns, and in going to and returning from the hunting-grounds. Moreover, there are always two Indians to each canoe, and the proceeds of the hunt have to be divided. There is quite a good demand for the oil, and, if systematically followed, porpoise-shooting would furnish the Indians with a comfortable support. The flesh of the porpoise, when cooked, is not unlike fresh pork, and at one time was much used. The Indians still use it, and it is also in request by the fishermen on the coast, who readily exchange fresh fish for "porpus" meat with the Indians.

Almost unknown to the outside world, here is an industry followed by these poor Indians, year after year, calling in its pursuit for more bravery, skill and endurance

than perhaps any other occupation. I could not help feeling a melancholy interest in them and their pursuits as I sat on the beach at sunrise, watching them embark on their perilous work. For these poor creatures, "porpusin" possessed an all-absorbing interest, and the chances of success, state of weather and price obtainable for the oil were matters of every-day discussion.

In the morning, all the women and children turned out to see the canoes go off, and if during the day a storm came up, or the canoes were unusually late in returning, many anxious eyes would be turned seaward. They were always pleasant and good-natured with one another, and in general returned from the hunt about three o'clock in the afternoon. After dinner, one would have thought that, tired out with their exertions, they would have sought repose; but they did not seem to need it, and the rest of the day until sundown would be spent in friendly games upon the beach.

To make a successful porpoise-hunter requires five or six years of constant practice. Boys, ten or twelve years of age, are taken out in the canoes by the men, and thus early trained in the pursuit of that which is to form their main support in after years. Porpoise-shooting is followed at all seasons and in all kinds of weather—in the summer sea, in the boisterous autumn gales, and in the dreadful icy seas of midwinter. In a calm summer day, the porpoise can be heard blowing for a long distance. The Indians, guided by

the sound long before they can see the game, paddle rapidly in the direction from which the sound comes, and rarely fail to secure the fish. They use long smooth-bored guns, loaded with a handful of powder, and a heavy charge of double B shot. As soon as the porpoise is shot, they paddle rapidly up to him and kill him with a spear, to prevent his flopping about, and upsetting the canoe after they have taken him aboard. The manner of taking the porpoise aboard is to insert two fingers of the right hand into the blow-hole, take hold of the pectoral fin with the left hand, and lift the fish up until at least one-half of his length is above the gunwale of the canoe, and then drag him aboard.

only under circumstances where the Indian's skill or foresight are unavailing. When an Indian stands up in his canoe, in rough water, he suits himself to every motion of his frail craft, and is ever ready to sway his body and keep her on an even keel. In this he is ably seconded by his comrade who manages the paddle, and with marvelous dexterity urges the canoe forward, checks her, backs her, whirls her completely around, or holds her steady as a rock, as the emergency may require.

Although an old and experienced canoeist, in the matter of shooting porpoises from a canoe in a heavy sea, and taking them aboard, I often feel inclined to side with my friend Colonel W——, who once arranged a por-



TAKING A PORPOISE ABOARD IN ROUGH WATER.

This is comparatively easy to accomplish in smooth water, but when the feat is performed in a heavy sea, one can realize the skill and daring required. In rough weather, with a high sea running, the Indian is compelled to stand up in his canoe when he fires, otherwise he could not see his game. In such work as this, one would suppose that upsets would be almost unavoidable, but strange to say they seldom happen,—and

poise-shooting expedition on shares with an Indian named Paul. It was the Colonel's first, and, I may add, last experience in this kind of shooting, for the Indian, having shot a very large porpoise, paddled rapidly up to him, speared him, and was in the act of hauling him aboard, when the Colonel recovered his power of speech, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Hold on, Paul, hold on; how much is that porpoise worth?"



BEACHING THE CANOE.

"How much worth? May be five dollars."

"Well, Paul, I'll pay you half, and we wont take the porpoise in."

"No," replied Paul, "I pay *you* half; sartin, we take in 'im porpus."

The Colonel's appeal was of no avail, as they were surrounded by other canoes similarly occupied, and it was a point of honor with Paul to take the porpoise aboard, otherwise he might have been suspected of cowardice.

Not unfrequently, as the Indian hastily paddles up to dispatch a wounded porpoise with his spear, he sees the terrible dorsal-fin of a shark appear, cutting the water, as the monster, attracted by the scent of blood, rushes to dispute possession of the prey.

Although there are well authenticated cases of a shark's having actually cut the porpoise in half just as the Indian was hauling it aboard of his canoe, I have never heard of any harm resulting to the Indians from attacks of this nature; nor do they in the least fear the sharks, but, on the contrary, boldly attack and drive them off with their long spears.

One evening, after I had passed several days on the Indian Beach, sketching and making studies, Sebatis returned from visiting one of the camps and said:

"S'pose you like to try 'im porpusin', I find very good hand go with us."

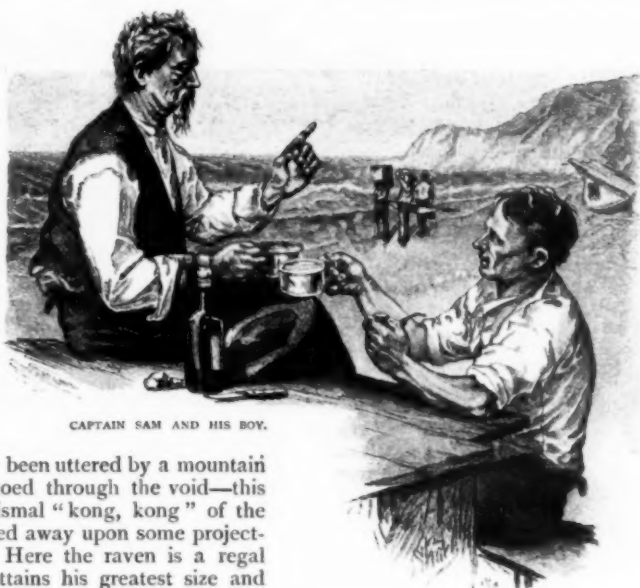
"Who is he, Sebatis?"

"You never see 'im 'tall, his name's Piel-toma."

"When do we start?"

"May be about daylight, s'pose no fog."

Judging by my experience during the few days that I had been on the island, Sebatis's proviso about the fog seemed likely to indefinitely postpone our expedition. Whence the fog came, or whither it went, seemed one of those things that no person could find out. At times, when the sun was shining brightly, the distant cliffs would suddenly become obscured as if a veil had been dropped over them, then nearer objects would become indistinct, and while one was wondering at the rapid change, everything animate and inanimate would vanish as if by magic. For a time, silence reigned supreme, then a din as of the infernal regions began. First, a big steam-whistle on the land half a mile away sent out its melancholy boo-oo-oo in warning to passing mariners, then from the sea came the answering whistle of some passing steamer, then the fishermen at anchor in the bay blew their tin fog-horns, and their conch-shell fog-horns, until at last one became thoroughly convinced that every conceivable and inconceivable form of "American devil," as the English term our steam-whistle, was faithfully represented in the uproar. Now and then, during an interlude, a sound that



CAPTAIN SAM AND HIS BOY.

might have been uttered by a mountain gnome echoed through the void—this was the dismal “kong, kong” of the raven, seated away upon some projecting crag. Here the raven is a regal bird and attains his greatest size and most majestic form. The transformation came as quickly, and almost in a twinkling the veil would be lifted from the hills, and the sun would shine out again, bright and warm. Some of the

effects of light and shade produced by these sudden transitions are grand beyond all power of description.

Just about daylight next morning, Sebatis aroused me. There was no fog and it was quite calm on the water, and, as Sebatis remarked:

“A very good day for porpusin’.”

Pieltoma, a fine-looking young Indian, joined us at breakfast, and, that over, we embarked in Sebatis's canoe and paddled off in quest of porpoises.

“How far out are you going, Sebatis?”

“Can't tell yet; you see, by and by, may be we hear 'im porpusis blowin' somewhere.”

“I hear 'im porpus blowin' just now,” said Pieltoma.

“Sartin, Pieltoma got pretty good ears; I don't hear 'im nothin' 'tall.”

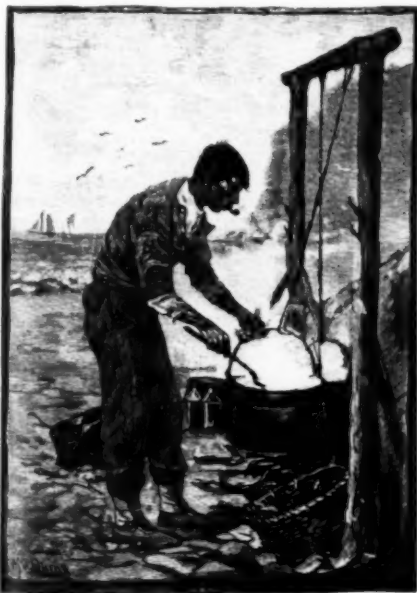
“I hear 'im, sartin,” reiterated Pieltoma.

“Which way?” asked Sebatis.

“Away up on rips, this side Eel Brook. Hark! you hear 'im now?” he continued.

“Sartin,” said Sebatis. “We go now pretty quick.”

Simultaneously their paddles struck the water, and away we went with redoubled speed. I was listening intently, but so far my uneducated ears failed to detect the sound.



TRYING OUT BLUBBER.



A PORPOISE DIVING.

"There goes porpus," said Sebatis, dropping his paddle and taking up his gun.

Just then a deafening roar came from the stern where Pieltoma sat, and the canoe tilted slightly over.

"By tundars!" cried Sebatis, in a chiding tone. "You miss 'im porpus sartin, and most upset canoe beside; some time you bust 'im gun, s'pose, you put in so much powder."

This habit of overloading their guns frequently results in serious accidents to the Indians, and I know two Indians, one with a broken jaw and one with a broken shoulder, the result of this infatuation. In this, however, they are not singular, as the fishermen of Newfoundland, who use old muskets for duck and seal shooting, overload in the same way, and broken shoulders and broken noses are said to be quite common among them.

Poor Pieltoma seemed quite disconsolate at this misadventure, and without remark

of any kind resumed his paddle, and we continued on our way.

"What do the porpoises feed on, Sebatis?"

"He eat 'im mackerel, herrin's and most all kinds of small little fishes—by-em-by we come on feedin'-grounds, then see 'im more porpusis."

"I hear 'im porpus again," remarked Pieltoma.

Instantly, Sebatis was on his feet, gun in hand, and I just caught a glimpse of a dark body rolling over in the water some fifty yards away, when Sebatis fired, then dropped his gun and picked up the long spear which lay ready to his hand in the bow of the canoe.

Pieltoma paddled quickly up to the porpoise, and Sebatis stabbed the dying fish repeatedly, and then dragged him aboard of the canoe. He was a medium-sized fish, and weighed about two hundred pounds.

"Now then, fill my pipe first, then we

go hunt 'im somewhere else, may be find 'im more porpusis," said Sebatiss.

"It will be Pieltoma's turn to shoot the next porpoise."

"No; Pieltoma best paddle canoe. I shoot 'im porpusis."

It afterward transpired that Pieltoma was not an expert in porpoise-shooting. I had thought that all Indians were good porpoise-hunters, but it seems that there are several grades of excellence, and that some of the Indians never attain the requisite skill. Poor Pieltoma was one of the latter class, and in future would have to stick to the paddle, in the management of which he excelled.

After paddling along for some time in silence, he said:

"Sebatiss, s'pose we try 'im farther out, porpus may be chase 'im mackerel somewheres. I see 'im plenty gulls outside."

"Sartin, that's a very good plan," replied Sebatiss. "We'll go about two miles out."

"Storm coming, Sebatiss; wind and sea both rising."

"No, not any storm, only little breezy, that's all. By-em-by you see 'im plenty porpusis. Always when breezy then porpusis kind playin', you see—jump 'round everywheres."

"Do the porpoises go in large schools?"

"Always good many together, sometimes I see 'im forty or fifty porpusis all jumpin' 'round at the same time."

"There goes three porpusis!" said Pieltoma.

"Which way?" asked Sebatiss.

"There they are, Sebatiss," I said, as several black objects appeared, rolling over in the waves.

"I see 'im now. 'Most too far off shoot 'im. Paddle little ways closer, Pieltoma."

Presently, bang goes his gun, and we are paddled rapidly up to the fish, which is blowing and thrashing the water into foam.

"Pretty big porpus; go over three hundred," said Sebatiss, as he savagely speared the porpoise.

"Most too big take 'im in, Sebatiss," said Pieltoma.

"No, not too big; s'pose you come help me to lift 'im up."

Pieltoma came forward, and I passed aft and took the paddle to steady the canoe. As they struggled to get the fish aboard over the gunwale, my knees began to shake—there was quite a swell on, and I feared that we might go over. However, they got it safely aboard at last.

VOL. XX.—53.

"By tundres, that's pretty good luck gettin' so big porpus; about six gallons oil, sartin!" exclaimed Sebatiss, exultingly.

"Almost upset the canoe that time, Sebatiss."

"Oh, no; no danger to handle a porpus when two men in the canoe. S'pose only one man, then pretty risky. About a year ago, I got upset myself, takin' in a big porpus all 'lone."

"Fisherman see me, and send small boat take me off, and tow canoe alongside schooner. Not so bad, you see; save porpus, canoe, paddle, and spear—lose my gun, that's all."

"You had a very narrow escape that time."

"Well, you see, almost don't 'scape 'tall, wind and sea so heavy. By tundres, when I get ashore, and tell all about it, good many Ingins come and listen."

"Go on, Sebatiss."

"Well, s'pose I got tell 'im anyhow, best land somewheres, and put 'im out porpuses, and get dinner first, then I tell 'im story,—too hungry now."

"Indian Beach only little ways, that's best chance, and I see 'im old Captain Sam's schooner fishing off beach this mornin'; may be get fresh fish dinner," said Pieltoma.

"Sartin, that's best chance," said Sebatiss; "Captain Sam very good old man."

"That is a curious name, Sebatiss; hasn't he got any other?"

"Well, everybody call 'im Captain Sam; may be got some other name besides. I never hear 'im. He comes here with his boy every summer, fishing."

"Haddn't we better paddle alongside and get some fresh fish for dinner?"

"Sartin; there's schooner, you see, just little ways ahead."

"Good-mornin', Captain Sam," said Sebatiss, as we ranged alongside of the schooner.

"Mornin', Injuns. Mornin', neighbor," answered a cheery voice from the schooner's deck.

Captain Sam was a tall, wiry, well set-up man, with a kindly, weather-beaten face, iron gray hair and beard, and a sly twinkle in his keen gray eyes hinted that he was not destitute of humor. In age he was somewhere in the fifties. His "boy" was a strapping fellow, with a bright open face, and arms like a Vulcan. They were cleaning and curing their morning's catch, consisting of codfish, hake and haddock. After subjecting me to a critical examination with one eye, the

other being held tightly closed, Captain Sam asked :

"Be you a doctor, neighbor?"

"No."

"You been't one of them 'missioners as sot on the fish over to Halifax t'other day, be you?"

"No."

"You'll excuse me, neighbor, but ——"

"Captain Sam, s'pose you give us mess of fresh fish, then by an' by I bring you porpus steak," interrupted Sebatis.

"Give you a mess of fish? Surely you know my maxim is, 'Cast your bread in the waters'; an' so I always tells my boy Tommy, 'Tommy,' sez I, 'cast your bread on the waters, an' somethin's sure to come of it.' Give you a mess of fish, surely," and the jolly old captain tossed half a dozen fresh rock-haddocks into the canoe.

"Wont you give us a call this afternoon, Captain?"

"Surely, Tommy an' me 'll scrub ourselves up a bit, an' look you up, when we sets those fish to rights."

After dinner, Sebatis lighted his pipe, and sat puffing away, absorbed in a brown study.

"What are we to do this afternoon?"

"Well, s'pose not too tired, we take provisions with us and go porpusin' again good way off, and camp. Captain Sam and his boy are comin'. You see 'im?"

"Yes, here they are."

"Afternoon, neighbor. Well, Sebatis, how did the haddocks go?"

"Go first rate, Captain Sam; I never taste 'im better fish."

"You never spoke a truer word nor that, Sebatis; for, fresh or smoked, a rock-haddock's hard to beat."

"Captain, will you and your son join me in a bottle of ale?"

"Well neighbor, Tommy an' me, we don't go much on liquor; we takes it, or we lets it alone, but I don't know as a drop of ale will hurt a body, an' fishin's a dryish sort of work the best of times."

"Sebatis, bring a couple of bottles of ale."

"What sort of ale be this, neighbor? They do tell me that most of the liquor now days 's no better nor pizen."

"Help yourself, Captain, that ale wont hurt you."

"Here's your good health, neighbor, Injuns, Tommy, all han's," said Captain Sam, as the bottom of a tin pint covered the largest portion of his face.

"Your son doesn't seem to care for his ale, Captain."

"Come, Tommy, my boy, drink up your ale," said the captain, replenishing his pint. "And, Tommy, don't you never forget what I'm always a tellin' you. 'Cast your bread in the waters,'" he added, after a good pull at the ale.

"Time to go," said Sebatis, sententially.

"Good-bye, Captain."

"Goin' porpusin', neighbor, be you? Well, Sebatis, take good care of him, and dont you never ——"

The last we saw of the good old captain, he was still sitting at our improvised table at the camp door, pledging his boy, with pint held to pint, and no doubt quaintly repeating his favorite maxim.

I fear that the ale was too much for one of his abstemious habits.

Pieltoma had washed out and dried the canoe, and once more we set out in pursuit of the porpoises.

"Where are we going now, Sebatis?"

"Goin' away long eddy, off northern head."

"Is that a good place for porpoises?"

"Sartin; always on rips very good place; you see, plenty mackerels, herrin's, and all kinds fishes in eddies and rips; very good feedin'-ground for porpusis, you see."

The eddies or rips alluded to by Sebatis were caused by the obstruction offered by projecting headlands to the ebb and flow of the tide, which on this coast rises some forty feet.

"Pretty late when we get back, s'pose we go all way to long rips," said Pieltoma.

"Well," replied Sebatis, "s'pose dark, then we'll camp somewhere all night—I fetch 'im provisions and cooking tools; sartin, canoe and sail make very good camp."

Talking did not interfere with their paddling, and we were going at a rapid rate for the place where they hoped to find the porpoises. Presently we entered rough water, with much such a sea as is caused by wind against tide, and the canoe began to jump about in a very lively manner.

"There goes porpus, Sebatis," said Pieltoma.

"I see 'im," said Sebatis, standing up in the canoe, gun in hand. Just then we got into some very rough water, and it was a study to see the admirable way in which Sebatis poised himself for a shot.

Pieltoma was holding the canoe well in hand when quite a large wave smashed over the bow of the canoe, and some water came aboard.

"Best sit down, Sebatis, take 'im paddle, may be upset," said Pieltoma.

Sebatis turned a withering glance upon him, and then, as we mounted a wave, fired at some object that I did not see.

"Was that a porpoise, Sebatis?"

"Sartin. Four, five porpusis all rollin' over together."

"Did you kill him?"

"No; miss 'im clean; all gone down. You see, Pieloma scared so bad make me miss 'im porpus," he replied, ironically.

Retaining his upright position in the canoe, he reloaded his gun, and stood ready for another shot.

"Quick, Sebatis! Very big porpus on this side canoe," said Pieloma, whirling the canoe around so as to afford Sebatis a chance for a shot. The next moment we were in the trough of the sea, and I saw a flash of silver on an approaching wave; a belch of fire and a roar from Sebatis's gun instantly followed, and Pieloma paddled as if for life, while Sebatis dropped his gun and picked up his long spear. In the excitement, his usually calm face looked savage, and he plunged his cruel spear relentlessly again and again into a huge fish that we had now come alongside of.

I certainly thought that we should be upset this time, for the canoe was jumping and rocking in a manner to try the steadiest nerves, and the Indians were acting like two demons, and were tugging at the huge fish, in vain efforts to get him aboard. On my hands and knees I crept aft, so as to give them more room. The canoe was drifting aimlessly, now on top of a wave and the next moment in the trough, and I feared that some of the heavier seas would board us and end the whole matter. At last, their joint efforts succeeded in getting the fish high enough to pull him over the gunwale.

"How you like 'im porpusin'—pretty good fun?" said Sebatis, as he grasped his paddle and regained control of his canoe.

"If you call this fun, I hope that you will put me ashore before you begin in earnest," I replied.

Presently I heard from seaward the distant booming of guns, as of some ship of war at practice.

"What guns are those, Sebatis?"

"Guns? Oh, that's Injuns shootin' porpusis. Make good deal noise on salt water."

"I see 'im five canoes," said Pieloma, as we rode on the crest of a wave.

"Sartin, must be big school porpusis in rips to-day—look quick you see 'im canoe?" said Sebatis.

"No, I don't see any canoe."

"You watch 'im, by-em-by you see 'im."

As we glided into the trough again, I saw a canoe riding a wave, with an Indian standing up in the bow, and another sitting in the stern paddling. Then in a short time, we seemed to be surrounded by canoes, and they were constantly popping up, now on one side, then on the other, and at short intervals their guns flashed in the approaching darkness.

"Hadn't we better get ashore somewhere, Sebatis?"

"Yes, we go pretty soon; kill 'im one more porpus first."

"I don't see where you can put him; that one you killed last was an immense one."

"Sartin, that very big porpus, but plenty room one more, s'pose we find 'im."

Just then there were a flash and a roar, and a canoe passed rapidly to leeward to secure their prey.

"My turn next," said Sebatis, standing up in his canoe again.

"Look out, Sebatis, look out, big wave comin'," cried Pieloma.

I thought that our time had come, but the canoe, dexterously handled by the Indians, rode the wave like an ocean bird.

"If we have many seas like this, Sebatis, we may come to grief in one of them."

"No danger 't all, only got to be careful, that's all. You see, tide just turned now, and we got too far in eddy; move out little way, then good deal smother."

"Dark comin' now pretty quick, Sebatis; by-em-by pretty hard chance landin'," said Pieloma.

Bang, goes Sebatis's gun in answer.

"What was that, Sebatis?"

"Only a small little porpus,—too small count 'im, most."

In a few moments they had the porpoise aboard and paddled rapidly for our proposed landing-place at Eel Brook, where we were to camp for the night. The Indians carried the canoe over the beach to the foot of a hill, where some tall fir-trees gave us shelter. They then turned the canoe partly on its side and propped it up with pieces of wood, then spread the sail on poles placed across the canoe, and our habitation was complete.

Sound, indeed, was our slumber that night,—

"While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER LV.

CAUGHT.

THE fig-tree, in Louisiana, sheds its leaves while it is yet summer. In the rear of the Grandissime mansion, about two hundred yards north-west of it and fifty north-east of the cottage in which Agricola had made his new abode, on the edge of the grove of which we have spoken, stood one of these trees, whose leaves were beginning to lie thickly upon the ground beneath it. An ancient and luxuriant hedge of Cherokee rose started from this tree and stretched toward the north-west across the level country, until it merged into the green confusion of garden homes in the vicinity of Bayou St. Jean, or, by night, into the common obscurity of a starlit perspective. When an unclouded moon shone upon it, it cast a shadow as black as velvet.

Under this fig-tree, some three hours later than that at which Honoré bade Joseph good-night, a man was stooping down and covering something with the broad, fallen leaves.

"The moon will rise about three o'clock," thought he. "That, the hour of universal slumber, will be, by all odds, the time most likely to bring developments."

He was the same person who had spent the most of the day in a blacksmith shop in St. Louis street, superintending a piece of smithing. Now that he seemed to have got the thing well hid, he turned to the base of the tree and tried the security of some attachment. Yes, it was firmly chained. He was not a robber; he was not an assassin; he was not an officer of police; and what is more notable, seeing he was a Louisianian, he was not a soldier nor even an ex-soldier; and this although, under his clothing, he was encased from head to foot in a complete suit of mail. Of steel? No. Of brass? No. It was all one piece—a white skin; and on his head he wore an invisible helmet—the name of Grandissime. As he straightened up and withdrew into the grove, you would have recognized at once—by his thick-set, powerful frame,

clothed seemingly in black, but really, as you might guess, in blue cottonade, by his black beard and the general look of a seafarer—a frequent visitor at the Grandissime mansion, a country member of that great family, one whom we saw at the *fête de grandpère*.

Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime was a man of few words, no sentiments, short methods; materialistic, we might say; quietly ferocious; indifferent as to means, positive as to ends, quick of perception, sure in matters of saltpeter, a stranger at the custom-house, and altogether—*take him right*—very much of a gentleman. He had been, for a whole day, beset with the idea that the way to catch a voodoo was—to catch him; and as he had caught numbers of them on both sides of the tropical and semi-tropical Atlantic, he decided to try his skill privately on the one who—his experience told him—was likely to visit Agricola's doorstep to-night. All things being now prepared, he sat down at the root of a tree in the grove, where the shadow was very dark, and seemed quite comfortable. He did not strike at the mosquitoes; they appeared to understand that he did not wish to trifle. Neither did his thoughts or feelings trouble him; he sat and sharpened a small pen-knife on his boot.

His mind—his occasional transient meditation—was the more comfortable because he was one of those few who had coolly and unsentimentally allowed Honoré Grandissime to sell their lands. It continued to grow plainer every day that the grants with which theirs were classed—grants of old French or Spanish under-officials—were bad. Their sagacious cousin seemed to have struck the right standard, and while those titles which he still held on to remained unimpeached, those that he had parted with to purchasers—as, for instance, the grant held by this Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime—could be bought back now for half what he had got for it. Certainly, as to that, the Capitain might well have that quietude of mind which enabled him to find occupation in perfecting the edge of his penknife and trimming his nails in the dark.

By and by he put up the little tool and sat looking out upon the prospect. The time of greatest probability had not come, but the voodoo might choose not to wait for that; and so he kept a watch. There was a great stillness. The cocks had finished a round and were silent. No dog barked. A few tiny crickets made the quiet land seem the more deserted. Its beauties were not entirely overlooked—the innumerable host of stars above, the twinkle of myriad fire-flies on the dark earth below. Between a quarter and a half mile away, almost in a line with the Cherokee hedge, was a faint rise of ground, and on it a wide-spreading live-oak. There the keen, seaman's eye of the Capitain came to a stop, fixed upon a spot which he had not noticed before. He kept his eye on it, and waited for the stronger light of the moon.

Presently behind the grove at his back she rose; and almost the first beam that passed over the tops of the trees, and stretched across the plain, struck the object of his scrutiny. What was it? The ground, he knew; the tree, he knew; he knew there ought to be a white-paling inclosure about the trunk of the tree; for there were buried—ah!—he came as near laughing at himself as ever he did in his life; the apothecary of the rue Royale had lately erected some marble head-stones there, and —

"Oh! my God!"

While Capitain Jean-Baptiste had been trying to guess what the tombstones were, a woman had been coming toward him in shadow of the hedge. She was not expecting to meet him; she did not know that he was there; she knew she had risks to run, but was ignorant of what they were; she did not know there was anything under the fig-tree which she so nearly and noiselessly approached. One moment her foot was lifted above the spot where the unknown object lay with wide-stretched jaws under the leaves, and the next, she uttered that cry of agony and consternation which interrupted the watcher's meditation. She was caught in a huge steel-trap.

Capitain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime remained perfectly still. She fell, a snarling, struggling, groaning heap, to the ground, wild with pain and fright, and began the hopeless effort to draw the jaws of the trap apart with her fingers.

"Ah! bon Dieu, bon Dieu! Quit a-bi-i-i-tin' me! Oh! Lawd 'a' mussy! Ow-ow-ow! lemme go! Dey go'n' to kyetch an' hang me! Oh! an' I hain' done nuttin'

'gainst nobody! Ah! bon Dieu! ein pou' vie négresse! Oh! Jemimy! I cyan' gid dis yeh t'ing loose—oh! m-m-m-m! An' dey'll tra to mek out 't I voodoo' Mich-Agricole! An' I didn' had nutt'n' do wid it! Oh, Lawd, oh, Lawd, you'll be mighty good ef you lemme loose! I'm a po' nigga! Oh! dey hadn' ought to mek it so pou'ful!"

Hands, teeth, the free foot, the writhing body, every combination of available forces failed to spread the savage jaws, though she strove until hands and mouth were bleeding.

Suddenly she became silent; a thought of precaution came to her; she lifted from the earth a burden she had dropped there, struggled to a half-standing posture, and, with her foot still in the trap, was endeavoring to approach the end of the hedge near by, to thrust this burden under it, when she opened her throat in a speechless ecstasy of fright on feeling her arm grasped by her captor.

"O-o-o-h! Lawd! o-o-oh! Lawd!" she cried, in a frantic, husky whisper, going down upon her knees, "Oh, Miché! pou' l'amou' du bon Dieu! Pou' l'amou' du bon Dieu ayez pitié d'ein pou' négresse! Pou' négresse, Miché, w'at nevva done nutt'n' to nobody on'y jis sell calas! I iss comin' 'long an' step inteh dis-yeh bah-trap by accident! Ah! Miché, Miché, ple-e-ease be good! Ah! mon Dieu!—an de Lawd 'll reward you—'deed 'E will, Miché!"

"Qui ci ça?" asked the Capitain, sternly, stooping and grasping her burden, which she had been trying to conceal under herself.

"Oh, Miché, don't trouble dat! Please jes tek dis-yeh trap offen me—da's all! Oh, don't, mawstah, ple-e-ease don't spill all my wash'n t'ings! Taint nutt'n' but my old dress roll' up into a ball. Oh, please—now, you see? nutt'n' but a po' nigga's dr—oh! fo' de love o' God, Miché Jean-Baptiste, don' open dat ah box! Y'en a rein du tout la-dans, Miché Jean-Baptiste; du tout, du tout! Oh, my God! Miché, on'y jis teck dis-yeh t'ing off'n my laig, ef yo' please, it's bit'n' me lak a dawg!—if you please, Miché! Oh! you git kill' if you open dat ah box, Mawse Jean-Baptiste! Mo' parole d'honneur le plus sacré—I'll kiss de cross! Oh, sweet Miché Jean, laisse moi aller! Nutt'n' but some dutty close la-dans." She repeated this again and again, even after Capitain Jean-Baptiste had disengaged a small black coffin from the old dress in which it was wrapped. "Rien du

tout, Miché; nutt'n' but some wash'n' fo' one o' de boys."

He removed the lid and saw within, resting on the cushioned bottom, the image, in myrtle-wax, moulded and painted with some rude skill, of a negro's bloody arm cut off near the shoulder—a *bras-coupé*—with a dirk grasped in its hand.

The old woman lifted her eyes to heaven; her teeth chattered; she gasped twice before she could recover utterance. "*Oh, Miché Jean-Baptiste*, I di'n' mek dat ah! *Mo té pas fé ca!* I swea' befo' God! Oh, no, no, no! 'Tain' nutt'n' nohow but a lill play-toy, *Miché*. Oh, sweet *Miché Jean*, you not gwan to kill me? I di'n' mek it! It was—ef you lemme go, I tell you who mek it! Sho's I live I tell you, *Miché Jean*—ef you lemme go! Sho's God's good to me—ef you lemme go! Oh, God A'mighty, *Miché Jean*, sho's God's good to me."

She was becoming incoherent.

Then Captain Jean-Baptiste Grandissime for the first time spoke at length:

"Do you see this?" he spoke the French of the Atchafalaya. He put his long flint-lock pistol close to her face. "I shall take the trap off; you will walk three feet in front of me; if you make it four I blow your brains out; we shall go to Agricole. But right here, just now, before I count ten, you will tell me who sent you here; at the word ten, if I reach it, I pull the trigger. One—two—three, —"

"Oh, *Miché*, she gwan to gib me to de devil wid *houdou* ef I tell you—Oh, good *Lawdy!*" But he did not pause.

"Four—five—six—seven—eight —"

"Palmyre!" gasped the negress, and groveled on the ground.

The trap was loosened from her bleeding leg, the burden placed in her arms, and they disappeared in the direction of the mansion.

A black shape, a boy, the lad who had carried the basil to Frowenfeld, rose up from where he had all this time lain, close against the hedge, and glided off down its black shadow to warn the *philosophe*.

When Clemence was searched, there was found on her person an old table-knife with its end ground to a point.

CHAPTER LXI.

BLOOD FOR A BLOW.

IT seems to be one of the self-punitive characteristics of tyranny, whether the tyrant

be a man, a community, or a caste, to have a pusillanimous fear of its victim. It was not when Clemence lay in irons, it is barely now, that our South is casting off a certain apprehensive tremor, generally latent, but at the slightest provocation active, and now and then violent, concerning her "blacks." This fear, like others similar elsewhere in the world, has always been met by the same one antidote—terrific cruelty to the tyrant's victim. So we shall presently see the Grandissime ladies, deeming themselves compassionate, urging their kinsmen to "give the poor wretch a sound whipping and let her go." Ah! what atrocities are we unconsciously perpetrating North and South now, in the name of mercy or defense, which the advancing light of progressive thought will presently show out in their enormity?

Agricola slept late. He had gone to his room the evening before much incensed at the presumption of some younger Grandissimes who had brought up the subject, and spoken in defense of, their cousin Honoré. He had retired, however, not to rest, but to construct an engine of offensive warfare which would revenge him a hundred-fold upon the miserable school of imported thought which had sent its revolting influences to the very Grandissime hearth-stone; he wrote a "*Philippique Générale contre la Conduite du Gouvernement de la Louisiane*," and a short but vigorous chapter in English on the "Insanity of Educating the Masses." This accomplished, he had gone to bed in a condition of peaceful elation, eager for the next day to come that he might take these mighty productions to Joseph Frowenfeld, and make him a present of them for insertion in his book of tables.

Jean-Baptiste felt no need of his advice, that he should rouse him; and, for a long time before the old man awoke, his younger kinsmen were stirring about unwontedly, going and coming through the hall of the mansion, along its verandas and up and down its outer flight of stairs. Gates were opening and shutting, errands were being carried by negro boys on bareback horses, Charlie Mandarin of St. Bernard parish and an Armand Fusilier from Faubourg Ste. Marie had on some account come—as they told the ladies—"to take breakfast"; and the ladies, not yet informed, amusedly wondering at all this trampling and stage whispering, were up a trifle early. In those days Creole society was a ship, in which the fair sex were all passengers and the ruder sex the crew. The ladies of the Grandis-

sime mansion this morning asked passengers' questions, got sailors' answers, retorted wittily and more or less satirically, and laughed often, feeling their constrained insignificance. However, in a house so full of bright-eyed children, with mothers and sisters of all ages as their confederates, the secret was soon out, and before Agricola had left his little cottage in the grove the topic of all tongues was the abysmal treachery and ingratitude of negro slaves. The whole tribe of Grandissime believed, this morning, in the doctrine of total depravity—of the negro.

And right in the face of this belief, the ladies put forth the generously intentioned prayer for mercy. They were answered that they little knew what frightful perils they were thus inviting upon themselves.

The male Grandissimes were not surprised at this exhibition of weak clemency in their lovely women; they were proud of it; it showed the magnanimity that was natural to the universal Grandissime heart, when not restrained and repressed by the stern necessities of the hour. But Agricola disappointed them. Why should he weaken and hesitate, and suggest delays and middle courses, and stammer over their proposed measures as "extreme"? In very truth, it seemed as though that driveling, woman-beaten Deutsch apotheke—ha! ha! ha!—in the rue Royale had bewitched Agricola as well as Honoré. The fact was, Agricola had never got over the interview which had saved Sylvestre his life.

"Here, Agricole," his kinsmen at length said, "you see you are too old for this sort of thing; besides, it would be bad taste for you, who might be presumed to harbor feelings of revenge, to have a voice in this council." And then they added to one another: "We will wait until 'Polyte reports whether or not they have caught Palmyre; much will depend on that.'"

Agricola, thus ruled out, did a thing he did not fully understand; he rolled up the "*Philippique Générale*" and the "*Insanity of Educating the Masses*," and, with these in one hand and his staff in the other, set out for Frowenfeld's, not merely smarting but trembling under the humiliation of having been sent, for the first time in his life, to the rear as a non-combatant.

He found the apothecary among his clerks, preparing with his own hands the "chalybeate tonic" for which the f. m. c. was expected to call. Raoul Innerarity stood at his elbow, looking on with an amiable air

of having been superseded for the moment by his master.

"Ha-ah! Professor Frowenfeld!"

The old man flourished his scroll.

Frowenfeld said good-morning, and they shook hands across the counter; but the old man's grasp was so tremulous that the apothecary looked at him again.

"Does my hand tremble, Joseph? It is not strange; I have had much to excite me this morning."

"W'at's de mattah?" demanded Raoul, quickly.

"My life—which I admit, Professor Frowenfeld, is of little value compared with such a one as yours—has been—if not attempted, at least threatened."

"How?" cried Raoul.

"H-really, Professor, we must agree that a trifle like that ought not to make old Agricola Fusilier nervous. But I find it painful, sir, very painful. I can lift up this right hand, Joseph, and swear I never gave a slave—man or woman—a blow in my life but according to my notion of justice. And now to find my life attempted by former slaves of my own household, and taunted with the righteous hamstringing of a dangerous runaway? But they have apprehended the miscreants; one is actually in hand, and justice will take its course; trust the Grandissimes for that—though, really, Joseph, I assure you, I counseled leniency."

"Do you say they have caught her?" Frowenfeld's question was sudden and excited; but the next moment he had controlled himself.

"H-h-my son, I did not say it was a 'her'!"

"Was it not Clemence? Have they caught her?"

"H-yes——"

The apothecary turned to Raoul.

"Go tell Honoré Grandissime."

"But, Professor Frowenfeld! ——," began Agricola.

Frowenfeld turned to repeat his instruction, but Raoul was already leaving the store.

Agricola straightened up angrily.

"Pro-hofessor Frowenfeld, by what right do you interfere?"

"No matter," said the apothecary, turning half-way and pouring the tonic into a vial.

"Sir," thundered the old lion, "h-I demand of you to answer! How dare you insinuate that my kinsmen may deal otherwise than justly?"

"Will they treat her exactly as if she were white, and had threatened the life of a slave?" asked Frowenfeld from behind the desk at the end of the counter.

The old man concentrated all the indignation of his nature in the reply.

"No-ho, sir!"

As he spoke, a shadow approaching from the door caused him to turn. The tall, dark, finely clad form of the f. m. c., in its old soft-stepping dignity and its sad emaciation, came silently toward the spot where he stood.

Frowenfeld saw this, and hurried forward inside the counter with the preparation in his hand.

"Professor Frowenfeld," said Agricola, pointing with his ugly staff, "I demand of you, as the keeper of a white man's pharmacy, to turn that negro out."

"Citizen Fusilier!" explained the apothecary; "Mister Grandis——"

He felt as though no price would be too dear at that moment to pay for the presence of the other Honoré. He had to go clear to the end of the counter and come down the outside again to reach the two men. They did not wait for him. Agricola turned upon the f. m. c.

"Take off your hat!"

A sudden activity seized every one connected with the establishment as the quadroon let his thin right hand slowly into his bosom, and answered in French, in his soft, low voice:

"I wear my hat on my head."

Frowenfeld was hurrying toward them; others stepped forward, and from two or three there came half-uttered exclamations of protest; but unfortunately nothing had been done or said to provoke any one to rush upon them, when Agricola suddenly advanced a step and struck the f. m. c. on the head with his staff. Then the general outcry and forward rush came too late; the two crashed together and fell, Agricola above, the f. m. c. below, and a long knife lifted up from underneath and sinking to its hilt, once—twice—thrice,—in the old man's back.

The two men rose, one in the arms of his friends, the other upon his own feet. While every one's attention was directed toward the wounded man, his antagonist restored his dagger to its sheath, took up his hat and walked away unmolested. When Frowenfeld, with Agricola still in his arms, looked around for the quadroon he was gone.

Doctor Keene, sent for instantly, was soon at Agricola's side.

"Take him upstairs; he can't be moved any further."

Frowenfeld turned and began to instruct some one to run upstairs and ask permission, but the little doctor stopped him.

"Joe, for shame! you don't know those women better than that? Take the old man right up!"

CHAPTER LVII.

VOUDOU CURED.

"HONORÉ," said Agricola, faintly, "where is Honoré!"

"He has been sent for," said Doctor Keene and the two ladies in a breath.

Raoul, bearing the word concerning Clemence, and the later messenger summoning him to Agricola's bedside, reached Honoré within a minute of each other. His instructions were quickly given, for Raoul to take his horse and ride down to the family mansion, to break gently to his mother the news of Agricola's disaster, and to say to his kinsmen, with imperative emphasis, not to touch the *marchande des calas* till he should come. Then he hurried to the rue Royale.

But when Raoul arrived at the mansion he saw at a glance that the news had outrun him. The family carriage was already coming around the bottom of the front stairs for three Mesdames Grandissime and Madame Martinez. The children on all sides had dropped their play, and stood about, hushed and staring. The servants moved with quiet rapidity. In the hall he was stopped by two beautiful girls.

"Raoul! Oh, Raoul, how is he now? Oh, Raoul, if you could only stop them! They have taken old Clemence down into the swamp—as soon as they heard about Agricola—Oh, Raoul, surely that would be cruel! She nursed me—and me—when we were babies!"

"Where is Agamemnon?"

"Gone to the city."

"What did he say about it?"

"He said they were doing wrong, that he did not approve their action, and that they would get themselves into trouble; that he washed his hands of it."

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed Raoul, "wash his hands! Oh, yes, wash his hands! Suppose we all wash our hands? But where is Valentine? Where is Charlie Mandarin?"

"Ah! Valentine is gone with Agamemnon, saying the same thing, and Charlie

Mandarin is down in the swamp, the worst of all of them!"

"But why did you let Agamemnon and Valentine go off that way, you?"

"Ah! listen to Raoul! What can a woman do?"

"What can a woman—Well, even if I was a woman, I would do something!"

He hurried from the house, leaped into the saddle and galloped across the fields toward the forest.

Some rods within the edge of the swamp, which, at this season, was quite dry in many places, on a spot where the fallen dead bodies of trees overlay one another and a dense growth of willows and vines and dwarf palmetto shut out the light of the open fields, the younger and some of the harsher senior members of the Grandissime family were sitting or standing about, in an irregular circle whose center was a big and singularly misshapen water-willow. At the base of this tree sat Clemence, motionless and silent, a wan, sickly color in her face, and that vacant look in her large, white-balled, brown-veined eyes, with which hope-for-saken cowardice waits for death. Something apart from the rest, on an old cypress stump, half-stood, half-sat, in whispered consultation, Jean-Baptiste Grandissime and Charlie Mandarin.

"*Eh bien, old woman,*" said Mandarin, turning, without rising, and speaking sharply in the negro French, "have you any reason to give why you should not be hung to that limb over your head?"

She lifted her eyes slowly to his, and made a feeble gesture of deprecation.

"*Mo te pas fè cette bras,* Mawse Challie—I di'n't mek dat ahm; no 'n'deed I di'n't, Mawse Challie. I ain' wuth hangin', gen'lemen; you'd oughteh jis' gimme fawty an' lemme go. I—I—I—I di'n't 'ten' no hawm to Maws-Agricole; I wa'n't gwan to hu't nobody in God's worl'; 'n'deed I wasn'. I done tote dat old case-knife fo' twenty year—*mo po'te ça dipi vingt ans.* I'm a po' ole *marchande des calas*; *mo courri mongs'* de sojer boys to sell my cakes, you know, and da's de onyest reason why I cyah dat ah ole fool knife." She seemed to take some hope from the silence with which they heard her. Her eye brightened and her voice took a tone of excitement. "You'd oughteh tek me and put me in calaboose, an' let de law tek 'is co'se. You's all nice gen'lemen—werry nice gen'lemen, an' you sorter owes it to yc'sev's fo' to not

do no sich nasty wuck as hangin' a po' ole nigga wench; 'deed you does. 'Tain' no use to hang me; you gwan to kyetch Palmyre yit; *li courri dans marais*; she is in de swamp yeh, sum'ers; but as concernin' me, you'd oughteh jis' gimme fawty an' lemme go. You mus'n' b'lieve all dis-yeh nonsense 'bout insurrectionin'; all fool-nigga talk. W'at we want to be insurrectionin' faw? We de happies' people in de God's worl'!" She gave a start, and cast a furtive glance of alarm behind her. "Yes, we is; you jis' oughteh gimme fawty an' lemme go! Please, gen'lemen! God'll be good to you, you nice, sweet gen'lemen!"

Charlie Mandarin made a sign to one who stood at her back, who responded by dropping a rawhide noose over her head. She bounded up with a cry of terror; it may be that she had all along hoped that all was make-believe. She caught the noose wildly with both hands and tried to lift it over her head.

"Ah! no, mawsteh, you cyan' do dat! It's ag'in' de law! I's 'bleeged to have my trial, yit. Oh, no, no! Oh, good God, no! Even if I is a nigga! You cyan' jis' murdeh me hyeh in de woods! *Mo dis la zize!* I tell de judge on you! You ain' got no mo' biznis to do me so 'an if I was a white 'oman! You dassent tek a white 'oman out'n de Pa'sh Pris'n an' do 'er so! Oh, sweet mawsteh, fo' de love o' God! Oh, Mawse Challie, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu n'fè pas ça!* Oh, Mawse 'Polyte, is you gwan to let 'em kill ole Clemence? Oh, fo' de mussy o' Jesus Christ, Mawse 'Polyte, leas' of all, you! You dassent help to kill me, Mawse 'Polyte! You knows why! Oh God, Mawse 'Polyte, you knows why! Leas' of all you, Mawse 'Polyte! Oh, God 'a' mussy on my wicked ole soul! I aint fitt'n' to die! Oh, gen'lemen, I kyan' look God in de face! Oh, *Michés, ayez pitié de moi!* Oh, God A'mighty ha' mussy on my soul! Oh, gen'lemen, dough yo' kinfolks kyvaeh up yo' tricks now, dey'll dwap f'um undeh you some day! *Sole levé là, li couché là!* Yo' tu'n will come! Oh, God A'mighty! de God o' de po' nigga wench! Look down, oh God, look down an' stop dis-yeh foolishness! Oh, God, fo' de love o' Jesus! Oh, *Michés, y'en a ein zisement!* Oh, yes, deh's a judgmen' day! Den it wont be a bit o' use to you to be white! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, fo', fo', fo', de, de, love o' God! Oh!"

They drew her up.

Raoul was not far off. He heard the

woman's last cry, and came threshing through the bushes on foot. He saw Sylvestre, unconscious of any approach, spring forward, jerk away the hands that had drawn the thong over the branch, let the strangling woman down and loosen the noose. Her eyes, starting out with horror, turned to him; she fell on her knees and clasped her hands. The tears were rolling down Sylvestre's face.

"My friends, we must not do this! You shall not do it!"

He hurled away, with twice his natural strength, one who put out a hand.

"No, sirs!" cried Raoul, "you shall not do it! I come from Honoré! Touch her who dares!"

He drew a weapon.

"Monsieur Innerarity," said Polyte, "*who is Monsieur Honoré Grandissime?* There are two of the name, you know,—partners—brothers. Which of—but it makes no difference; before either of them sees this assassin she is going to be a lump of nothing!"

The next word astonished every one. It was Charlie Mandarin who spoke.

"Let her go!"

"Let her go!" said Jean-Baptiste Grandissime; "give her a run for her life. Old woman, rise up. We propose to let you go. Can you run? Never mind, we shall see. Achille, put her upon her feet. Now, old woman, run!"

She walked rapidly, but with unsteady feet, toward the fields.

"Run! If you don't run I will shoot you this minute!"

She ran.

"Faster!"

She ran faster.

"Run!"

"Run!"

"Run, Clemence! Ha, ha, ha!" It was so funny to see her scuttling and tripping and stumbling. "*Courri! courri, Clemence! c'est pour la vie! ha, ha, ha—*"

A pistol shot rang out close behind Raoul's ear; it was never told who fired it. The negress leaped into the air and fell at full length to the ground, stone dead.

CHAPTER LVIII.

DYING WORDS.

DRIVERS of vehicles in the rue Royale turned aside before two slight barriers spanning the way, one at the corner below, the

other at that above, the house where the aged high-priest of a doomed civilization lay bleeding to death. The floor of the store below, the pavement of the corridor where stood the idle volante, were covered with straw, and servants came and went by the beckoning of the hand.

"This way," whispered a guide of the four ladies from the Grandissime mansion. As Honoré's mother turned the angle half-way up the muffled stair, she saw at the landing above, standing as if about to part, yet in grave council, a man and woman, the fairest—she noted it even in this moment of extreme distress—she had ever looked upon. He had already set one foot down upon the stair, but at sight of the ascending group drew back and said:

"It is my mother;" then turned to his mother and took her hand; they had been for months estranged, but now they silently kissed.

"He is sleeping," said Honoré. "Maman, Madame Nancanou."

The ladies bowed—the one looking very large and splendid, the other very sweet and small. There was a single instant of silence, and Aurora burst into tears.

For a moment Madame Grandissime assumed a frown that was almost a reminder of her brother's, and then the very pride of the Fusiliers broke down. She uttered an inaudible exclamation, drew the weeper firmly into her bosom, and with streaming eyes and choking voice, but yet with majesty, whispered, laying her hand on Aurora's head:

"Never mind, my child; never mind, never mind."

And Honoré's sister, when she was presently introduced, kissed Aurora and murmured:

"The good God bless thee! It is He who has brought us together."

"Who is with him just now?" whispered the two other ladies, while Honoré and his mother stood a moment aside in hurried consultation.

"My daughter," said Aurora, "and —"

"Agamemnon," suggested Madame Martinez.

"I believe so," said Aurora.

Valentine appeared from the direction of the sick-room and beckoned to Honoré. Doctor Keene did the same, and continued to advance.

"Awake?" asked Honoré.

"Yes."

"Alas! my brother!" said Madame

Grandissime, and started forward, followed by the other women.

"Wait," said Honoré, and they paused. "Chahlie," he said, as the little doctor persistently pushed by him at the head of the stair.

"Oh, there's no chance, Honoré, you'd as well all go in there."

They gathered into the room and about the bed. Madame Grandissime bent over it.

"Ah! sister," said the dying man, "is that you? I had the sweetest dream just now—just for a minute." He sighed. "I feel very weak. Where is Charlie Keene?"

He had spoken in French; he repeated his question in English. He thought he saw the doctor.

"Charlie, if I must meet the worst I hope you will tell me so; I am fully prepared. Ah! excuse—I thought it was—"

"My eyes seem dim this evening. *Est-ce vous*, Honoré? Ah, Honoré, you went over to the enemy, did you? Well,—the Fusilier blood would al—ways—do as it pleased. Here's your old uncle's hand, Honoré. I forgive you, Honoré—my noble-hearted, foolish—boy." He spoke feebly, and with great nervousness.

"Water."

It was given him by Aurora. He looked in her face; they could not be sure whether he recognized her or not. He sank back, closed his eyes, and said, more softly and dreamily, as if to himself, "I forgive everybody. A man must die—I forgive—even the enemies—of Louisiana."

He lay still a few moments, and then revived excitedly. "Honoré! tell Professor Frowenfeld to take care of that *Philippe Générale*. 'Tis a grand thing, Honoré, on a grand theme! I wrote it myself in one evening. Your Yankee Government is a failure, Honoré, a driveling failure. It may live a year or two, not longer. Truth will triumph. The old Louisiana will rise again. She will get back her trampled rights. When she does, remem—" His voice failed, but he held up one finger firmly by way of accentuation.

There was a stir among the kindred. Surely this was a turn for the better. The doctor ought to be brought back. A little while ago he was not nearly so strong. "Ask Honoré if the doctor should not come." But Honoré shook his head. The old man began again.

"Honoré! Where is Honoré? Stand by me, here, Honoré; and sister?—on this

other side. My eyes are very poor to-day. Why do I perspire so? Give me a drink. You see—I am better now; I have ceased—to throw up blood. Nay, let me talk." He sighed, closed his eyes, and opened them again suddenly. "Oh, Honoré, you and the Yankees—you and—all—going wrong—education—masses—weaken—caste—indiscr—quarrels settl'—by affidav'—Oh! Honoré."

"If he would only forget," said one, in an agonized whisper, "that *philippique générale*!"

Aurora whispered earnestly and tearfully to Madame Grandissime. Surely they were not going to let him go thus! A priest could at least do no harm. But when the proposition was made to him by his sister, he said:

"No;—no priest. You have my will, Honoré,—in your iron box. Professor Frowenfeld,"—he changed his speech to English,—"*I have written you an article on*"—his words died on his lips.

"Joseph, son, I do not see you. Beware, my son, of the doctrine of equal rights—a bottomless iniquity. Master and man—arch and pier—arch above—pier below." He tried to suit the gesture to the words, but both hands and feet were growing uncontrollably restless.

"Society, Professor,"—he addressed himself to a weeping girl,—"*society has pyramids to build which make menials a necessity, and Nature furnishes the menials all in dark uniform. She—I cannot tell you—you will find—all in the Philippe Générale. Ah, Honoré, is it —*"

He suddenly ceased.

"I have lost my glasses."

Beads of sweat stood out upon his face. He grew frightfully pale. There was a general dismayed haste, and they gave him a stimulant.

"Brother," said the sister, tenderly.

He did not notice her.

"Agamemnon! Go and tell Jean-Baptiste —" his eyes drooped and flashed again wildly.

"I am here, Agricole," said the voice of Jean-Baptiste, close beside the bed.

"I told you to let—that negress —"

"Yes, we have let her go. We have let all of them go."

"All of them," echoed the dying man, feebly, with wandering eyes. Suddenly he brightened again and tossed his arms. "Why, there you were wrong, Jean-Baptiste; the community must be protected."

His voice sank to a murmur. "He would not take off—you must remem—" He was silent. "You must remem—those people are—are not—white people." He ceased a moment. "Where am I going?" He began evidently to look, or try to look, for some person; but they could not divine his wish until, with piteous feebleness, he called:

"Aurore De Grapion!"

So he had known her all the time.

Honoré's mother had dropped on her knees beside the bed, dragging Aurora down with her. They rose together.

The old man groped distressfully with one hand. She laid her own in it.

"Honoré!"

"What could he want?" wondered the tearful family. He was feeling about with the other hand. "Hon—Honoré"—his weak clutch could scarcely close upon his nephew's hand.

"Put them—put—put them ——"

What could it mean? The four hands clasped.

"Ah!" said one, with fresh tears, "he is trying to speak and cannot."

But he did.

"Aurore De Gra—I pledge'—pledge'—pledged—this union—to your fa—father—twenty—years—ago."

The family looked at each other in dejected amazement. They had never known it.

"He is going," said Agamemnon; and indeed it seemed as though he was gone; but he rallied.

"Agamemnon! Valentine! Honoré! patriots! protect the race! Beware of the"—that sentence escaped him. He seemed to fancy himself haranguing a crowd; made another struggle for intelligence, tried once, twice, to speak, and the third time succeeded;

"Louis—Louisian—a—for—ever!" and lay still.

They put those two words on his tomb.

CHAPTER LIX.

WHERE SOME CREOLE MONEY GOES.

AND yet the family committee that ordered the inscription, the mason who cut it in the marble—himself a sort of half-Grandissime, half-nobody—and even the fair women who each eve of All Saints came, attended by flower-laden slave girls, to lay coronals upon

the old man's tomb, felt, feebly at first, and more and more distinctly as years went by, that Forever was a trifle long for one to confine one's patriotic affection to a small fraction of a great country.

"And you say your family decline to accept the assistance of the police in their endeavors to bring the killer of your uncle to justice?" asked some *Américain* or other of Polyte Grandissime.

"Sir, mie fam'lie do not want to fetch him to justice!—neither Palmyre! We are goin' to fetch the justice to them! and, sir, when we cannot do that, sir, by ourselves, sir,—no, sir! no police!"

So Clemence was the only victim of the family wrath; for the other two were never taken; and it helps our good feeling for the Grandissimes to know that in later times, under the gentler influences of a higher civilization, their old Spanish-colonial ferocity was gradually absorbed by the growth of better traits. To-day almost all the savagery that can justly be charged against Louisiana must—strange to say—be laid at the door of the *Américain*. The Creole character has been diluted and sweetened.

One morning early in September, some two weeks after the death of Agricola, the same brig which something less than a year before had brought the Frowenfelds to New Orleans, crossed, outward bound, the sharp line dividing the sometimes tawny waters of Mobile Bay from the deep blue Gulf, and bent her way toward Europe.

She had two passengers; a tall, dark, wasted yet handsome man of thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, and a woman seemingly some three years younger, of beautiful though severe countenance; "very elegant-looking people and evidently rich," so the brig-master described them,—"had much the look of some of the Mississippi River 'Lower Coast' aristocracy." Their appearance was the more interesting for a look of mental distress evident on the face of each. Brother and sister, they called themselves; but, if so, she was the most severely reserved and distant sister the master of the vessel had ever seen.

They landed, if the account comes down to us right, at Bordeaux. The captain, a fellow of the peeping sort, found pastime in keeping them in sight after they had passed out of his care ashore. They went to different hotels!

The vessel was detained some weeks in

this harbor, and her master continued to enjoy himself in the way in which he had begun. He saw his late passengers meet often, in a certain quiet path under the trees of the Quinconce. Their conversations were low; in the patois they used they could have afforded to speak louder; their faces were always grave and almost always troubled. The interviews seemed to give neither of them any pleasure. The Monsieur grew thinner than ever, and sadly feeble.

"He wants to charter her," the seaman concluded, "but she doesn't like his rates."

One day, the last that he saw them together, they seemed to be, each in a way different from the other, under a great strain. He was haggard, woe-begone, nervous; she high-strung, resolute,—with "eyes that shone like lamps," as said the observer.

"She's a-sendin' him 'way to lew-ard," thought he. Finally the Monsieur handed her—or rather placed upon the seat near which she stood, what she would not receive—a folded and sealed document, seized her hand, kissed it, and hurried away. She sank down upon the seat, weak and pale, and rose to go, leaving the document behind. The mariner picked it up; it was directed to *M. Honoré Grandissime, Nouvelle Orleans, Etats Unis, Amérique*. She turned suddenly, as if remembering, or possibly reconsidering, and received it from him.

"It looked like a last will and testament," the seaman used to say, in telling the story.

The next morning, being at the water's edge and seeing a number of persons gathering about something not far away, he sauntered down toward it to see how small a thing was required to draw a crowd of these Frenchmen. It was the drowned body of the f. m. c.

Did the brig-master never see the woman again? He always waited for this question to be asked him, in order to state the more impressively that he did. His brig became a regular Bordeaux packet, and he saw the Madame twice or thrice, apparently living at great ease, but solitarily, in the rue —. He was free to relate that he tried to scrape acquaintance with her, but failed ignominiously.

The rents of No. 19 rue Bienville and of numerous other places, including the new drug-store in the rue Royale, were collected regularly by H. Grandissime, successor to Grandissime Frères. Rumor said, and tradition repeats, that neither for the advance-

ment of a friendless people, nor even for the repair of the properties' wear and tear, did one dollar of it ever remain in New Orleans; but that once a year Honoré, "as instructed," remitted to Madame—say Madame Inconnue—of Bordeaux, the equivalent, in francs, of fifty thousand dollars. It is averred he did this without interruption for twenty years. "Let us see: fifty times twenty—one million dollars. But that is only a *part* of the *pecuniary* loss which this sort of thing costs Louisiana."

But we have wandered.

CHAPTER LX.

"ALL RIGHT."

THE sun is once more setting upon the Place d'Armes. Once more the shadows of cathedral and town-hall lie athwart the pleasant grounds where again the city's fashion and beauty sit about in the sedate Spanish way, or stand or slowly move in and out among the old willows and along the white walks. Children are again playing on the sward; some, you may observe, are in black, for Agricola. You see, too, a more peaceful river, a nearer-seeming and greener opposite shore, and many other evidences of the drowsy summer's unwillingness to leave the embrace of this seductive land; the dreamy quietude of birds; the spreading, folding, re-expanding and slow pulsating of the all-prevailing fan (how like the unfolding of an angel's wing is oft-times the broadening of that little instrument!); the oft-drawn handkerchief; the pale, cool colors of summer costume; the swallow, circling and twittering overhead or darting across the sight; the languid movement of foot and hand; the reeking flanks and foaming bits of horses; the ear-piercing note of the cicada; the dancing butterfly; the dog, dropping upon the grass and looking up to his master with roping jaw and lolling tongue; the air sweetened with the merchandise of the flower *marchandises*.

On the levee road, bridles and saddles, whips, gigs, and carriages,—what a merry coming and going! We look, perforce, toward the old bench where, six months ago, sat Joseph Frowensfeld. There is somebody there—a small, thin, weary-looking man, who leans his bared head slightly back against the tree, his thin fingers knit together in his lap and his *chapeau-*

bras pressed under his arm. You note his extreme neatness of dress, the bright, unhealthy restlessness of his eye, and—as a beam from the sun strikes them—the fineness of his short red curls. It is Doctor Keene.

He lifts his head and looks forward. Honoré and Frowenfeld are walking arm-in-arm under the furthestmost row of willows. Honoré is speaking. How gracefully, in correspondence with his words, his free arm or hand—sometimes his head or even his lithe form—moves in quiet gesture, while the grave, receptive apothecary takes into his meditative mind, as into a large, cool cistern, the valued rain-fall of his friend's communications. They are near enough for the little doctor easily to call them; but he is silent. The unhappy feel so far away from the happy. Yet—"Take care!" comes suddenly to his lips, and is almost spoken; for the two, about to cross toward the Place d'Armes at the very spot where Aurora had once made her narrow escape, draw suddenly back, while the black driver of a *volante* reins up the horse he bestrides, and the animal himself swerves and stops.

The two friends, though startled apart, hasten with lifted hats to the side of the *volante*, profoundly convinced that one, at least, of its two occupants is heartily sorry that they were not rolled in the dust. Ah, ah! with what a wicked, ill-stifled merriment those two ethereal women bent forward in the faintly perfumed clouds of their ravishing summer-evening garb, to express their equivocal mortification and regret.

"Oh! I'm so sawry, oh! Almoze runned o—ah, ha, ha, ha!"

Aurora could keep the laugh back no longer.

"An' righd yeh befo' haivry *boddie*! Ah, ha, ha! 'Sieur Grandissime, 'tis *me-e-e* w'ad know 'ow dad is bad, ha, ha, ha! Oh! I assu' you, gen'lemen, id is hawful!"

And so on.

By and by Honoré seemed urging them to do something, the thought of which made them laugh, yet was entertained as not entirely absurd. It may have been that to which they presently seemed to consent; they alighted from the *volante*, dismissed it, and walked each at a partner's side down the grassy avenue of the levee. It was as Clotilde with one hand swept her light robes into perfect adjustment for the walk, and turned to take the first step with Frowenfeld, that she raised her eyes for the merest instant to his, and there passed between them

an exchange of glance which made the heart of the little doctor suddenly burn like a ball of fire.

"Now we're all right," he murmured bitterly to himself, as, without having seen him, she took the arm of the apothecary, and they moved away.

Yes, if his irony was meant for this pair, he divined correctly. Their hearts had found utterance across the lips, and the future stood waiting for them on the threshold of a new existence, to usher them into a perpetual copartnership in all its joys and sorrows, its disappointments, its imperishable hopes, its aims, its conflicts, its rewards; and the true—the great—the everlasting God of love was with them. Yes, it had been "all right," now, for nearly twenty-four hours—an age of bliss. And now, as they walked beneath the willows where so many lovers had walked before them, they had whole histories to tell of the tremors, the dismays, the misconstructions and longings through which their hearts had come to this bliss; how at such a time, thus and so; and after such and such a meeting, so and so; no part of which was heard by alien ears, except a fragment of Clotilde's speech caught by a small boy in unintentional ambush.

"—Evva sinze de firze nighd w'en I big-in to nurze you wid de fivver."

She was telling him, with that new, sweet boldness so wonderful to a lately accepted lover, how long she had loved him.

Later on they parted at the *porte-cochère*. Honoré and Aurora had got there before them, and were passing on up the stairs. Clotilde, catching, a moment before, a glimpse of her face, had seen that there was something wrong; weather-wise as to its indications she perceived an impending shower of tears. A faint shade of anxiety rested an instant on her own face. Frowenfeld could not go in. They paused a little within the obscurity of the corridor, and just to re-assure themselves that everything was "all right," they —

God be praised for love's young dream!

The slipped feet of the happy girl, as she slowly mounted the stair alone, overburdened with the weight of her blissful reverie, made no sound. As she turned its mid-angle she remembered Aurora. She could guess pretty well the source of her trouble; Honoré was trying to treat that hand-clasping at the bedside of Agricola as a binding compact; "which, of course, was not fair." She supposed they would have

gone into the front drawing-room; she would go into the back. But she miscalculated; as she silently entered the door she saw Aurora standing a little way beyond her, close before Honoré, her eyes cast down, and the trembling fan hanging from her two hands like a broken pinion. He seemed to be reiterating, in a tender undertone, some question intended to bring her to a decision. She lifted up her eyes toward his with a mute, frightened glance.

The intruder, with an involuntary murmur of apology, drew back; but, as she turned, she was suddenly and unspeakably saddened to see Aurora drop her glance, and, with a solemn slowness whose momentous significance was not to be mistaken, silently shake her head.

"Alas!" cried the tender heart of Clotilde. "Alas! M. Grandissime!"

CHAPTER LXI.

"NO!"

IF M. Grandissime had believed that he was prepared for the supreme bitterness of that moment, he had sadly erred. He could not speak. He extended his hand in a dumb farewell, when, all unsanctioned by his will, the voice of despair escaped him in a low groan. At the same moment, a tinkling sound drew near, and the room, which had grown dark with the fall of night, began to brighten with the softly widening light of an evening lamp, as a servant approached to place it in the front drawing-room.

Aurora gave her hand and withdrew it. In the act the two somewhat changed position, and the rays of the lamp, as the maid passed the door, falling upon Aurora's face, betrayed the again upturned eyes.

"Sieur Grandissime ——"

They fell.

The lover paused.

"You thing I'm crool."

She was the statue of meekness.

"Hope has been chruel to me," replied M. Grandissime, "not you; that I cannot say. Adieu."

He was turning.

"Sieur Grandissime ——"

She seemed to tremble.

He stood still.

"Sieur Grandissime,"—her voice was very tender,—"*wad you' horry?*"

There was a great silence.

"Sieur Grandissime, you know—*teg a chair.*"

He hesitated a moment and then both sat down. The servant repassed the door; yet, when Aurora broke the silence, she spoke in English—having such hazardous things to say. It would conceal possible stammerings.

"Sieur Grandissime,—you know *dad riz'n I* ——"

She slightly opened her fan, looking down upon it, and was still.

"I have no rught to ask the rheason," said M. Grandissime. "It is *yo's*—not mine."

Her head went lower.

"Well, you know,"—she drooped it meditatively to one side, with her eyes on the floor,—"*'tis bick-ause—'tis bick-ause I thing in a few days I'm goin' to die.*"

M. Grandissime said never a word. He was not alarmed.

She looked up suddenly and took a quick breath, as if to resume, but her eyes fell before his, and she said, in a tone of half-soliloquy:

"*I 'ave so mudge troub' wid dad hawt.*"

She lifted one little hand feebly to the cardiac region, and sighed softly, with a dying languor.

M. Grandissime gave no response. A vehicle rumbled by in the street below, and passed away. At the bottom of the room, where a gilded Mars was driving into battle, a soft note told the half-hour. The lady spoke again.

"*Id mague*"—she sighed once more—"so strange,—*sometime I thing I'm git'n' crezzy.*"

Still he to whom these fearful disclosures were being made remained as silent and motionless as an Indian captive, and, after another pause, with its painful accompaniment of small sounds, the fair speaker resumed with more energy, as befitting the approach to an incredible climax:

"Some day, 'Sieur Grandissime,—*id mague me fo'gid my hage! I thing I'm young!*"

She lifted her eyes with the evident determination to meet his own squarely, but it was too much; they fell as before; yet she went on speaking:

"*An' w'en someboddie git'n' ti'ed livin' wid 'imsev an' big'n' to fill ole, an' wan' someboddie to teg de care of 'im an' wan' me to gid marri'd wid 'im—I thing 'e's in love to me.*" Her fingers kept up a little shuffling with the fan. "*I thing I'm crezzy. I thing I muz be go'n' to die torecklie.*" She looked up to the ceiling with large eyes,

and then again at the fan in her lap, which continued its spreading and shutting. "An' daz de riz'n', 'Sieur Grandissime." She waited until it was certain he was about to answer, and then interrupted him nervously: "You know, 'Sieur Grandissime, id woon be righd! Id woon be de jutzit to *you*! An' you de bez man I evva know in my life, 'Sieur Grandissime!" Her hands shook. "A man w'at nevva wan' to gid marri'd wid noboddie in 'is life, an' now trine to gid marri'd juz only to rip-ose de soul of 'is oncl'——"

M. Grandissime uttered an exclamation of protest, and she ceased.

"I asked you," continued he, with low-toned emphasis, "fo' the single and only rheason that I want you fo' my wife!"

"Yez," she quickly replied; "daz all. Daz wad I thing. An' I thing daz de rad weh to say, 'Sieur Grandissime. Bick-ause, you know, you an' me is too hole to talg about dad *lovin'*, you know. An' you godd dad grade *rizpeg* fo' me, an' me I godd dad 'ighez *rizpeg* fo' you; bud——" she clutched the fan and her face sank lower still—"bud——" she swallowed—shook her head—"bud——" She bit her lip; she could not go on.

"Aurora," said the lover, bending forward and taking one of her hands, "I *do* love you with all my soul."

She made a poor attempt to withdraw her hand, abandoned the effort, and looked up savagely through a pair of overflowing eyes, demanding:

"*Mais*, fo' w'y you di'n' wan' to sesso?"

M. Grandissime smiled argumentatively.

"I have said so a hundrhd times, in everhy way but in words."

She lifted her head proudly, and bowed like a queen.

"*Mais*, you see, 'Sieur Grandissime, you bin meg one mizteg."

"Bud 'tis corrccted in time," exclaimed he, with suppressed but eager joyousness.

"'Sieur Grandissime," she said, with a tremendous solemnity, "I'm verrie sawrie, *mais*—you spogue too lade."

"No, no!" he cried, "the corrcction comes in time. Say that, lady; say that!"

His ardent gaze beat hers once more down; but she shook her head. He ignored the motion.

"And you will corrcct yo' answeh; ah! say that, too!" he insisted, covering the captive hand with both his own, and leaning forward from his seat.

"*Mais*, 'Sieur Grandissime, you know, dad is so verrie unegspeg'."

"Oh! unexpected!"

"*Mais*, I was thing all dad time id was Clotilde wad you ——"

She turned her face away and buried her mouth in her handkerchief.

"Ah!" he cried, "mock me no mo', Aurore Nancanou!"

He rose erect and held the hand firmly which she strove to draw away:

"Say the word, sweet lady; say the word!"

She turned upon him suddenly, rose to her feet, was speechless an instant while her eyes flashed into his, and crying out:

"No!" burst into tears, laughed through them, and let him clasp her to his bosom.

THE END.

AMONG THE REEDS.

AMONG the reeds, beside a singing fountain,
Silenus sat, when life was young and gay,
And piped until the echoes from the mountain
Awoke the birds as if at break of day.

The fount is dry, and no more old Silenus
Makes singing sweet re-echo on the shore.
Great Pan is dead; the exiled fauns have seen us
Walk with bowed heads, where blithe they danced before.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. II.



SHEPHERDESS.

From the collection of the artist.

It was in January, 1837, that Millet arrived in Paris. He had several letters of recommendation for friends or relations of important men in Cherbourg. He went to M. Georges, then expert in the Royal Museum. Georges received him kindly, and asked him

what he could do. Millet unrolled a big drawing, some six feet high, on paper. Georges, surprised, showed it to his friends and pupils who were there, and who cried out: "We didn't know they could do this in the provinces!" "It is very good,"

repeated M. Georges; "you must stay with me; it will be of great use to you. I can let you see the museums, introduce you to celebrated artists, and get you into the School of the Beaux Arts, where you can compete, and where you will be sure soon to get the prize, at the rate you are going."

Millet left him, and his drawing. He intended returning to see M. Georges, but on the way he thought of the school, the competing for a prize, and the discipline that all in a school would, of course, have to submit to. "All this seemed to me a constraint which I could not contemplate without horror. I said to myself that M. Georges, who had been so kind, and seemed so sure of guiding me—how difficult it would be to make him understand that this way of study, striving to excel others, unknown to me, in cleverness and quickness, was antipathetic!" In fact, Millet resolved not to return to M. Georges, and the drawing was sent back to him later.

At the house of Monsieur L—— (to whom he had a letter), they gave him a clean little room on the fifth floor, whose outlook was the roofs and chimneys of a court-yard:

"Life at M. L——'s was very weary. Mme. L—— was a cross woman, who tried to make me go to see the sights of Paris—the dancers, the students' balls—and who reproached me with my awkward ways and my timidity. The house froze me, and I was only happy on the quays. One day I went to the Chaumière; the dances of this pushing crowd of people disgusted me; I preferred the heavy pleasures and real drunkards of the country."

Millet did not stay long with M. L——. To continue his account:

"During the first days of my stay in Paris, my fixed idea was to go and see the old museum. I went out early with this intention, yet, being afraid to ask the way for fear of being laughed at, I wandered at random, hoping the museum would come to meet me. I got lost several days in looking for it. In this search one day I came upon Notre Dame, which I thought less beautiful than the cathedral of Coutances. The Luxembourg seemed to me a fine palace, but too regular, and like the work of a coquettish and mediocre builder. Finally, without knowing how, I found myself on the Pont Neuf, from which I saw a magnificent building, which I thought must be the Louvre, from the descriptions I had heard of it. I went to it, and mounted the great stair-way with a beating heart. I had attained one great object of my life.

"I had augured correctly as to what I should see. It seemed to me that I was in a world of friends, in a family where all that I beheld was the reality of my dreams. For a month the masters were my only occupation during the day. I observed them all, devoured them, analyzed them, and returned to them ceaselessly. The early ones drew me by their admirable expression of gentleness, holiness and fervor; the great Italians, by their knowledge and their

charm of composition. Sometimes the arrows of St. Sebastian seemed to go through me, when I looked at Mantegna's Martyrs. Those masters are magnetic; they give you the joys and sorrows which trouble them; they are incomparable. But when I saw a drawing of Michael Angelo's, a man in a swoon,—that was another thing! The expression of the relaxed muscles, the planes and modeling of this figure, weighed down by physical suffering, gave me a succession of feelings. I was tormented by pain. I pitied him. I suffered with that same body, those very limbs. I saw that he who had done that was capable, with a single figure, to personify the good or evil of all humanity. It was Michael Angelo—that says all. I had already seen mediocre engravings from him in Cherbourg; here I first touched the heart and heard the speech of him who has so haunted me all my life.

"I then went to the Luxembourg. With the exception of the pictures of Delacroix, which I thought great in gesture, invention and color, I found nothing remarkable. Everywhere wax figures, conventional costumes, and a disgusting flatness of invention and expression.

"The 'Elizabeth' and the 'Princes in the Tower' of Delaroche were there, and I was to go to the studio of Delacroix,—these pictures did not make me wish to go. I could see in them nothing but big illustrations and theatrical effects without real feeling, everywhere posing and stage scenes. The Luxembourg gave me my antipathy to the theater, and although I was not indifferent to the celebrated dramas then being acted, I must confess to having always had a decided repulsion to the exaggerations, the falseness and silliness of actors and actresses. I have since seen something of their little world, and I have become convinced that by always trying to put themselves in some other person's place, they have lost the understanding of their own personality; that they only talk in 'character,' and that truth, common-sense, and the simple feeling of plastic art are lost to them. To paint well and naturally, I think one should avoid the theater.

"Many a time I was half inclined to leave Paris and return to my village, I was so tired of the lonely life I lived. I saw no one, did not speak to a soul, did not dare ask a question, I dreaded ridicule so much,—and yet no one noticed me. I had the awkwardness which I have never lost, and which still troubles me when I am obliged to speak to a stranger or ask the simplest question. I was of a great mind to do my ninety leagues in one stretch, like my uncle Jumelin, and say to my family 'I've come home and I'm done with painting;' but the Louvre had bewitched me. I went back and was consoled. Fra Angelico filled me with visions, and when I returned at night to my miserable lodging, I did not want to think of anything but those gentle masters who made beings so fervent that they are beautiful, and so nobly beautiful that they are good.

"It has been said that I was very much taken up with the XVIII. century masters, because I made copies of Watteau and Boucher. I have a decided repugnance for Boucher. I saw his knowledge, his talent, but I could not look at his suggestive subjects and sad women without thinking it was all a very poor kind of 'nature.' Boucher did not paint naked women, but little undressed creatures: it was not the luxuriant exhibition of the women of Titian, so proud of their beauty, and so sure of their power, that they show themselves naked. It is not chaste, but it is strong, and great in its femininity. It is art, and good art. But the poor little ladies of Boucher, with their thin legs, their feet deformed by high-

heeled slippers, their waists pinched by corsets, their useless hands and bloodless breasts, are all repulsive to me. As I stood before the so much copied 'Diana' of Boucher, I thought I could see the *Marquises* of his time, painted by him for no very laudable reason, and whom he had undressed and posed in his studio, which was transformed into a landscape. I went back to the 'Diana' of the antique—so beautiful, so noble, and whose forms are all distinguished. Boucher was only a seducer.

"Nor was Watteau my man. * * * I could see the charm of his palette, and the delicacy of expression of these little stage men condemned to laugh.

the canvases where the thought was concisely and strongly expressed.

"I liked Murillo in his portraits, Ribera in his St. Bartholomew and Centaurs. I liked everything strong, and would have given all Boucher for one of Rubens's nude women. It was only later that I came to know Rembrandt; he did not repel me but he blinded me. * * * I only knew Velasquez, who is so much sought after nowadays, by his 'Infanta,' in the Louvre. He is certainly a painter 'de race,' and of pure blood, yet his compositions seem to me empty. Apollo and Vulcan is poor in invention; his 'Winders' are not winding anything. The



SHEPHERDESS KNITTING.

But I always thought of marionettes, and I said to myself: 'The whole little troupe will be shut up in a box, after the play, to weep over their fate.' I was rather interested in Lesueur, Lebrun and Jouvenet, because they seemed to me very strong. Lesueur had a great effect on me, and I think him one of the great souls of our French school; as Poussin was the prophet, the sage, and the philosopher, while also the most eloquent teller of a story. I could pass my life face to face with the work of Poussin, and never be tired. Well, I lived at the Louvre, at the Spanish Museum, the Standish Museum, and among the drawings, and my attention was always directed to

painter remains, and he is a strong painter. I was never tempted to make a copy of these masters. It seemed to me that a copy was an impossibility, and that it could never have the spontaneity and fire of the original. One day, however, I spent the whole day in front of the 'Concert Champêtre,' of Giorgione. I could not weary of it. It was already three o'clock when, mechanically, I took a little canvas belonging to a friend, and began a sketch of the picture. Four o'clock sounded, and the dreadful 'on ferme' of the guardians turned me out: but I had made enough of a sketch to give me pleasure, like a run into the country. Giorgione had opened the country to me. I

had found consolation with him. Since then I have been too wise to attempt a copy, even of something of my own; I am incapable of that sort of thing.

"Except Michael Angelo and Poussin, I have held to my first leaning toward the early masters—subjects as simple as childhood, unconscious expression, creatures that say nothing but are full of life, or who suffer patiently without a moan, without a cry, submitting to the law of human life without dreaming of calling any one to account for it. * * *

"In the end I had to decide to learn my trade and go into a studio. I did not think anything of the painters who taught. Hersent, Drolling, Léon Cogniet, Abel de Pujol, Picot, all professors who were then sought after, were quite indifferent to me, and also Ingres, of whom I had not then seen the slightest picture.

"I waited on and on, reading Vasari in the library of Ste. Geneviève, for fear I should be asked questions about the history of the painters and their lives, and finally decided to see some one who would find me a studio. I had a great dread of this future teacher, and kept putting off the evil moment. One morning I got up, determined to brave the worst. Well, I was admitted to the studio of Paul Delaroche, the painter whom every one pointed to as the greatest talent of that time. I trembled when I entered. It was a new world to me, but I got used to it, and ended by not being altogether unhappy. I found some good souls, a kind of cleverness, and a language which I had never dreamed of,—it seemed to me a tiresome and incomprehensible jargon. The puns of the Delaroche studio made the boys famous. They talked about everything, even politics; it was rather too much for me to hear them chatter about the 'Phalanstery,' but I took root at last, and my homesickness was a little mitigated."

Paul Delaroche was then the most fashionable painter. His atelier was divided into two classes, the "cast" for beginners and that of the life models. Millet found a group of young men, not unknown later. Couture, Hébert, Cavalier the sculptor, Gendron, Édouard Frère, Yvon, etc., etc.

In entering this new world, Millet imposed upon himself the strictest silence and circumspection. Like a true peasant, he let others approach him, and answered little. They tried to make out this puzzling countryman. They apostrophized, joked, and teased him, but Millet answered nothing, or, with his fists, threatened those who went too far, and, as he was built like a Hercules, they let him alone, giving him the nickname of the "man of the woods." His first drawing was from the Germanicus. On Monday the drawing was begun, it had to be finished by Saturday. Thursday, Millet had finished his figure. Delaroche came, looked at the drawing a long time, and said: "You are a new-comer. Well, you know too much and not enough." That was all he said. Couture, who was in the life class, came in to see the antique class, and said to him: "Hello, *nouveau*! do you know that your drawing is good?" Some time after he was

severely criticised. The originality of his studies, where knowledge was wanting, and where the spirit was everything, surprised the studio, but did not make them understand him. All but one or two pupils considered him as a curious being without a future; an obstinate fellow, who took the *pose* of eccentric drawing; a mutineer in the academic camp, a schismatic in their worship of Delaroche. When he passed into the life school he had the same trial. His first figure, nevertheless, was a success. Delaroche said: "It is easy to see that you have painted a great deal!" He had never touched a palette before. In his heart Millet was struck by the insufficiency of the master, who never gave him serious advice, and who did not even make the impression of a man who knows and can teach.

Sometimes the truth came out. To a student who did not render the *ensemble* of a life study, Delaroche said: "Look at Millet,—notice how he sees light on a nude figure."

When Delaroche was painting the "Hemicycle," he often talked of it to the students in his atelier. Millet was once much abused by his comrades about a drawing, one of whom said, violently: "There he is again, drawing from *chic*" (out of his head), "and inventing his muscles." Delaroche, coming in at the moment, said: "Gentlemen, the study of nature is indispensable, but you must also know how to work from memory. He is right" (pointing to Millet) "to use his memory. When I began my 'Hemicycle,' I thought that letting the model stand, I could get the attitude of my personages, but I soon found I would have fine models, with no cohesion among them. I saw that one must invent, create, order, and produce figures appropriate to each individuality. I had to use my memory. Do as he does, if you can."

Soon after this Millet left the atelier. A comrade met him one day, and told him the "patron" wanted to see him about some work on the "Hemicycle." Millet deferred to his orders, and went to the Palace of the Beaux Arts. Delaroche was working in the midst of his aids. He came to Millet and drew him into another room, and rolling two cigarettes, silently offered one to Millet, and then said: "Why don't you come to the studio any more?" "Because, sir, I can't pay the janitor's tax." "You are wrong. I don't want you to leave the studio; come back. I have spoken to Poisson" (the janitor), "only don't say anything about it to the

others, and do just what you like—big things, figures, studies—but don't talk about it to the others. I like to see your work; you are not like other people, and I will tell you what work you can do with me."

Millet was touched, and went back.

At last the moment came for competition for the great "Prix de Rome." Millet was admitted, and worked with talent at the figure. Delaroche was struck with the original view he had taken of the subject. His conscience was moved. He called Millet, and said:

"You want the 'Prix de Rome'?"

"That is the reason I compete."

"I find your composition very good, but I must tell you that I especially want Roux appointed; but next year I will use all my influence for you."

Edified by this announcement, Millet left the studio, and feeling that he must rely upon himself alone for instruction and protection, he went to Suisse, who had an academy of models.

One student in Delaroche's studio had come near to the "man of the woods." It was Marolle, son of a varnish manufacturer, whose family could afford to make the art-life he had chosen easy to him. Musset, at that time, was the *vade mecum* of all the young people. Marolle knew him by heart, declaimed him, painted him, and even wrote verses which were not without merit, but which had the fault of being too much like the poetry of the author of "Rolla." "Musset gives you a fever," said Millet, "but that is all he knows how to do. A charming mind, capricious, and profoundly poisoned, all he can do is to disenchant, corrupt, or discourage. The fever goes, and one is left without strength, like a convalescent who needs air, sun and stars."

But life became difficult in the little studio, rue de l'Est.

"What shall I do?" said Millet. "People reaping and making hay?"

"You can't sell them," said Marolle.

"But fauns and forest life?"

"Who knows anything about fauns in Paris?"

"Well, what then?"

"They like Boucher, Watteau, illustrations—nude women. You must do things in that style!"

Millet at last decided to submit to the necessities of life. He did not wish to let his family know of his wants by applying to them. Then he made a last effort—a little picture representing Charity,—a mel-

ancholy figure with three nurselings. He took his picture himself from shop to shop, and could not get the least offer for it. He came home sadly, and said to his friend

"You are right; give me subjects and I will paint them."

It was at this time that he made a number of pastels, imitations of Boucher and Watteau, which Marolle baptized after his own fashion, with names of that time, "Vert-Vert," "The Old Man's Calendar," "Soldier Proposing to a Nurse," "The Reading of the Novel," "The Late Watch," "A Day at Trianon." Sometimes the artist went back to the Bible, and painted "Jacob and Laban," "Ruth and Boaz." Marolle and Millet took these pictures to the dealers, who were very disdainful, and would only accept them "on sale." The highest price he could get was never more than twenty francs, and when they came to that sum Millet thought he had reached fortune, and the happy day in which he could give himself up to the impressions which his native country had made on him. He painted, also, unsigned portraits for five and ten francs. But he did not neglect his studies. In spite of his struggle against poverty, he worked in the evening at Suisse's and Boudin's. He went to the library of Ste. Geneviève, and examined the works of the most celebrated exponents of form, Albert Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Jean Cousin, and Nicholas Poussin, for whom he had the deepest and most lasting admiration. Especially he studied Michael Angelo; read all the biographies, communications, correspondence and documents concerning this great man, whom he never ceased to consider the highest expression of art.

It was in 1840 that Millet first tried to exhibit at the *Salon* of the Louvre. The constitution of the jury made it a formidable trial. The jury was not, as now, an assembly of peers elected by universal suffrage each year. It was the Institute, with its doctrines and antipathies. It acted only according to its own good pleasure. The new school was, with a few exceptions, systematically snubbed. Theodore Rousseau gave up facing the yearly humiliations to which he was subjected. Eugene Delacroix was more fortunate,—only half his pictures were refused. Decamps, whose works were so curiously elaborated, felt the capricious rigor of the authorities. Jules Dupré would not exhibit. Corot, still full of respect for the traditions of Bertin and the judgments of the academy, advanced



WOMAN BATHING.

step by step toward his beautiful echoes of Claude Lorraine. In spite of his prudence, he was kept away from the *Salon* with the rest. Diaz was despised, but he entered almost forcibly, thanks to his Correggio studies. Millet dared to beard the lion, and sent two portraits, Marolle's and a relation's, M. L. F. The latter only was admitted, and passed unnoticed. Millet told us afterward that it was the poorer of the two; the color was somber and looked like the follies of the Delaroche studio.

When the Exhibition closed he went back to see his Normandy, with the desire to stay and try to get a living at Cherbourg, and be near his family. It was not the first time that he returned. Almost every year he went to breathe his native air and stay some weeks at Gruchy with his mother and grandmother, who already thought him a wonder, as the Cherbourg papers had spoken of him. In 1838 and 1840 he made several portraits of his family and friends—his mother and grandmother, who were living with one of his brothers. He made two

portraits of his grandmother, one a drawing, life size, characterized by a strong expression of austerity. Millet worked on it with great care, as a labor of love. He wanted, he said, to show the soul of his grandmother.

As his pictures did not sell, he accepted commissions for signs, and painted them the size of life: "The Little Milk-girl," for a dry-goods shop; "A Scene of Our African Campaigns," for a tumbler, who paid him the price (thirty francs) in sous; a horse, for a veterinary surgeon; a sailor, for a sail-maker.

Having failed to satisfy the municipality with a portrait of a deceased local dignitary (though they accepted and hung the picture, when he, to cut matters short, gave it to them), Millet was completely cast off by the influential people, who were ashamed of having protected a sign-painter; but such injustice raised friends for him. All the young people were on his side. Indifferent to public opinion, he nevertheless became an object of attention to all who liked noise

or opposition. He had some orders for portraits.

Millet was a big, handsome fellow, proud, with gentle eyes. A nice Cherbourg girl, whose portrait he was painting, took compassion on him. Millet married her in 1841, and began to paint portraits of his wife, himself, and several members of his new family, whom he always disliked to speak of. His marriage was not happy. His wife was very delicate. She suffered and faded away, dying in Paris in 1844, after two years and five months of marriage. Millet returned to Paris in 1842. A portrait and picture sent to the *Salon* were both refused.

From 1841 to 1851 Millet's talent changed and assumed a distinct individuality. The blackness and thick shadows of his figures disappear, and all the traditions of the Delaroche studio. He painted with fervor, with the joy of a man who feels full of life and gifts, and who understands the secrets of the masters. He knows as much as the artists of the eighteenth century, and seems sometimes to remember Restout and Vanloo, and the methods which the old painters of Cherbourg had preserved. But he finds his hand is too clever, and does not follow his mind. Then he stops, studies Michael Angelo and analyzes Correggio. He goes to the Louvre, does not copy, but lives in the atmosphere of the masters. He questions them, tries to understand them. Modeling (which is the sculptural presentation of form bathed in air) engrosses him; it is the first phase of his transformation. He studies it in Correggio, the magician of flesh, the painter of natural grace and strong life.

In 1843 he exhibited nothing. In 1844 he sent two subjects, one "The Riding Lesson," a group of children playing horse—one is mounted on the back of another. "At last," said Diaz, "here is a new man who has the knowledge which I would like to have, and movement, color, expression, too,—here is a painter!"

Millet's life now became still harder, complicated by the sufferings of a dying woman. He was without money, position, or connections. He never spoke of this time without a sort of terror. His material life was a daily fight. He was ready to do anything that chance offered,—had endless difficulties to get the most trifling sums paid. He met people who took advantage of his poverty, who wearied him with their refusals and went to all lengths of cruelty. A different man would have vowed vengeance on this

inhuman society—this savage Paris; but Millet did not bear any malice. He merely told the fact, and added: "Yes, there are bad people, but there are good ones also, and one good one consoles you for many bad. I sometimes found helping hands, and I don't complain."

In 1844 he left his own country, to which he returned when he was too hard pressed by trouble. He went to Cherbourg, where he was well received. It must be admitted that his talent had acquired a more appreciable form, his drawing had a persuasive charm, though a little affected. Color was his strongest point; atmospheric harmony, richness of tone, and a particular method of rosy gray, gave a sort of attractive warmth to his works. He executed with a rapidity which might be now called rather too easy, but there was so much exuberance of strength, such a passion for covering canvas, that the pleasure of painting overcame colder reason. Afterward he quieted his youthful fire, put on the bit of the most precise drawing; but in those days he was given over to the "Muse of Painting," and threw the reins to his passionate nature. Those who like to divide a painter's career into periods may call this the "florid manner" of Millet, for his painting has all the charm and promise of youth.

His first marriage had been unfortunate, but he was not a man who could live alone; a young girl loved him in silence; he ended by discovering it, and married the woman who became the mother of his children and the devoted companion of his whole life. They left for Paris in November, 1845, and they stopped at Havre, where several friends expected them. He did all sorts of things; portraits of captains, ship owners, commanders and people employed in the port, even sailors. At Havre a public exhibition of his works was organized, and he made a few more portraits. When, at last, not without difficulty, he got 900 francs together, he left for Paris with his wife.

Here ends the happy life of Millet. Paris, somber and stubborn, will dispute and fight him. Becoming soon a father, his duty will be to his family, black bread and anxiety will be his portion,—he will not see again either mother or grandmother. He will write often to the inhabitants of his native town, the answers will be always touchingly full of tenderness and resignation, but he will always think himself a captive. "I felt," said Millet, "that I was



CARDING WOOL.

nailed to a rock and condemned to endless labor; but I could have forgotten all if I had only been able once in a while to see again my native place."

Millet and his wife came to Paris in December, 1845, and for a time lived in a modest lodging in rue Rochechouart, while waiting to go into three Mansard rooms in the same street, No. 42 bis, where Millet had arranged a very informal studio, whose whole furniture consisted of three chairs and an easel. At once he began to work. His "St. Jerome Tempted by Women" was fine in effect and in movement; it was superbly

painted. Couture sent artists to see this "astonishing piece." While he was painting it he received a letter from his grandmother:

"You say you are painting a portrait of St. Jerome, groaning under the temptations which besieged his youth. Ah, dear child, like him reflect, and gain the same holy profit. Follow the example of a man of your own profession, and say, 'I paint for eternity.' For no reason in the world allow yourself to do wrong. Do not fall in the eyes of God. With St. Jerome, think ever of the trumpet which will call us to the Judgment Seat. * * * Thy mother is ill, and part of the time in bed. I get more and more helpless, and can hardly walk. We wish you a happy and fortunate new year, full of the most

abundant blessings of heaven. Let us soon hear from you. We are very anxious to know how you are getting on. We hope well, and embrace you with sincere friendship.

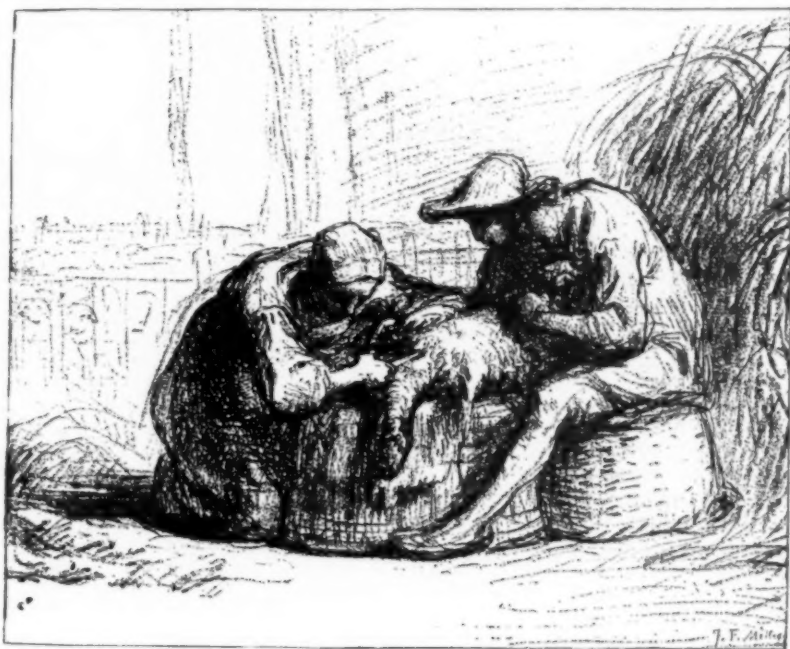
"Thy grandmother,

"LOUISE JUMELIN.

"GRÉVILLE, June 10th, 1846."

The *Salon* of 1846 was just about to open. The jury refused the *St. Jerome*, and Millet, being short of canvas, painted over it "*Œdipus being taken from the tree*." Tourneux (a fellow-student of the *Beaux Arts*) had lost no time in discovering Millet. They became intimate, and from that time on, Millet was counted among the family of

in the nude. Every one pushed him in this direction, where he made such successes, and in which his natural temperament kept him so many years. You feel that the *Œdipus* is a fine piece of work, and that the artist, a consummate workman, has only thought of the execution. Millet himself said: "It is a pretext to exercise myself in the nude and in the modeling of light." In truth, the *Œdipus* is nothing more. Millet makes his mark, but as yet he is neither poet nor thinker. What is most remarkable in this picture, and in many others of the same time, is the ease with which Millet



SHEEP-SHEARING.

painters of "*The Quarter*." Diaz lived near, and came to see him. He was not a cold admirer. The talent of Millet, like that of Rousseau, had the gift of exciting and making him eloquent. He made a tremendous propaganda for Millet, urging amateurs and dealers to get the artist's paintings, if they did not wish to stand in his eyes as blind and incapable.

For the *Salon* of 1847, he made a picture whose name is the only classic thing about it—the "*Œdipus being taken from the tree*." It was painted to show his power

makes nature with what is not pure reality. He is not a copyist. He uses reality, but transforms it. In his nude figures, his most amorous subjects, you never find an unwholesome intention. The picture of the "*Children with the Wheelbarrow*" seems a robust echo of Fragonard; a young peasant such as never existed, shoulders and breast bare, hair flying, and a face bright with the sun of May. In the hands of a painter of the eighteenth century it would be a suggestive study. With Millet it is only fine plastic art, touched by spring-time

and youth. So with all his nude paintings. Millet had a sensual organization and admired flesh; but he had an honest soul. In the midst of all our decadence he kept a pure heart.

It was in 1847 that I saw him first. I went with Troyon to his lodging in the rue Rochechouart. He wore a strange garb, which gave his whole person an outlandish look. A brown-stone-colored overcoat, a thick beard, and long hair covered with a woolen cap like those worn by coachmen, gave his face a character which surprised you, and then made you think of the painters of the Middle Ages. His reception was kind, but almost silent. After a while, he began to be more expansive. "Every subject is good," said he, "only it must be rendered with strength and clearness. In art, there must be a governing thought expressed eloquently. We must have it in ourselves, and stamp it upon others, just as a medal is stamped. * * * Art is not a pleasure-trip; it is a fight. * * * I am not a philosopher. I don't want to stop pain, or find a formula which will make me indifferent or a stoic. Pain is, perhaps, that which makes the artist express himself most distinctly." He talked for some time, and then was silent, made timid by his own words. When we parted, we felt that we had made the beginning of a serious friendship. Millet at this time knew Charles Jacques. His was a penetrating and enthusiastic nature. Millet's painting had attracted him; the man had charmed him. He had become a passionate admirer of his talent. And as he knew how to say so in just and convincing terms, Millet had been touched. Jacques was then making his charming etchings, like a pupil of Ostade. At dusk we met at Millet's, and there Jacques, Campredon, and others now gone, passed hours before a jug of beer, talking of the ancients and moderns. In these interminable conversations Millet only put in a good word, or an argument as strong as a giant. He was very severe upon the romanticists, dogmatists and politicians, as well as upon contemporary art. You could see that the air of Paris weighed heavily on him, and that the chatter of the great city, its literature, its aims and ambitions, its manners and customs, were a world which he could not understand.

In the spring Millet was taken with a dangerous rheumatic fever, and brought to death's door. He was given up by all but his devoted friends, and when he did begin slowly to recover he could scarcely

speak or breathe. But youth has its privileges; it forgets quickly, and renews itself with its own vital powers. One morning Millet shook himself "like a wet dog," and began to work with a trembling hand. But the *Salon* of 1848 was to open. Millet finished a "Winnower" and a "Captivity of the Jews in Babylon," and sent them. The jury had been abolished, and everything sent was hung,—the "Winnower" in the *salon carré* and the "Jews" in the long gallery. The first obtained a real success, the second left the public cold.

But the success did not fill the needy purse of the Millets. The revolution had stopped all picture-buying, and artists suffered the extremest famine. Millet and his wife did not complain, asked nothing, but we knew their distress. One of us went to the museum, then to the Direction of the Beaux Arts, and got 100 francs, which we took immediately to the painter. Millet was in his studio, sitting on a box, his back bent like a man who is chilled. He said "Good-day," but did not move. It was freezing cold in the miserable room. When the money was handed him, he said: "Thank you; it comes in time. We have not eaten for two days, but the important thing is that the children have not suffered. Until to-day they have had food." He called his wife, "I am going to get wood; I am very cold." He did not say another word, and never spoke of it again. A few days after he moved to the rue du Delta.

In April, M. Ledru-Rollin, urged by Jeanron, came to see him and gave him a commission of 1800 francs. M. Ledru-Rollin bought also the "Winnower," for 500 francs. This was a great deal in 1848.

The insurrection of June came to disturb Paris. Millet was painting a midwife's sign when the first guns were fired. Misery had come again, and he found himself helpless, in the midst of this civil war, when the midwife arrived, carried off her sign, and left Millet thirty francs as pay.

"It saved us," said Millet, "for we managed to live two weeks on the money, until the insurrection and the troubles which followed it were quieted. How often I have blessed this unexpected help!"

A few days after he painted a Samson, asleep beside Delilah, who is about to cut his hair. It is a little picture of a finely balanced composition and beautiful color. He also painted a Mercury, carrying off the flocks of Argus. But they did not sell. A cover for a song was ordered. Millet

made the drawing, and sent the lithographic stone to the publisher. The price was thirty francs; he was paid by insolvency; the door was shut in his face.

He then drew two "Liberties," but they sold no better than the others. Jacques

sold from one franc to five. Charles Jacques collected a quantity of papers on the studio floor, drawings and notes from nature; he bought them, and saved them from being used for fire.

Like every other Parisian, Millet was



J. F. Millet. 1865

Ed. Heine

ŒDIPUS BEING TAKEN FROM THE TREE.

advised him to make drawings in exchange for clothes,—six drawings went for a pair of shoes, a picture for a bed. Portraits of Diaz, Barye, Victor Dupré, Vechte, half-length and life-size, were bought for twenty francs, all four, and charming sketches were

armed with a gun during the revolution, and had to take his place in the defense of the Assembly and the taking of the barricades of the Rochechouart quarter, where he saw the chief of the insurgents fall. He came back angry and indignant at the slaughters

of Paris. He had no military spirit, nor the rage of revolt, and all he saw made his heart bleed.

We would go together of an evening to

few hours. His facility was extraordinary, and he never omitted the telling note or charm of color.

One evening, standing before Deforge's



THE WOODMAN.

the plain of Montmartre or Saint Ouen. The next day I would find impressions of the day before, which he had painted in a

window, he saw two young men examining one of his pictures, "Women Bathing." "Do you know who painted that?" said

one. "Yes," replied the other. "A fellow called Millet, who only paints naked women." These words cut him to the quick—his dignity was touched. Coming home, he told his wife the story. "If you consent," said he, "I will do no more of that

lied in a way from all servitude, entered resolutely into rustic art.

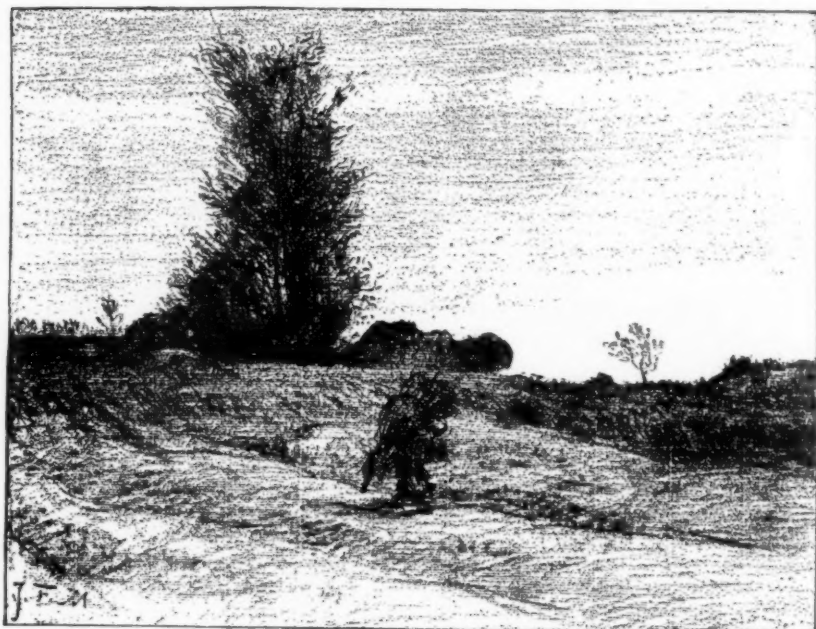
The year 1849 was a difficult time for many painters. Millet, whom fortune was slow to smile upon, was not more happy than his friends; yet he found time and



TEACHING THE BABY TO WALK.

sort of pictures. Living will be harder than ever and you will suffer, but I will be free to do what I have long been thinking of." Mme. Millet answered, "I am ready. Do as you will." And from that time on Millet, re-

strength to paint a peasant-woman seated, which he sent to the *Salon*,—but in this epoch of political excitement it does not seem to have caused any great interest. Material life was a problem to be solved



THE PLAIN OF BARBIZON.

every day. He had no other hope than an order from the Minister, and it was a long, difficult piece of work. The figures in "The Hay-makers" were to be half life, in the middle of a plain, at rest near a hay-cock. Millet sought long on the banks of the Seine and at St. Ouen, but could find nothing that he could use. "I don't see anything but inhabitants of a suburb; I want a country-woman." However, he finished his work, and had just received the price, when the revolution of the 13th June, 1849, broke out. The cholera, too, reached its height, and decided Millet and Jacques to leave the city. Furnished with 1800 francs, they went with their families to Barbizon and stopped at old Ganne's. There had already settled, since June, 1848, Theodore Rousseau, Hughes Martin, Belly, Louis Leroy and Clerget.

It was at this time that Millet and Rousseau first knew each other; they had merely met at Diaz's. They were neither men to enter easily into intimacy; they took several months to examine one another, and it was not till long after that they talked without constraint. Millet, prudent and discreet, always kept a reserve with Rousseau, which the latter appreciated

later. He was never a pupil of Rousseau, as has been stated. When they met they were of equal force. If, afterward, one showed the influence of the other, it was Rousseau, whom Millet's art preoccupied so much that he was drawn by him toward simplicity of subject and sobriety of line.

Millet and Jacques hired studios—such studios!—in peasant houses, and set out together to discover the country. I often visited them at this time. They were in such a state of excitement that they could not paint. The majesty of the old woods, the virginity of the rocks and underbrush, the broken boulders and green pastures, had intoxicated them with beauty and odors. They could not think of leaving such enchantment. Millet found his dream lying before him. He touched his own sphere. He felt the blood of his family in his veins. He became again a peasant.

The following is from his first letter from Barbizon, June 28th, 1849:

"We have determined, Jacques and I, to stay here some time, and we have each taken a house. The prices are very different from those in Paris, and as one can get there easily if necessary, and the country is superb, we will work more quietly than

in Paris, and, perhaps, do better things. In fact, we want to stay here some time."

The "some time" which he was to stay at Barbizon was twenty-seven years,—all the rest of his life.

From the time Millet went to Barbizon he became "the rustic," and gave to his pictures an elevation, a largeness, which have made him unique in our art,—one who speaks a language hitherto unheard. The echo of country life, its eclogues, its hard work, its anxiety, its misery, its peace, the emotions of the man bound to the soil,—all these he will know how to translate, and the inhabitant of the city will see that "the trivial can be made to serve the sublime," and that something noble can be evolved from the commonest acts of life.

His first fever quieted, Millet painted the rustic scenes which struck him—sawyers at work at gigantic trees, wood-gatherers, charcoal-burners, quarrymen,—worn out with their frightful toil,—poachers on the scent, stone-breakers, road-laborers, men plowing, harrowing and wood-cutting. Each one of these scenes he finished in a day, sometimes in a couple of hours. Later, he composed and executed with great care a series of little drawings which were to express the whole life of the peasant: first, the man of the soil, in his blouse and sabots,—the hero of work, the central point; then, the peasant woman, young, strong and handsome; then, a series of country scenes, from the mother playing with her child to the poor old woman who goes to cut the dead wood, and brings home on her wretched back a fagot four times as big as herself. This collection is a revelation of an artist of genius. It is a succession of pictures worthy to be placed beside the philosophic compositions of Holbein. It is neither a satire nor a special pleading—but the quiet thought of a man glad to be able to express the greatness and the misery of his companions.

He had taken a little peasant's-house with three narrow, low rooms, which served as studio, kitchen and bedroom for his wife and his three children. Later, the little house was lengthened by two other rooms, when the children increased to nine. A studio was built at the end of the garden, and Millet added a wash-house and a chicken-yard in the middle of a garden which was leased to him.

He had two occupations. In the morning

he dug or planted, sowed or reaped; after lunch he went into the low, cold, dark room called a studio. He did not dislike this shadowy nook, for there a great part of his works were composed, and all his poetic compositions, sketches and drawings.

His first vision was a Bible subject, "Ruth and Boaz," which he drew on the wall in crayon. They were real peasants,—a harvest scene where the master, as in the Scripture, finds a young gleaner, and leads her blushing to the feast of the country people.

When he had been too long in his dark studio he felt a pain, which soon became a frightful suffering,—a headache of the most violent kind. He was days and sometimes even weeks under the iron hand of this enemy.

To ward off the beginnings of the evil, he would go off into the fields and forest, and walk about with feverish anxiety. We often followed him with other friends in his coursing over hill and dale. The open air restored him; then, with a child-like joy, he climbed rocks, jumping like a stag, to reach at a bound the highest point of the curious granite boulders which give a magic appearance to the forest of Fontainebleau. Sabots on his feet, an old red sailor's-jacket, a weather-beaten straw-hat, he was in his element. When tired and overcome by the climb, he threw himself on the ground and cried out, like Goethe: "My God, how good it is under Thy heaven." And added: "I don't know anything more delicious than to lie on the heather and look at the sky."

He writes from Barbizon:

"MY DEAR SENSIER: * * * I work like a gang of slaves; the day seems five months long. My wish to make a winter landscape has become a fixed idea. I want to do a sheep picture, and have all sorts of projects in my head. If you could see how beautiful the forest is! I rush there at the end of the day, after my work, and I come back every time crushed. It is so calm, such a terrible grandeur that I find myself really frightened. I don't know what those fellows, the trees, are saying to each other; they say something which we cannot understand, because we don't know their language, that is all. But I'm sure they don't make *puns*."

"To-morrow, Sunday, is the fête of Barbizon. Every oven, stove, chimney, saucepan and pot are in such activity that you might believe it was the day before the '*noce de Gamache*.' Every old triangle is used as a spit, and all the turkeys, geese, hens and ducks which you saw in such good health are at this minute roasting and boiling,—and pies as big as wagon-wheels! Barbizon is one big kitchen, and the fumes must be smelt for miles. * * *

Pray give the following order to the frame-maker. * * * Try to have him make the frames not in too horribly bad taste. If the gilding should not be so



THE GLEANERS.

fine, never mind; the form is the point. Send, also, 3 burnt sienna, 2 raw ditto, 3 Naples yellow, 1 burnt Italian earth, 2 yellow ochre, 2 burnt umber, 1 bottle of raw oil."

It was with the simplest means that he obtained the exquisite tones and transparent effects of his pictures.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SOUTH.

It would seem that facts may now be arrayed which leave no doubt that upon the general cycle of American advance the South has described such an epicycle of individual growth that no profitable discussion of that region is possible at present

which does not clearly define at the outset whether it is to be a discussion of the old South or the new South. Although the movement here called by the latter name is originally neither political, social, moral, nor æsthetic, yet the term in the present

instance connotes all these with surprising completeness. The New South means small farming.

What Southern small farming really signifies, and how it has come to involve and determine the whole compass of civilization in that part of the republic, this paper proposes to show, (1) by briefly pointing out its true relation, in its last or (what one may call, its) poetic outcome, to the "large farming" now so imminent in the North-west; (2) by presenting some statistics of the remarkable increase in the number of Southern small farms from 1860 to 1870, together with some details of the actual cultures and special conditions thereof; and (3) by contrasting with it a picture of large farming in England three hundred years ago. Indeed, one has only to recall how the connexion between marriage and the price of corn is but a crude and partial statement of the intimate relation between politics, social life, morality, art, on the one hand, and the bread-giver earth on the other; one has only to remember that, particularly here in America, whatever crop we hope to reap in the future,—whether it be a crop of poems, of paintings, of symphonies, of constitutional safeguards, of virtuous behaviors, of religious exaltations,—we have got to bring it out of the ground with palpable plows and with plain farmer's forethought; in order to see that a vital revolution in the farming economy of the South, if it is actually occurring, is necessarily carrying with it all future Southern politics and Southern social relations and Southern art, and that, therefore, such an agricultural change is the one substantial fact upon which any really new South can be predicated.

Approached from this direction, the quiet rise of the small farmer in the Southern States during the last twenty years becomes the notable circumstance of the period, in comparison with which noisier events signify nothing.

I.

As just now hinted, small farming in the South becomes clear in its remoter bearings when seen over against the precisely opposite tendency toward large farming in the West. Doubtless recent reports of this tendency have been sometimes exaggerated. In reading them, one has been obliged to remember that small minds love to bring large news, and, failing a load, will make

one. But certainly enough appears, if only in the single apparently well-authenticated item of the tempting profits realized by some of the great north-western planters, to authorize the inference that the tendency to cultivate wheat on enormous farms, where the economies possible only to corporation-management can secure the greatest yield with the least expense, is a growing one.

And, this being so, the most rapid glance along the peculiar details of the north-western large farm opens before us a path of thought which quickly passes beyond wheat-raising, and leads among all those other means of life which appertain to this complex creature who cannot live by bread alone. For instance, classify, as a social and moral factor, a farm like the Grandin place, near Fargo, where 4,855 acres are sown in wheat; where five hands do all the work during the six winter months, while as many as two hundred and fifty must be employed in midsummer; where the day's work is nearly thirteen hours; where, out of the numerous structures for farm purposes, but two have any direct relation to man—one a residence for the superintendent and foreman, the other a boarding-house for the hands; where no women, children nor poultry are to be seen; where the economies are such as are wholly out of the power of the small wheat-raisers, insomuch that even the railways can give special rates for grain coming in such convenient large quantities; where the steam machine, the telephone and the telegraph are brought to the last degree of skillful service; where, finally, the net profits for the current year are \$52,239.*

It appears plainly enough from these details that, looked upon from the midst of all those associations which cluster about the idea of the farm, large farming is not farming at all. It is mining for wheat.

Or a slight change in the point of view presents it as a manufacturing business, in which clods are fed to the mill, and grain appears in car-loads at Chicago. And perhaps the most exact relations of this large farming to society in general are to be drawn by considering such farmers as corporations, their laborers as mill-operatives for six months in each year and tramps for the other six, their farms as mills where nature mainly turns the wheel, their investment as beyond the reach of strikes or fires,

* According to an anonymous writer in "The Atlantic Monthly," January, 1880.

foreign distress their friend, and the world's hunger their steady customer.

It appears further that, while such agricultural communities are so merely in name and are manufacturing communities in fact, they are manufacturing communities only as to the sterner features of that guild,—the order, the machine, the minimum of expense, the maximum of product,—and not as to those pleasanter features, the school-house, the church, the little working-men's library, the sewing-class, the cookery-class, the line of promotion, the rise of the bright boy and the steady workman—all the gentler matters which will spring up, even out of the dust-heaps, about any spot where men have the rudest abiding-place. On the large farm is no abiding-place; the laborer must move on; life cannot stand still, to settle and clarify.

It would not seem necessary to disclaim any design to inveigh against the owners of these great factory-farms, if indignation had not been already expressed in such a way as to oblige one to declare that no obligations can be cited, as between them and their laborers, which would not equally apply to every manufacturer. If it is wrong to discharge all but ten laborers when only ten are needed, then the mill-owners of Massachusetts must be held bound to run day and night when the market is overstocked *because* they ran so when it was booming; and if it is criminal to pay the large-farm hands no more than will hardly support them for thirteen hours' work, every mill-company in the world which pays market rates for work is *particeps*. But, with the coast thus cleared of personality; with the large farm thus classed as a manufacturing company in all its important incidents; and recognizing in the fullest manner that, if wheat can be made most cheaply in this way, it must be so made: a very brief train of thought brings us upon a situation, as between the small farmer on the one hand and the corporation on the other, which reveals them as embodying two tendencies in the republic at this moment whose relations it is the business of statesmanship, and of citizenship, to understand with the utmost clearness, since we are bound to foster both of them.

For, if we stop our ears to the noisy child's-play of current politics, and remember (1) that in all ages and countries two spirits, or motives, or tendencies, exist which are essentially opposed to each other, but both of which are necessary to the state;

(2) that the problem of any given period or society is to recognize the special forms in which these two tendencies are then and there embodying themselves, and to keep them in such relations that neither shall crush, while each shall healthily check, the other; (3) that these tendencies may be called the spirit of control and the spirit of independence, and that they are so intimately connected with the two undeniable facts which lie at the bottom of moral behavior—namely, the facts of influence from without, on the one hand, and free will on the other—that the questions of morals and of politics coalesce at their roots; (4) that these two tendencies are now most tangibly embodied among us in the corporation and the small farmer—the corporation representing the spirit of control, and the small farmer representing, in many curious ways, the spirit of independence; (5) that our republic vitally needs the corporation for the mighty works which only the corporation can do, while it as vitally needs the small farmer for the pure substance of individual and self-reliant manhood which he digs out of the ground, and which, the experience of all peoples would seem to show, must primarily come that way and no other: we are bound to conclude that the practical affair in the United States at the present juncture is to discover how we may cherish at once the corporation and the small farmer into the highest state of competitive activity, less by constitution-straining laws which forbid the corporation to do this and that, or which coddle the small farmer with sop and privilege, than by affording free scope for both to adjust themselves, and by persistently holding sound moral principles to guide the adjustment.

When, therefore, we behold the large farm as a defection from the farm-party in general—which represents individuality in the state—over to the corporation-party, whose existence is necessarily based upon such relations to employees as impair their individuality, we regard with all the more interest the rise of the small farmer, now occurring in an opposite direction so opportunely as to seem as if nature herself were balancing the North-west* with the Southeast.

* Always with the saving clause: if the North-west is really tending, on the whole, toward large farming; which certainly seems true, yet is not sufficiently clear to be argued upon, save with prudent reservations.

II.

THE phrase "small farming," used of the South, crops out in directions curious enough to one unacquainted with the special economies and relations of existence in that part of our country. While large farming in the South means exclusive cotton-growing,—as it means in the West exclusive wheat-growing or exclusive corn-growing—small farming means *diversified farm-products*; and a special result of the Southern conditions of agriculture has brought about a still more special sense of the word, so that in Georgia, for example, the term "small farmer" brings up to every native mind the idea of a farmer who, besides his cotton crop, raises corn enough to "do" him. But again, the incidents hinging upon this apparently simple matter of making corn enough to do him are so numerous as, in turn, to render *them* the distinctive feature of small farming. Small farming means, in short, meat and bread for which there are no notes in bank; pigs fed with home-made corn, and growing of themselves while the corn and cotton were being tended; yarn spun, stockings knit, butter made and sold (instead of bought); eggs, chickens, peaches, water-melons, the four extra sheep and a little wool, two calves and a beef,—all to sell every year, besides a colt who is now suddenly become, all of himself, a good, serviceable horse; the four oxen, who are as good as gifts made by the grass; and a hundred other items, all representing income from a hundred sources to the small farmer, which equally represent outgo to the large farmer,—items, too, scarcely appearing at all on the expense side of the strictest account-book, because they are either products of odd moments which, if not so applied, would not have been at all applied, or products of natural animal growth, and grass at nothing a ton. All these ideas are inseparably connected with that of the small farmer in the South.

The extent of this diversity of product possible upon a single small farm in Georgia, for instance; and the certain process by which we find these diversified products presently creating demands for the village library, the neighborhood farmers'-club, the amateur Thespian society, the improvement of the public schools, the village orchestra, all manner of betterments and gentilities and openings out into the universe: show significantly, and even picturesquely, in a mass of clippings which I began to make a couple

of years ago, from a number of country papers in Georgia, upon the idea that these unconsidered trifles of mere farmers' neighborhood news, with no politics behind them and no argumentative coloring in front of them, would form the best possible picture of actual small-farm life in the South—that is, of the New South.

To read these simple and homely scraps is indeed much like a drive among the farms themselves with the ideal automaton guide, who confines himself to telling you that this field is sugar-cane, that one yonder is cotton, the other is rice, and so on, without troubling you for responsive exclamations or other burdensome commentary.

Rambling among these cuttings, one sees growing side by side, possibly upon a single small farm, corn, wheat, rice, sugar-cane, cotton, peaches, plums, apples, pears, figs, water-melons, cantaloups, musk-melons, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, Catawba grapes, Isabellas, Scuppernongs, peas, snap-beans, butter-beans, okra, squash, beets, oyster-plant, mustard, cress, cabbage, turnips, tomatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, potatoes, onions; one does not fail, too, to catch a glimpse of pigs sauntering about, chickens singing, colts flinging their heels at you and off down the pasture, calves likewise, cows caring not for these things, sheep on the rising ground, geese and turkeys *passim*, perhaps the green-gray moss—surely designed by nature to pack vegetables in and send them "North,"—a very bed of dew for many days after cutting, and the roses and morning-glories everywhere for a benison.

The first clipping which comes to hand is a cunning commentary, expressed in facts, upon the diversified-culture aspect of small farming. Perhaps every one who has heard the results of premium awards read out at county fairs will have noticed how often a single name will recur in the same list as premium taker: For the best corn—John Smith; for the best sample of oats—John Smith; for the best lot of pigs—John Smith; for the finest colt—John Smith; and so on. The relation of cause and effect, as between small farming and such success, is direct. Small farming makes so many edges cut at once that many things are obliged to result. And so one is not surprised to see, in this item concerning the fair of the Marshallville Agricultural Society (Marshallville is in what is known as southwestern Georgia, a cotton-growing portion of the State), the name of Mr. J. M. com-

ing up in many varied connections; nor is one surprised to find, upon inquiry, that the same gentleman is a small farmer, who commenced work after the war with his own hands, not a dollar in his pocket, and now owns his plantation, has it well stocked, no mortgage or debt of any kind on it, and a little money to lend.

"The attendance was very large," says the clipping. . . . "Number of . . . exhibitors much larger than last year. . . ."

"PREMIUMS AWARDED.

"For the largest and best display of field crops and garden products by single planter—J. M.

"For the largest and best display of stock by a single planter—J. M.

"For the best display of old home-raised side meat and hams, old home-raised corn and fodder, home-raised flour, corn meal, syrup, and one quart ley hominy made of old corn—J. M.

"Special mention is made of the fact that Mr. J. M. had on exhibition one hundred different articles."

And then we are given the "honorable mention" of "field-crops," which, without taking up space with names of successful exhibitors, may be cited here, so far as the crops are concerned, as partly indicating the diversified products customary in one narrow neighborhood of small farmers. Thus, a premium ("honorable mention") was given to the "best corn, . . . best stalk of cotton, . . . best upland rice, . . . best cleaned wheat, . . . best cleaned oats, . . . best cleaned barley, . . . best cleaned rye, . . . best ribbon sugar-cane, . . . best golden-rod cane, . . . best chufas, . . . best ground peas (peanuts), . . . best field-peas."

And so, looking along through this batch of items,—which surely never dreamed of finding themselves together,—one gathers a great number of circumstances illustrating the small farm of Georgia from various points of view. One hears, for instance, how the people of Thomas County (southern Georgia) are now busy gathering, packing and forwarding the sand pear to Boston and New York (the sand pear, or Le Conte pear, is a luscious variety which has recently been pushed with great success among the sandy lands of lower Georgia; the entire stock is said to have come from one tree on the Le Conte plantation in Liberty County—the same farm which sent

out a further notable product in the persons of the two illustrious professors John and Joseph Le Conte, now of the University of California); how last week thirty bushels of pears were obtained from the old tree mentioned in the preceding clause; how southern Georgia is making sugar-cane a leading crop; how Mr. Anthony (in Bibb County, middle Georgia) has twenty-eight varieties of grapes growing on a few acres, and has just introduced a new variety; how Bartow County (above Atlanta) shipped 225,000 pounds of dried apples and peaches last season; how over 15,000 pounds of wool have been received during the last four days at one warehouse in Albany (south-west Georgia), while in Quitman (same portion) our streets are constantly thronged with carts laden with wool from Colquitt and Berrien and Lowndes counties—this wool being, it should be added, the product of small farmers who "raise" many other things; how the common sheep is an extremely profitable beast, it being but a sorry specimen which will not furnish one lamb and two and a half pounds of wool per annum, which lamb will sell for two dollars while the wool will bring nearly another dollar, and all for no tendence except a little rice-straw and cotton-seed during the yeaning season, together with careful folding at night; how—and here the connection with small farming is only apparently remote—a library society is being organized in Milledgeville, while in another town the "Advertiser" is making a vigorous call for a library, and in a third the library has recently received many additions of books, and in a fourth an amateur Thespian corps has just been formed, consisting of five ladies and fourteen gentlemen, whose first performance is to be early in July; how there are curious correlations between sheep, whisky, public schools and dogs—the State school commissioner vigorously advocating the Moffett bell-punch system of tax on liquor and a tax on dogs (of which, I find from another slip, there are 99,414 in the State, destroying annually 28,625 of the small farmers' sheep), for the purpose of increasing the school fund to a million dollars annually; how, at the Atlanta University for colored people, which is endowed by the State, the progress of the pupils, the clearness of their recitations, their excellent behavior, and the remarkable neatness of their school-rooms, altogether convince "your committee that the colored race . . . are capable of re-

ceiving the education usually given at such institutions"; how last Thursday a neighborhood club of small farmers, on Walnut Creek (near Macon), celebrated the fifth anniversary of the club by meeting under the trees, with their wives and children, recounting in turn how many acres each had in cotton, how many in corn, how many in potatoes, how many in peas, etc., and discussing these matters and a barbecue, a sub-committee bringing in a joking report with shrewd hits at the behindhand members,—as that we found on Mr. W.'s farm the best gourd-crop, and on Mr. R.'s some acres of very remarkable "bumble-bee cotton," the peculiarity of which cotton is that the bee can sit upon the ground and "exultantly sip from the tallest cotton-bloom on the plant"; how at a somewhat similar gathering the yeomen brought out the great Jones County soup pot, the same being an eighty-gallon syrup kettle, in which the soup began to boil on the night before and was served next day, marvelous rich and toothsome, to the company; how the single item of water-melons has brought nearly \$100,000 into Richmond County this season, and how Mr. J., of Baker County—in quite another part of the State,—has just raised ten water-melons weighing together five hundred and fifty pounds; how Mr. R., of Schley County (in cotton-raising south-western Georgia), has made five hundred and fifty-six bushels of oats on a five-acre patch; how the writer has just seen a six-acre crop of upland rice which will yield thirty bushels to the acre; how a party of 250 colored excursionists came up to town yesterday, and the colored brass band played about the streets; or, in another slip a column long, how Governor Colquitt reviews seven colored companies of Georgia soldiery in full uniform, who afterward contest in a prize drill, and at night are entertained with parties, balls and the like, by the Union Lincoln Guards, of Savannah, and the Lincoln Guards, of Macon; how (this is headed "Agriculture Advancing") the last few years has witnessed a very decided improvement in Georgia farming, moon-planting and other vulgar superstitions are exploding, the intelligent farmer is deriving more assistance from the philosopher, the naturalist and the chemist, and he who is succeeding best is he who has plenty of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry of his own raising, together with good-sized barns and meat-houses filled from his own fields instead of from the West,—in short, the small farmer.

Fortunately, we have means for reducing to very definite figures the growth of small farming in the South since the war, and thus of measuring the substance of the New South. A row of columns in the eighth and ninth census reports of the United States is devoted to enumerations of the number of farms in each State and county of given sizes; and a proper comparison thereof yields us facts of great significance to the present inquiry. For example, taking the State of Georgia: we find that, while in 1860 it had but 906 farms of under ten acres, in 1870 it had 3,527 such farms; in 1860, but 2,803 farms of over ten and under twenty acres,—in 1870, 6,942 such farms; in 1860, but 13,644 farms of over twenty and under fifty acres,—in 1870, 21,971 such farms; in 1860, but 14,129 farms of over fifty and under one hundred acres,—in 1870, 18,371 such farms. Making a total of all these sub-classes, considered as small farms in general, and subtracting that for 1860 from that for 1870, we reach the instructive fact that, in some five years preceding 1870, the increase in the number of small farms in the State of Georgia was nineteen thousand three hundred and twenty-nine.

In the State of Mississippi the increase is in some particulars more striking than that in Georgia. By the census report, Mississippi had in 1860 only 563 farms of over three but under ten acres, 2,516 of over ten but under twenty, 10,967 of between twenty and fifty, and 9,204 of between fifty and one hundred; while in 1870 it had 11,003 farms of the first-mentioned size, 8,981 of the second, 26,048 of the third, and 11,967 of the fourth; in short, a total gain of 34,749 small farms between 1860 and 1870.

The political significance of these figures is great. To a large extent—exactly how large I have in vain sought means to estimate—they represent the transition of the negro from his attitude as negro to an attitude as small farmer—an attitude in which his interests, his hopes, and consequently his politics, become identical with those of all other small farmers, whether white or black.

Nothing seems more sure than that an entirely new direction of cleavage in the structure of Southern polity must come with the wholly different aggregation of particles implied in this development of small farming.

In the identical aims of the small-farmer class, whatever now remains of the color-line must surely disappear out of the Southern political situation. This class, consisting as it already does of black small-farmers and

white small-farmers, must necessarily be a body of persons whose privileges, needs and relations are *not* those which exist as between the black man on the one hand and the white man on the other, but those which exist as between the small farmer on the one hand and whatever affects small farming on the other. For here—as cannot be too often said—the relation of politics to agriculture is that of the turnip-top to the turnip.

This obliteration of the color-line could be reduced to figures if we knew the actual proportion of the new small farms held by negroes. Though, as already remarked, data are here wanting, yet the matter emerges into great distinctness if we select certain counties where the negro population was very large in 1860, and compare the number of small farms in those counties for 1860 with the number for 1870.

This exhibit grows all the more close if we confine it to very small farms, such as the colored people have been able to acquire since the war by lease or purchase, and thus make it indicate—certainly in part—the accession to the number of small farmers from that source.

Consider, for example, the figures which stand opposite the name of Liberty County, Georgia, in Table VII. of the census report for 1870, as compared with those for 1860, directing the attention to but two classes of farms—those over three but under ten acres, and those over ten but under twenty. Liberty, it may be remarked, was in 1860 a county producing mainly sea-island cotton and rice, from large farms inhabited or owned by many of the oldest and wealthiest families of the State. In the year 1860, according to the report, it had eighteen farms of over three but under ten acres, and thirty-five of over ten but under twenty. In 1870 we find these figures changed to 616 farms of over three but under ten acres, and 749 farms of over ten but under twenty acres. In Camden County—a county penetrated by the Satilla River through its whole length, and before the war mainly covered with great rice-plantations—the increase is nearly as striking, though the figures are smaller. Here, in 1860, were but three farms of over three and under ten acres, and but five of over ten and under twenty acres; while in 1870 the former class of farms had increased to 189, and the latter to 136. Chatham County—in which Savannah is situated—shows a similarly enormous increase, though here a number of the small farms represent an immigration of white “truck-farmers,” raising vegetables for the Northern market—a busi-

ness which has largely grown in that neighborhood since the war, with the increased facilities offered by fast and often-running steamers from Savannah to New York.

Considering the case of Liberty County: the 1,365 small farms of 1870 (that is, the total of both sizes of farms above mentioned) against the fifty-three of 1860, may be considered—so far as I know—largely representative of accessions of negroes to the ranks of the small farmer. For, though these colored farmers hire out at times, yet their own little patches of varied products are kept up, and they are—as is, indeed, complained of sadly enough by larger farmers in want of hands—*independent* of such hiring.

Here one of my slips, cut from a sea-coast paper while this article is being written—in February, 1880,—gives a statement of affairs in Liberty County, which, coming ten years later than the 1870 census report last quoted from, is particularly helpful. After stating that a very large area of rice was planted last year, and a still larger area this year—that the price of rice is \$1.15 a bushel, and the average yield thirty bushels to the acre, at which figures the farmers plant but little cotton—the writer adds:

“If the farmer of Liberty County could control the negro labor, she would soon become one of the richest counties of South Georgia; but there comes in the trouble. The negroes, most of them, have bought a small tract of land, ten acres or more, and they can make enough rice on it to be perfectly independent of the white man. If he hires one, he has to pay him his price, which is not less than fifty cents per day; but, with all that, the county seems to be thriving.”

It does not seem possible to doubt, in the light of these considerations, that there is, in Georgia at least, a strong class of small farmers which powerfully tends to obliterate color from politics, in virtue of its merger of all conflicting elements into the common interest of a common agricultural pursuit.

I find my slips much occupied with a machine which, if promises hold, is to play an important part in the New South. This is the “Clement Attachment,” which proposes not only to gin the cotton without breaking the fiber, but with the same motive-power spins it, thus at one process converting seed-cotton into cotton-yarn. The saving in such a process embraces a dozen methods of expense and waste by the old process, and would be no less than enormous.

But it is not only the product which comes out as cotton-yarn that is valuable. The cotton-seed are themselves, in various ways, sources of revenue. One of these ways—

and one which has grown greatly in importance of late years—is referred to in the following slip :

"The cotton-seed oil factories in New Orleans are reaping this fall a golden harvest. . . . Every 450-pound bale of cotton, when ginned, yields about half a ton (1,100 pounds) of seed, which are sold to the factories at \$15 per ton. Here the oil is expressed and the refuse is sold as oil-cake—chiefly exported to Europe for stock food, and used by the sugar planters as a fertilizer. Before expressing the seed, they are first linted and hulled. The lint extracted is sold to the white-paper factories, and the hulls are used for fuel and as fertilizers."

Of course, it remains to be seen whether all these fine things will be done by the Clement mills. Some of my slips show skepticism, a few, faith. It must be said that the stern experiences of the last fifteen years have inclined the New South to be, in general, doubtful of anything which holds out great promises at first. A cunning indication of such tendencies comes—upon the principle of like master, like man—in one of the cuttings before me (from the Atlanta "Constitution"), which records the practical views of Uncle Remus, a famous colored philosopher of Atlanta, who is a fiction so founded upon fact and so like it as to have passed into true citizenship and authority, along with Bottom and Autolycus. This is all the more worth giving since it is real negro-talk, and not that supposititious negro-minstrel talk which so often goes for the original. It is as nearly perfect as any dialect can well be; and if one had only some system of notation by which to convey the *tunes* of the speaking voice in which Brer* Remus and Brer Ab would say these things, nothing could be at once more fine in humor and pointed in philosophy. Negroes on the corner can be heard any day engaged in talk that at least makes one think of Shakspeare's clowns; but half the point and flavor is in the subtle tone of voice, the gesture, the glance, and these, unfortunately, cannot be read between the lines by any one who has not studied them in the living original.

"Brer Remus, is you heern tell er deze doin's out here in de udder end er town?"

"W'at doin's is dat, Brer Ab?"

"Deze yer signs an' wonders whar dat cullud lady died day 'fo' yistiddy. Mighty quare goin's on out dar, Brer Remus, sho's you bawn."

"Sperrits?"

"Wuss'n dat, Brer Remus. Some say dat judgment day aint fur off, an' de folks is flockin' roun' de house, a-hollerin' an' a-shoutin' like dey wuz in er

revival. In de winder-glass dar you kin see de flags a-flyin', an' Jacob's ladder is dar, an' dar's writin' on de pane what no man can't read—leastwise, dey aint none read it yet."

"W'at kinder racket is dis youer givin' me now, Brer Ab?"

"I done bin dur, Brer Remus; I done seed um wid bofe my eyes. Cullud lady what was intranced done woke up an' say dey aint much time fer ter tarry. She say she meet er angel in de road, an' he p'inted straight fur de mornin' star an' tell her fer ter prepar'. Hit look mighty cu'us, Brer Remus."

"Come down ter dat, Brer Ab," said Uncle Remus, wiping his spectacles carefully and re-adjusting them,—"cum down ter dat, an' dey aint nuthin' dat aint cu'us. I aint no 'spicious nigger myse'f, but I 'spizes fer ter hear dogs a-howlin' an' squinch owls havin' de ager out in de woods, an' w'en a bull goes a-bellerin' by de house, den my bones git cole an' my flesh commences for ter creep; but w'en it comes ter deze yer sines in de a'r an' deze yer sperrits in de woods, den I'm out—den I'm done. I is, fer a fac'. I bin livin' yer more'n seventy year, an' I hear talk er niggers seein' ghos'es all times er night an' all times er day, but I aint never seed none yit; an' deze yer flags and Jacob's ladders, I aint seed dem, nudder."

"Dey er dar, Brer Remus."

"Hit's des like I tell you, Brer Ab. I aint 'sputin' 'bout it, but I aint seed um, an' I don't take no chances, deze days, on dat w'at I don't see, an' dat w'at I sees I gotter 'zamine mighty close. Lemme tell you dis, Brer Ab. Don't you let deze sines onsettler you. W'en ole man Gabrile toot his ho'n, he aint gwinter hang no sine out in de winder-panes, an' w'en ole Fadder Jacob lets down dat lather er hisn you'll be mighty ap' fer ter hear de racket. An' don't you bodder wid judgment-day. Judgment-day is lierbul fer ter take keer un itse'f."

"Dat's so, Brer Remus."

"Hit's bleedzed ter be so, Brer Ab. Hit don't bodder me. Hit's done got so now dat w'en I gotter pone er bread, an' a rasher er bacon, an' nuff grease fer ter make gravy, I aint keerin' much wedder folks sees ghos'es or no."

These concluding sentiments of Brer Remus would serve very accurately as an expression of the attitude of the small farmer—not only in the South, but elsewhere—toward many of the signs and ghosts and judgment-days with which the careful politician must fight the possible loss of public attention. There may be signs of danger to the republic; there may be ghosts of dreadful portent stalking around the hustings and through the Capitol corridors; and Judgment-day may be coming,—to this or that representative or functionary; but meantime it is clear that we small farmers will have nothing to eat unless we go into the field and hoe the corn and feed the hogs. By the time this is done, night comes on, and, being too tired to sit up until twelve o'clock for a sight of the ghost, we go to bed soon after supper, and sleep without sign or dream till the sun calls us forth again to the corn and the hogs.

* *Anglice*, Brother.

III.

THE evils just now alleged of large farming in the West were necessarily in the way of prophecy; but it is not difficult to show them as history. Early in the sixteenth century, England was seized with a passion for large farming such as perhaps no age can parallel; and it so happens that contemporary pictures place the results of it before us with quite extraordinary vividness.

After the fineness of English wool had been demonstrated, and had carried up the price of that commodity, the rage for sheep-raising became a mania like that of the South Sea speculation, and this one culture became the "large farming" of the period. Land-owners deliberately tore down farm-buildings and converted farms into sheep-walks; churches were demolished, or converted into sheep-houses; hamlets were turned to pasture; and rents were raised to such a rate as would drive off tenants holding leases, and enable the landlords to make sheep-walks of their holdings. Thus, bodies of productive glebe which had supported many farmers' families would be turned over to the occupation of a single shepherd. What must become of the farmers' families? Contemporary testimony is ample. They became beggars and criminals, and the world has rarely seen such sights of barbarous misery as are revealed by the writings, the sermons, the laws of this frightful period. A tract in Lambeth Library, belonging to this time, is entitled "Certain Causes Gathered Together, wherein is showed the decay of England only by the great multitude of sheep, to the utter decay of household keeping, maintenance of men, dearth of corn, and other notable discommodities"; and, after estimating that 50,000 fewer plows are going than a short time before, declares that the families once fed by these plows "now have nothing but to go about in England from door to door, and ask their alms for God's sake"; and "some of them, because they will not beg, do steal, and then they be hanged. And thus the realm doth decay."

In that notable dialogue of Thomas Starkey's, recently published by the New Shakspere Society, purporting to be a conversation between Thomas Lupset, Oxford professor, and his friend, Cardinal Pole,—a work by no means an unworthy predecessor of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations,"—we have contemporary testimony to the same facts. "Who can be so blind or ob-

stinate," cries Lupset, at a certain point, "to deny the great decay, faults and misorders of our common weal; . . . our cities, castles and towns of late days ruinate and fallen down;" and he laments the "ground so rude and waste, which hath been beforetime occupied and tilled"; declaring, in another place, that "this is sure, that in no country of Christendom you shall find so many beggars as be here in England," and inveighing against the "nourishing of sheep, which is a great decay of the tillage of this realm."

But here honest Hugh Latimer comes and nails his nail with lightning and thunder. In the first of those seven sturdy sermons which he preached before the young king Edward VI., in 1548, immediately after Henry VIII.'s death, describing the number of agricultural laborers who had been thrown out of possible employment by the sudden rage for sheep-raising, he exclaims:

"For wher as have bene a great many of householders and inhabitantes, ther is now but a shepherd and his dogge!

"My lordes and maisters," proceeds Latimer, "I say also that all such procedynges . . . do intend plainly to make the yomanry slavery and the cleargye shavery." And then we have a bright glimpse at better old days of small farming, in some personal recollections with which the old preacher was often fond of clinching an argument. "My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onely he had a farme of iii. or iiiii. pound by yere at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kepte half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, wyth hymselfe and hys horsse, whyle he come to ye place that he should receyve the kynges wages. I can remembre yat I buckled hys harnes when he went unto Blackheath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to have preached before the kinges maiestie nowe. He maryed my systers with v. pounce a pece. . . . He kept hospitalite for his pore neighbours. And sum almshes he gave to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. *When he that now hath it paieth XVI. pounce by yere or more*, and is not able to do anything for his Prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geve a cup of drincke to the pore."

Thus we learn, from the clause I have italicized, that within Hugh Latimer's personal recollection farm-rents had gone up more than three hundred per cent. in con-

sequence of the "inclosure" mania—"inclosure" being a term in many mouths during all this period, and always equivalent to "large-farming."

It is inspiring to observe the boldness with which Latimer charges home these evils upon the landlords, many of whom must have been sitting before him at the moment. These sermons were preached in the garden at Westminster, where the young king had caused a pulpit to be set up for Latimer, in order to accommodate the crowd who desired to hear him. "You landlordes," he cries, in another part of the same sermon, "you rent-raisers, I maye saye you step-lordes, you unnaturall lordes, you have for your possessions yerely to [too] much. Of thys to much, commeth this monstrous and portentous dearth . . . that poore menne . . . cannot wyth the sweate of their face have a livinge, all kinde of victales is so deare, pigges, gese, capons, chickens, egges," etc.!

But, worse again, in the large-farming mania, great land-owners became land-grabbers of the most unscrupulous kind. In his second sermon, Latimer gives us a view of one of their methods:

"I can not go to my boke, for pore folkes come unto me, desirynge me that I wyll speake that theyr matters maye be heard." Occasionally he is at my lord of Canterbury's house, "and now and then I walke in the garden loking in my boke. . . . I am no soner in the garden and have red a while but by and by cometh there some or other knocking at the gate. Anon cometh my man and sayth, Syr, there is one at the gate would speake wyth you. When I come there then it is some or other . . . that hathe layne thys longe [time] at great costes and charges and can not once have hys matter come to the hearing; but among all other, one especially moved me at this time to speak. . . . A gentlewoman come to me and tolde me that a great man keepeth certaine landes of hyrs from hir, and wil be hyr tennante in the spite of hyr tethe. And that in a whole twelve moneth she coulde not gette but one daye for the hearinge of hyr matter, and the same daye when the matter should be hearde, the greaete manne broughte on hys syde a greaete syghte of Lawyers for hys counsaile, the gentylwoman had but one man of lawe: and the great man shakes hym so that he can not tell what to do, so that when the matter came to the poynte, the Judge was a meane to the gentylwoman that she wold let the great man have a quietnes in hyr Lande."

But far more beautifully and comprehensively does that lucent soul Thomas More put the case, in the "Utopia." Here, through the medium of another imaginary conversation, More is cunningly showing up affairs at home. He is talking with his supposititious traveler, Hythlodaye:

"I pray you, syr [quod I], have you ben in our cuntry?"

"Yea, forsoth [quod he], and there I taried for the space of iiii. or v. monethes together. . . . It chaunced on a certayne daye, when I sate at the table of Archbishop John Morton, that a certain lawyer fell talking of thieves in England, rejoicing to see "XX hanged together upon one gallows," and the like, wherto I replied:

"It is to [too] extreme and cruel a punishment for theft, . . . much rather provision should have been made that there were some mean; whereby they myght get their livynge, so that no man shoulde be dryven to this extreme necessitie, firste to steale and then to dye."

One cause of this is "as I suppose, proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone."

"What is that," quod the Cardinal.

"Forsoth, my lorde [quod I], your shepe that were wont to be so mecke and tame and so small eaters, now, as I heare say, be become so great devourers, and so wyld that they ate up and swallow downe the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and devoure whole fieldes, houses and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therefore dearest wolle [wool] these noblemen, and gentlemen, yea and certayn Abbottes, holy men, no doubt, leave no ground for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures, thei throw downe houses, they plucke down townes, and leave nothing standynge but only the churche to be made a shepe-house," so that "the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne, or els either by coveyne fraude, or by violent oppression they be put besyde it, or by wronges and injuries they be so weried that they be compelled to sell all: . . . either by hooke or crooke they must needs departe awaye, poore, selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widowes, wofull mothers with their yonge babes, and their whole household, smal in substance and muche in nombre, as husbandrye requireth many handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say . . . syndynge no place to reste in. All their housholde stuffe, . . . beeyng sodainely thruste oute, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of nought. And when they have wandred abroad tyll that be spent, what can they then els doo but steale, and then justly pardy be hanged, or els go about a-begging? . . . I praye you, what other thing do you then [than] make theves, and then punish them?"

It seems difficult to believe that towns were actually destroyed, and churches deliberately pulled down, to give room for sheep-pastures; yet, if anything were needed beyond the testimony already given, it is clinched beyond all doubt by many statutes of the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. For example, the Preamble to the statute of Henry VIII., Chapter I., recites:

"The King, our Sovereign Lord, calling to his most blessed remembrance that whereas great incon-

newspapers bring report how Mr. Gladstone has recently proposed small farming as a remedy for the present agricultural ills of England, and has recommended that "English farmers should turn their attention to raising fruits, vegetables, poultry, eggs and butter."

In truth, I find a great man appealing to the small farmer a long time before Mr. Gladstone. Euripides praises him for not being a crazy democrat. It is these farmers, he declares, who stay at home and do not come to the public assembly, that save the country.

It is impossible to end without adverting to a New South which exists in a far more literal sense than that of small farming. How much of this gracious land is yet new to all real cultivation, how much of it lies groaning for the muscle of man, and how doubly mournful is this newness, in view of the fair and fruitful conditions which here hold perpetual session, and press perpetual invitation upon all men to come and have plenty! Surely, along that ample stretch of generous soil, where the Appalachian ruggednesses calm themselves into pleasant hills before dying quite away into the sea-board levels, a man can find such temperances of heaven and earth—enough of struggle with nature to draw out manhood, with enough of bounty to sanction the struggle—that a more exquisite co-adaptation of all blessed circumstances for man's life need not be sought. It is with a part of that region that this writer is most familiar, and one cannot but remember that, as one stands at a certain spot thereof and looks off up and across the Ocmulgee River, the whole prospect seems distinctly to yearn for men.

Everywhere the huge and gentle slopes kneel and pray for vineyards, for corn-fields, for cottages, for spires to rise up from beyond the oak-groves. It is a land where there is never a day of summer nor of winter when a man cannot do a full day's work in the open field; all the products meet there, as at nature's own agricultural fair; rice grows alongside of wheat, corn alongside of sugarcane, cotton alongside of clover, apples alongside of peaches, so that a small farm may often miniature the whole United States in growth; the little valleys everywhere run with living waters, asking grasses and cattle and quiet grist-mills; all manner of timbers for economic uses and trees for finer arts cover the earth; in short, here is such a neighborly congregation of climates, soils, minerals and vegetables, that within the compass of many a hundred-acre farm a man may find wherewithal to build his house of stone, of brick, of oak, or of pine, to furnish it in woods that would delight the most curious eye, and to supply his family with all the necessities, most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of the whole world. It is the country of homes.

And, as said, it is because these blissful ranges are still clamorous for human friendship; it is because many of them are actually virgin to plow, pillar, axe or mill-wheel, while others have known only the insulting and mean cultivation of the earlier immigrants, who scratched the surface for cotton a year or two, then carelessly abandoned all to sedge and sassafras, and sauntered on toward Texas: it is thus that these lands are, with sadder significance than that of small farming, also a New South.

A GROUP OF POEMS.

The Flute.

"How sounds thy flute, great master?" said a child,
Those deep dark eyes plead gently with his own.
"Hath it a music very soft and mild,
Or loud its tone?"

Then he, who loved all children tenderly,
Brought forth his best companion, and his lips
Set fondly 'gainst the wood. The melody
Followed his flying finger-tips,
And broke upon her ear in trills of sound

So light and gay, that frolic revelry,
And murmurs sweet, as when fair maids in June
Go tripping daintily to gather flowers,—
Filled with soft laughter all the air around.

Then gushed in glee a little tune
She knew full well, but made so bright with
showers

Of liquid notes, 'twas like a meadow brook,
Whose face is kissed by sudden April rain.

And yet again,
Interpreting her smile, the Master blew
(Like some dry thistle that the wind has shook)
Such airy notes to skyward, that her eye,

To aid her ear, should follow:
 For, clear and hollow
 As bubbles dancing in the sun,
 In shades of crimson, gold and violet,
 The crystal spheres of music upward flew:
 Along her lifted spirit seemed to run,
 And lose themselves in Heaven's own harmony.
 Then, dewy wet,
 And dark with coming night, the woodlands gray
 Seemed whispering through all their dusky leaves.
 Among the branches stole
 Faint twitterings of birds. High overhead,
 Piping and calling loudly to his mate,
 A swallow seemed to settle on the eaves;
 While robin, in his evening roundelay,
 Gone mad with joy, seemed pouring forth the whole
 Delight of all the summer. Then was wed
 To these so strange a sound and desolate,
 Sighing she listened, and her tears
 Mixed with her sighs. Oh, deep and fine
 The pathos of that air divine!
 For all the grief of other years,
 And all the pain that is to be,
 For painters gone and poets fled;
 For singers mingled with the dead:
 Heroes and loved ones of the earth,
 With those whose jests and innocent mirth
 Despair made hope again and sadness smile,—
 Made pitiful the sorrow of the strain.
 Then rose a martial measure, stately, slow,
 And following, the brave, quick cries
 Of armed men in battle. Here,
 The plain seemed spread before her eyes,—
 There shuddered on her sentient ear
 A groan, mixed with a triumph shout
 And pæan loud of victory!
 How sweet and low
 Sang then the happy spirit in the flute!
 Like the far distant chimes from some old tower,
 Speaking of peace and calm serenity
 At sunset hour;
 Or, coming near,
 Tinklings of bells by naiads rung,
 Or by spiced winds of summer swung,
 When apple-blossoms, shyly peeping out
 Fill with fresh fragrance orchards far and wide.
 With pleasure mute
 She listened, while to joy again
 Changed the rich tones. So thrilling, strong and
 free,
 With such wild passion, power and energy
 Leapt they from forth the slender instrument,
 Wondrous it seemed unto the little maid;
 And as they rippled on in fuller tide,
 Seeming to break like waves upon the shore,
 She crept still closer to the Master's side,
 And gazed on him with awe. "Be not afraid,"
 He murmured, while above her bent
 His face, inspired as never yet before,
 "No harm nor guile
 Knows this blithe elf, dear innocent,—
 Listen, and he shall tell a fairy tale."
 But she, whose little heart was throbbing yet,
 Whispered, "Ah, no! Thy flute is very sweet,
 Great Master, but I fear it. In my soul,
 I seem to hear the Future, with winged feet,
 Coming too fast!" On this, with visage pale,
 In haste he hid the flute, and in regret,
 Soothed her with kisses. Then about him stole
 Her arms, and soon, in slumberous content,
 She dreamed. But watching wistfully the while,
 He breathed in pain "How could I so forget?"
 LUCRÈCE.

To R. H. Stoddard.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS COLLECTED POEMS.

POET of thought sedate, whose tender line
 Is but the transcript of a life-long art
 Ripened in quiet study, while the heart
 Kept guard and crowned thee with its powers
 divine
 In beauty and in glory! Were it mine
 To hymn thy praises, I would cry—at length
 The scattered treasures of our poet's strength
 Are richly garnered! Why should such wealth as
 thine
 Blow to the winds like vagrant autumn-leaves?
 We joy and thank thee that the ripened sheaves
 Are safely housed and hoarded! Wheat and wine
 And golden fruits and knots of amaranth flowers
 That link the years and seasons, heap the shrine
 Thy liberal hand hath oped to these glad hearts
 of ours!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

Compensation.

"THIS for the past!" she murmured; "grief and
 pain
 Fade into nothingness beneath thy kiss.
 The long dark way that led me to such bliss
 Is all forgotten. Clasp me once again,
 That in the future I may still retain
 One fair remembrance, unto which my soul
 May turn, in spite of duty's hard control,
 And from the sight new hope, new courage gain.
 Last, kiss me for the present, soft and slow,
 As on a rose the moonbeams quivering fall;
 No more—ah, Love, loose me and let me go!
 Dost thou not hear Fate's low, relentless call?
 Oh, cruel Life! though thou hast used me so,
 My Love's three kisses have atoned for all."

ELIZA C. HALL.

At Dawn.

(RONDEAU.)

At dawn of day, when cow-bells ring
 O'er mellowing meadow-lands, where cling
 The clover-scented wreaths of mist,
 Half pearl in hue, half amethyst,
 Glad sky-bound larks leap up and sing.

And so my heart doth heavenward spring,
 When, like some virginal queen, you bring
 Fresh, opening buds by zephyrs kissed,
 At dawn of day.

The breath, the balm, the glow you fling
 Like dew-drops from some bright bird's wing,
 Thrill all my being, as I list
 To melodies which must desist
 When night-fall hath disrowned me, king
 At dawn of day.

JOHN MORAN.

"So Be It."

So be it, then! We may not say
 Whether this thing be worst or best,
 But God knows. Let it rest.
 Yea, let it rest, and in our place
 Let each do well some worthy deed,
 Whereof the sickly World hath need.
 So much, no more, our hands can do.
 So much, then, let us do, and wait—
 Though bitter be the heart's debate.

H. L. C.

Nunc Dimittis.

'Tis a good world and fair,
And excellently lovely. If there be
Among the myriad spheres of upper air,
One yet more beautiful, some other where,
It matters not to me.

What can I crave of good
That here I find not? Nature's stores are
spread
Abroad with such profusion, that I would
Not have one glory added, if I could,
Beneath or overhead.

And I have loved right well
The world God gave us to be happy in,—
A world—may be—without a parallel
Below that Heaven of Heavens, where doth not
dwell
The discontent of sin.

And yet, though I behold
Its matchless splendors stretched on every side,—
Its sapphire seas, its hills, its sunset gold,
Its leafage, fresh as Eden's was of old,—
I am not satisfied.

Dark, blurring shadows fall
On everything; a strange confusion reigns;
The whole creation travaileth, and, through all,
I hear the same sad murmur that Saint Paul
Heard, sitting in his chains.

Where'er I look abroad,
What blight I see! What pain, and sin, and
woe!
What taint of death beneath the greenest sod!
Until I shudder, questioning how God
Can bear to have it so!

I marvel that His love
Is not out-worn; I wonder that He hath
A plenitude of patience, so above
Finite conception, that it still can prove
A stay upon His wrath.

And then,—because I tire
Of self, and of this poor humanity,—
Because I grovel where I should aspire,
And wail my thwarted hope and balked desire,
With such small faith to see,

That yet, o'er all this ill,
God's final good shall triumph, when the sum
Is reckoned up; that even, if I will,
I, at the least, in mine own bosom still
May see His kingdom come,—

Because of this, I say,
I pine for that pure realm where turmoils cease,
Sighing (more tired of *them*, than day by day
Heart-broken after Heaven!) "*Lord, let, I pray,
Thy servant go in peace!*"

How braver 'twere to wait
His sovereign will, the how, the where, the
when,
Doing what work He sets me, small or great,
Until He calls, and I make answer straight,
With *Nunc Dimittis*—then!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Peaks of Thule.

THERE came a morn!—In hope, and fear, we
scaled

The steepest steep, and lo! our toil was done.
The land from all its summits swooned and failed,
And all the measures of our course were run—
Farewell the pangs of long-deferred delight!

The grief! the strife! the wrongs more foul
than blows!

Our care no more to reckon of might, or right,
Or what wind raves, or what tide ebbs or
flows—

Only to mark, as in a trance of sleep,
Removed from chance and change beneath the
sky,

The idle pageant of the days go by,
To drown and die in the all-circling deep,
And the mailed planets, on their fateful round,
Nightly saluting from the blue profound.

So sang we, till the great sun, overhead,
Blazed through his cloudless arc, and dipped,
and burned

The level wave. But when the West was red,
Our glances met, and every eye was turned
Toward the purple vales that slept beneath—
And now, we mused, the shadows haunt the
wold

And now the traveler, across the heath,
Fares to his welcome inn, and tales are told
By way-worn guests, about the ingle-side,
While each of some great happiness to be
Dreams, in the silences—but we, ah! we
Shall dream no more!—Then, with one voice, we
cried:

"Give us to hope, though but to fear again,
In the glad, tearful, toilsome world of men!"

W. W. YOUNG.

Coronation.

It was the poet's coronation-time—
And he was led into a summer day.

The roof was blue, the carpeting was green—
Upon a hill they sat him for a throne.

The birds flew low, and sang, and touched the
flowers;
And humming children moved around his heart.

A ceremony then of food and drink
Was given him by maidens without names.

For food—a word of love, true and complete.
For drink—the sweet fruition of a kiss.

Swiftly he wrote within a book of thought,—
"Oh, I am happy as a perfect noon!"

The maidens read the motion of his hand,
And hid the thought within their happy hearts.

They sang what he had written till the eve—
A newer inspiration filled his soul.

They, dancing, wove a theme of changing grace;
Till music seemed to him created new.

They wrought for him a crown of children's hair—
The most unique and glorious in the world.

W. D. KELSEY.

The Tides.

THE Ocean loves the Moon, and ever
 To reach her, strives, with fond endeavor.
 She flits in careless beauty o'er him,
 Ever returning, flies before him,
 Dimpled with voiceless laughter.
 He, faithful, follows after,
 Follows, follows, evermore.
 Constant, he bears his burden,
 His patient bosom heaving,
 Wistful, still seeks his guerdon,
 Mindless of past deceiving,
 Till, as his mocking mistress ever flies,
 Sweet hope forsakes him, and with groans and sighs
 He wraps about his face his garments hoar,
 And breaks his great heart on the cruel shore.

LUCY J. RIDER.

The Parting of the Ways.

THUS far, my calm-eyed friend, thus far together
 Along the devious road,
 Through the broad belts of shade and summer
 weather,
 Our loitering steps have trod;
 And now before us, hidden in the golden,
 Luminous autumn haze,
 The dreadful moment crouches unbeholden—
 The parting of the ways.

I know it lurks there, and our eyes shall see it
 Ere yet a week be gone;
 Though our reluctant feet may shun and flee it,
 Silent it presses on.
 The threads of life, so strangely intertwined,
 Shall be unwoven soon;
 Passing like down, blown where the night wind listed,
 Beneath the inconstant moon.

We have been friends. Perhaps, indeed, a glimmer
 Of something tenderer still
 In either heart, now brighter and now dimmer,
 Has flickered up, until,
 Touched into tremulous bloom, a rose is blowing,
 In shy, uncertain life—
 But who shall stoop and pluck and wear it, going
 Into the outer strife?

We are not as the men of old. Existence
 Is not the simple thing
 It was to those who loved in that fair distance
 Whereof the poets sing.
 Life presses on us in a thousand phases
 The old world never knew;
 Love roams no more among green dells, where
 daisies

Drink in the morning dew.

You are no Hero, and I no Leander.
 The world that girds us round
 Has no room now for words that melt and wander
 In vague melodious sound.
 Yea, though I loved you as the Hebrew peasant
 The dark-eyed maid he won,
 We cannot tempt the Laban of our Present
 Till the long task be done.

For no shadow on Life's solemn dial
 Goes back to give us peace;
 There is no resting-place in the stern trial
 Until the heart-throbs cease;
 We cannot hold Time fast, and bid him bless us;
 And not for us the sun,
 When shades fall fast, and doubts and woes oppress us,
 Stands still in Gibeon.

And so, though hearts bleed, and eyes fill, un-
 witting,
 With tears that must not flow,
 We grasp not the sweet hope before us flitting,
 But bravely let it go.
 Nay! not one word that friends and comrades proven
 Might not undoubting speak.
 Let the threads part until the web, unwoven,
 Around us fall and break!

Perhaps, in that dim future now before us,
 Through all your mortal scraith,
 My voice may blend for you in that grand chorus
 Of Duty, Love, and Faith.
 And surely all my life must be more tender,
 Passing henceforth for aye
 Through the soft shade of this supreme surrender
 Unto the perfect Day.

Good-bye, then; but if life and life's denials
 Be not an idle dream,
 There yet shall come the guerdon of these trials
 Beyond the things that seem.
 When all this loss shall be but as a glamour
 Of trouble passed away,
 And far above Earth's transient gloom and clamor
 Love's balm heals Love's delay.

G. HERBERT SASS.

Love's Autumn.

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
 Of those white locks which, like a milky way,
 Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O Sweet! the misty shine
 Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
 Whence love looks forth, touched by the shadow
 of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
 The lips less dewy-red than when the south—
 The young south-wind of passion—sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
 On thy wan cheek, like soft September's rose
 Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace,
 Which, breathed divinely from thy patient face,
 Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest.

Nought would I lose of all thou hast, or art,
 O friend supreme! whose constant, stainless heart
 Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure,
 While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and
 more
 Divinely beautiful, with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
 Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet, repine,
 Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears.

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and
 bland,
 But through love's autumn mist I view the land—
 The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There I behold thee young again, and bright,
 In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light;
 But there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

SHANTYTOWN.

THE great city spreads itself day by day. Chafing within its island limits, it feeds the muddy bays and shallows of its river-front with its own soil, with the ashes of its myriad fires, with the ruins of old houses torn down to make room for new; steals from the water long lines of streets; still unsatisfied, crawling ceaselessly northward, it divides and subdivides its habitations; gardens disappear and tenement-houses rise; every man's allowance of space is cut down to its lowest possibility; the rich man can buy himself a little kingdom a hundred feet square; the poor man must hire a bed six feet by two, in a five-cent lodging-house. And still there is not room. One day, a full block of brown-stone houses, climbing up on the rocks by Central Park, cuts right into a gypsy camp of superfluous poor, squatting outside the gates—a peaceable and well-organized colony, that could not find room for itself in the regions of brick and mortar.

And then the squatter colony must go. Pariahs of poverty, these extra-mural citizens must pull to pieces their home of shreds and patches, and set up their household gods elsewhere—little matter where. No one will remember, next year, when the place of their habitation is graded, curbed and paved, according to city regulations; when the six-story mansions of Philistia stand where stood the whitewashed cabins; when C-spring carriages roll where the one-horse wagon of the licensed vender began its rounds, and when the aristocratic anglo-maniac's dog-cart has replaced the rag-picker's.

The knell of the little colony has already struck. The elevated railroad has set its iron feet in the westernmost highway of Shantytown. A few pioneer brown-stone fronts, with their great Doric high-stoops adjusted to levels strange to the cartography of the earlier settlers, stare, tenantless, out of blank, astonished windows, at the ragged and ruleless architecture of their humble neighbors; the dull, incessant thud of the steam-pick thrills the rocky foundations of the town; long processions of creaking carts stream up from the city, deposit each a cubic yard of earth in some broad ravine where a market-garden and a small stock-yard flourish, thirty feet below the curb, and on the morrow the market-garden and the stock-yard are things of the past. The market-gardener has turned teamster, and is

“leveling” elsewhere; the stock-farmer is getting his bread by carrying a hod on the newest flat-building going up on Madison avenue, and the boys of Shantytown are playing base-ball on the smooth ground where a placard announces “Building Lots for Sale.”

Yet, before it is utterly gone, let us take a walk through Shantytown. It is not too much to give it—this fast-passing phase or fraction of our city's growth—an hour or two of our time; for the wind blows fresh from the west, across the steely-blue river that gleams down at the bottom of the empty road-ways. The sky is clear overhead, except where the smoky haze about the Jersey river highlands softens the sharper blue. And where we are going we shall see, on the east, the many-colored foliage of Central Park, and, to the north, the white and brown of Bloomingdale villas, showing through the distant green.

But, first, where and what is Shantytown? It has lain, all these years, at your doors, O careless New-Yorker, and you know as little of it as you know of the Battery Park, where your father walked of summer evenings a half-century gone by, a fine young man in rolling-collar swallow-tail and tasseled Hessians, and wooed your mother, in a *Directoire* dress whose belt came close up to the heart that throbbed responsive to the formal utterances of his well-regulated passion. That was at the other end of the city; we are going now to the region bounded, as the election notices say, on the S. by 65th street; on the N. by 85th; on the W. by 8th avenue, and on the E. by Central Park.

This is the Bohemia of the laboring classes. In this country we all belong, or at least we ought to belong, to the laboring classes; but the most of us get from our labor wherewith to keep a certain extent of roof over a limited number of heads. There are some, however, who toil for ten hours only to buy themselves the right to a dozen cubic feet of sleeping-room during such part of the fourteen remaining hours as they may choose not to spend in the streets or the beer-saloons. Of this class, which has no condition nor possession to characterize it beyond the fact of its laboring, there must always be found some lively-minded and restless members who are ill content to gasp out their lives in the packed cellars and garrets down the back alleys of the lower town; they yearn for freedom of movement, for light and air, for

the smell of the bare earth and the sight of trees and water. It was some such adventurous souls as these, brave discoverers of the rabble, rambling rakes of poverty, who long ago found their way up to this rocky region, built homes of boards and canvas, and bought goats—which have since multiplied in a ratio wholly disproportionate to the growth of the settlement, respectable as that increase has been: for others, less clearly aware of what moved them, soon came to join the hardy and happy pioneers.

But to be original, independent and comfortable is to be Bohemian; and to be Bohemian is to be condemned of conventionality. When young Mr. and Mrs. Doveleigh van Stuyvesant enter upon the married state, with much affectionate enthusiasm, two unnecessarily long pedigrees, and \$1,500 yearly income, they are expected, by good society, to find a corner in *his* father's house, or *her* father's house, and there to live, dependent and cramped, but unimpeachably proper and "nice"! And if they take it into their young heads to rent a little room for themselves, near Union Square, turn it into a small and cheap palace of decorative art, and go foraging among the French table-d'hôte restaurants, dining with the newspaper men and the artists—why, Niceness at once labels them "queer—not to be trusted," and they are outlawed—but happy.

The law of the World of Laziness has its counterpart in the World of Labor. Right-minded and right-thinking poverty clings to its small, stuffy, half-lit tenement-house rooms with a steadfast devotion. Two modes of living it holds utterly in horror. One of these is the life planned for it by philanthropists, in "model" cottages: the other is the disreputable freedom of the shanty.

For the dislike which the poor undoubtedly bear toward the pattern habitations of too-officious benevolence there may be much reason; but, surely, the lofty contempt of a seventh floor in Baxter street for the healthful hovels of the Boulevard is a meanness of small conventionality in which unconscious envy must go for something.

When Pat O'Donohue sits in his smoke-begrimed den, high up near the shaky roof-tree of Murphy's tenement, listening to the rattle and roar of the Elevated Railroad trains, far below him, as they echo up the narrow alley, looking down at the black, crowded streets, where the children swarm in the darkness, and the red, camphene-fed lamps of the venders' torches flare and flicker, his breath choked with the varied

foulnesses of sewer-gas and stifling crowds, the night-wind coming in his window, heavy with the smells of Hunter's Point, to mix with the essence of his own pork and cabbage,—is Pat, in all his pride of poor respectability, much better off than Tim, "who's gahn to live up wid the folks in thim shanties, the b'y has—sorra's the day such luck iver kem to the fam'ly!"—is he, indeed?

Here we are at Shantytown. Shanties dot the landscape near and far; shanties mark the lines of graded streets north and west; but it takes only a glance to show us that here, right in front of us, lies a veritable town of shanties—an ordered aggregation of hovels that speaks of an association of interests and an identity of tastes—the two great principles that enter into the foundation of villages and cities. You know at once that something stronger than mere chance has drawn these dwellers in huts together; something more mighty than mere accident has made them live in peace and unity for years. You see at once that, within the legal limits of the city, before the very doors of the actual town, this little settlement exists in its entirety, in its quiddity, as Charles Lamb might have said, a something quite by itself and for itself.

Standing here at Sixtieth street, your eye, turned toward the rising ground where a glimmer of white shows the old Croton aqueduct and the gentle slopes of hills cut right and left by boulevard and avenue, takes in a space just half a mile in length—from Sixty-second to Seventy-second streets—and perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, covered with a huddling host of small houses, mostly one story high, no two on a level.* This space is bounded right and left by two avenues, straight as an arrow-flight, and with but slight undulations. It is further transected by streets that run at perfect right angles to the Eighth and Ninth avenues. These sharp lines serve only to mark the strange irregularity of the region. From where we stand, we catch sight of chimneys just peeping above the curb-stones of Seventieth street. A half-dozen blocks nearer, the town mounts an ambitious elevation and sits, a beggarly Rome, hill-enthroned, dominating the surrounding hollows.

For Shantytown lies, for the best part, in certain quadrangular depressions, made by

* Since this article was written, Shantytown has lost several blocks at each end—absolutely *lost* them, for they have been filled in or cut down to the plane of the graded streets.



CORNER SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET AND ELEVENTH AVENUE.

the laying-out and grading of the highways that checker its picturesque irregularity. These broad roads have run, like railroad embankments, across a low country, whose undrained bottom now stares up to heaven from amid four sloping walls of earth and rubble.

But the shanties make no account of high ground nor low. They nestle in the malarious hollows, or perch impudently on the salubrious heights. Their whitewashed walls shine out against the raw, red earth of huge slopes like fortress-walls; their fantastic gables, adorned with bird-houses of quaint design, stand out in sharp outline against the sky, whose keen blue gleams brightest above the high gray rocks.

The suburbs of the town are here at Sixtieth street; but they do not cluster closely together below Sixty-fifth street and that large, ambitious house of yellow-stone-faced brick, whose unused *porte-cochère* has so many years mocked the unfashionable roadway. Pass this, and we are within the limits. Stop here for a moment, if you wish to see the last of one of the most characteristic sections of the colony. Here are two blocks that are still geographically one. The street

has not been cut through, from avenue to avenue. It has a beginning now, right ahead of us, as we stand on Eighth avenue. A broad ridge of mud starts from our feet and divides the hollow below us, pausing feebly at the rocky heights that shut the river out—a projecting joint of the island's backbone. Beyond this hummock we see the top of a derrick, occasionally veiled in a cloud of white steam. In a month or two, a wide ravine will cleave the rocks and meet this abortive mud-embankment. But now the hollows on this side, and the heights on the Boulevard end of the two blocks, swarm with shanties. Some stand in the very path of the steam-drill, nor will they disappear until the rock is actually drilled from under them. When we pass down the Boulevard, going home, you will see a hut with one corner projecting beyond the edge of the rocks. The proprietor sits in the doorway. He will move out in a day or two. He has to get up and retire a hundred yards or so every time there is a blast; but that is no reason for quitting his home with premature and injudicious haste.

The folk who have builded in the mud are, in this case, better off than they who

have set their houses upon a rock. These former nestle in the excavation made when Eighth avenue was graded. Their highest roofs do not come up to the line of the pavement. Some of them lie so low that it looks as if a heavy rain would drown them. Others crowd up close to the street, utilizing the fortress-like slope as a combined wall and floor. Others mount the proud eminence of an ash-heap perhaps twenty feet high, a relic of abandoned

night ago. It is not wholly closed up yet. At the further end there is a junkman's hut, with his little barn, his stable, sty and shed, and a perfect wilderness of "truck"—boxes, barrels, baskets, stove-pipes, bottles, cart-wheels, odds and ends of furniture—the accumulations of, it may be, a dozen years of his strange traffic. See, his high-pitched roof is ornamented with a coiled and twisted skeleton—a crinoline, that mayhap puffed out the gorgeous silks of some fair American



A CHARACTER.

dumping-grounds. Almost every yard of space is occupied. Here and there is an open stretch; but the lines of foundation-posts show that buildings have lately been removed.

But why do we linger to look at these shanties, which are not so picturesque as the party-colored groups to the north? Why? Do you see that smooth breadth of new earth on the block to the south? That was just such a populous hollow as this a fort-

who courtesied within these pliant wires at the court of the last and least Napoleon. Again, mayhap, it did nothing of the sort. Who shall predicate thus much from a bird's-eye view of a feminine hoop on the roof of a rag-picker's house? And see, the tenant's big Newfoundland regards us with a curious eye. We should do well to press onward up the long, bare avenue.

A block further north, we find another "lift" of the rocks which still defies the surveyors.



IN THE GERMAN QUARTER.

We clamber up a ragged and winding space, impassable for horses, yet evidently meant for a road, an apology for the street that is not. Up here the wind blows fresh and free. We can see the river, bright today, and flecked with white sails of yachts. The houses here are neater and more homelike than those we have just seen. These are the choice places, pre-empted by their first settlers, who have been at pains to make their nests as snug and pleasant to the eye as may be. We get back to the walk by Central Park, and note that on the north end of this hill the shanties fairly pack themselves together. Above here the streets are all cut through and graded, some partly paved, and the crowded cottages edge the "stoop-line" with decorous regularity. But the physical geography of the space between the streets is unchanged; and the shanty architect revels in unevenness. He finds no two feet of surface on a level, and he adapts his structure to the conditions of his site.

The impression that this small and strange city makes upon the chance beholder is that of a wild dream of all that he has ever imagined in the way of odd sea-side shelters, boat-cabins, wharf-sheds and marine cubby-

houses generally, jumbled together in confusion by a storm, and stranded here. At first the eye cannot make out separate forms in these acres of wood and tin and canvas, clothing the inequalities of the ground. It is only a mass of close-set, distinct patches of brown and gray, in every shade, heightened by spots of white, green, or red, and backed, on the further ridge, by the sharp sky-blue. Then this multi-colored expanse begins to resolve itself into walls and roofs, windows and doors, chimneys, porches, gables and galleries. But here the process ends. We cannot assign part to part, nor fit these shreds and patches into habitable structures. Each one must be studied by itself. In the mass, individual combinations are lost in the prevailing lawlessness of line and hue.

The shanty is the most wonderful instance of perfect adaptation of means to an end in the whole range of modern architecture. Nothing is prepared for it, neither ground nor material. Its builders have but an empirical knowledge of the craft they practice. They scorn a model, and they work with whatever comes to hand.

This house in front of us found a triangular bit of rock for itself, about as large as a



SHANTYTOWN GESE.

Fifth-avenue parlor. The rock slopes up from the small end, where it connects with this little alley between the red shanty, to the right, and the brown shanty, to the left. At the large end of the triangle it drops down abruptly. Now look at the grip and smartness and easy-going adaptability to circumstances of that shanty. It climbs over

the rock, and puts its front door at the very summit; thence its other rooms slip off, at lower levels. An extensive stair-way system being out of the question, these lower rooms are reached by trap-doors in their roofs, which are exactly on a level with the kitchen door. A small gallery leads to the cow-house, which is around a spur of the height. It is ten by six, really large for the neighborhood, and the cow climbs the rock, when she has the chance, as easily as do the children.

As to the odds and ends whereof all this is built, you could not catalogue them.

There are bits of wood from the docks, from burnt-out city houses, from wrecks of other shanties; there are rusty strips of roofing-tin; sheets of painted canvas; the foundations are of broken bricks, neatly cemented, the top of it all is tin, slate, shingle, canvas and tarred paper. No bird's-nest ever testified to more industrious pickings and stealings.

They have been put together with a bird-like eye to effect, too. The gallery railings are painted a bright green, and enriched with iron scroll-work from some ruined villa-wall; the front porch is surmounted with a neat cornice, a well-tended vine clammers about the queer, rough corners, turkey-red

now. Neat as a new pin. Everything about her the same. Best class of shanty-dwellers, these. Five children; all clean; and money in bank. This is the kitchen—also dining-room. Good stove; dresser; bright pots and pans; white stone-china. Yankee clock on shelf. Oil-clothed table. Doors right and left. Through left we see white bed, and crib with patch-work quilt. Right, best room of house; horse-hair sofa, chromo, fancy clock, sewing-machine and—a sofa-bed. This is luxury! Who wouldn't live in a shanty?

They are not all so nice, though. Most of the Irish are shiftless, and some of the Germans are slovenly. Sometimes there



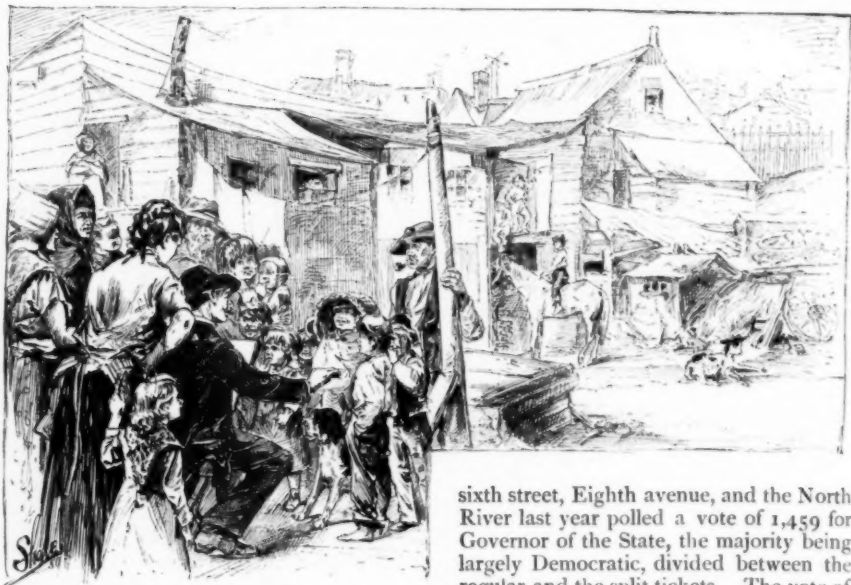
CORNER EIGHTY-SECOND STREET AND NINTH AVENUE.

curtains deck the irregular windows, and the stones and clam-shells that border the alley path shine with whitewash.

Come inside—we will make some pretext, for these people want neither to be stared at nor patronized. They are independent and respectable, and their sill is as sacred as the lordliest threshold in the land. But we will tell them that we want some goat's milk, which we do, and we will take rapid notes while the mistress of the house is telling us that she thinks we may find a widow with a goat three blocks up.

Mrs. Eichler. American woman. German husband. Has been good-looking. Is

is only one room in the shanty; but that is rare. Three is the average. Occasionally, one is occupied by two families; but the main idea of the community is the principle of an independent dwelling. Your squatter, smoking his evening pipe in front of his shanty, for which he has paid a fair ground-rent, is a King; and he knows it. His brother down in the Baxter-street tenement-house may despise him; but he cares not. He sends for his father and his mother from the old country, and the neat white heads sun themselves at his south windows all day long. He is proud of his old people, that fellow is; and they, being



SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

provided with potatoes to peel, or light employment of the sort, sit under his roof like aged benedictions upon their son's prosperity.

Of course, the shanty-dweller does not loaf for a living. He is a day laborer, a truckman, a junkman or a rag-picker. The last two lines of business are most numerously represented in Shantytown; but the better class of the population is found among the "truckers," or the men employed in the city as porters, messengers or drivers. They have been living in Shantytown, many of them, for twelve and fifteen years. A few have been on the ground even longer. The first comers were really *squatters*; later on, rent was charged and collected, and the rates have steadily risen of late years. The ground rent of a shanty ranges now from \$20 to \$100. These are "open leases," still, the dwellers are lessees of property, and citizens.

It may seem strange to consider this region as a factor in the body politic; but in this free country, votes are cheap, and Shantytown has a hand in the government of Fifth avenue. It comprises, indeed, the entire southern portion of the 19th Assembly District; and the shanty dwellers between Fifty-ninth and Eighty-sixth streets have nine election districts to themselves. The town proper lies in, or partly in, four. The nine election districts which cover the space between Sixtieth street (about), Eighty-

sixth street, Eighth avenue, and the North River last year polled a vote of 1,459 for Governor of the State, the majority being largely Democratic, divided between the regular and the split tickets. The vote of the four districts referred to as belonging principally to Shantytown proper was 684. The 20th district, of only six blocks, cast 149 votes. The political complexion of the whole region is decidedly Democratic. Last year there was a certain amount of discord in both parties; ex-Governor Lucius Robinson, at the head of the straight ticket of the



WATER-WORKS.

Democrats, diverted many votes not only from the ticket of Tammany Hall, the local organization most powerful in the neighborhood, but from the Republican ticket, which had lost the support of a small but active party of "Young Republicans," or "Scratchers," who worked in behalf of the regular Democratic nominee. On the vote for local officers, Shantytown "ran wid de machine" of Tammany. These figures are interesting only in that they show how large and how *masculine* is the population of the district—how rich in voters—that is, in men upward of twenty-one years of age, qualified residents. Of course, allowance must be made for "repeating," but the general testimony is that the region is too *solid*, too openly and surely pledged to the support of a certain party to call for any illicit electioneering devices. The significant fact remains, that four sparsely settled blocks on the edge of Shantytown turn out 204 votes; while the 16th election, of the Eleventh Assembly District, right in the center of the Murray Hill quarter,—the heart of the patrician domain,—the four blocks lying between Sixth and Madison avenues and Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth streets, can show only 240. Yet the aristocratic election district is closely built up: there are but four vacant lots in the whole space; and many of the houses are fashionable "boarding establishments," whose tenants are the same year in and year out. This little fact ought to preach a startling sermon on indifference in politics. The four Murray Hill blocks are the very stronghold of respectability. The extreme corners are occupied by two private houses of millionaire families, one grocery and one bazaar; both the shops being among the oldest, richest, and most respectable of their kind in New York. Yet even the mad excitement of such an election as last year's cannot bring from this district a decent and proper complement of voters; while every qualified man in Shantytown walks up to the polls and deposits his vote. Hence, Murray Hill is governed by the rulers chosen of its own truckmen, street-sweepers, and rag-pickers.

Few of Shantytown's voters are visible at this hour of the day. Later, toward evening, you may see a few junkmen sorting their collections; but in most of the yards, women are picking over the loads that their husbands and sons deposited last night. Women have to do a deal of work in this region. They have charge of almost all the shops, and many of the beer-saloons. We

will step into a shop, if you please—but not that one. It is a funny little place; but it is only the penny toy and candy store that is to be found wherever there are poor children. There is nothing characteristic about it save the varied assortment of queer confections in the tiny show-window; and the cheery, though unseasonable, plaster Santa Claus who presides over them, with fly-specked snow on his shoulders.

Here is a grocery that supplies Shantytown with tea and coffee, and other luxuries. You see the regulation assortment as you enter. It is Park and Tilford's, in little, with the addition of cabbages. The nicest little German woman imaginable is behind the counter. She speaks vile English with a sweet South German accent. We have forgotten our pipe and our 'baccy, and for eleven cents we get a pretty little terra-cotta affair and a small package of best Durham. "I can't sell no odder!" she declares, with a dainty shrug. Ambitious falsifier! Behind that counter you have hidden tobacco, at ten cents a pound, that would burn the aristocratic gums out of such customers as the present. But this we say not. We pause and chat, and thus learn that the ground-rent of this absurd box used to be fifty dollars, and is now eighty dollars; that the destruction of the shanties is affecting her business; that everybody in her neighborhood has had the proper bonus of five dollars to move away quietly; that it is all on account of the pride of the landlords, who want to have everything pretty for 1884 and the Great Fair; and that she thinks the shanties look better than the bare ground. We agree with her and depart.

We ought to inspect the beer-saloons, of which there are a plenty. But inspection involves beer, and, unless you have a strong stomach, the refreshment will be too much for you. However, this one is a sample of the majority of them—you see: plain, empty, with a high counter and one lonely keg of bad lager. The *Hausmutter*, who is quite seventy, serves us. A yellow-haired baby clings to her skirts. Her grandchild? "*Ach Gott, nein! Du bist mein papy, n't wahr, August?*"

The "swell" saloon is at the corner of Eighth avenue and Seventy-second street. It is kept by an intelligent, bristly old German, with "exile of '48" written all over his socialist face. He has good *kümmel*—that's a sure sign, too. A mighty mastiff, chained up in one corner, growls at us suddenly and unsettles our nerves. "What do you

keep such an ugly beast for?" we ask, too hastily. "He ought to be killed——"

"*KILL? kill dot dog?*" And the stumpy figure rises up to positive grandeur as the old man thunders forth his wrath, like a disarmed Berserker. "I guess you aint got no *friends*, to talk of killing a dog like dot!" And he fondles the animal that licks his hand.

This brings us well-nigh to the uppermost end of Shantytown. Let us turn down, now, and follow the rough line of Ninth avenue and the Boulevard. The Elevated Railroad cars crash over our heads every few minutes; their oily breath vitiates the air. This is much too cityfied. So, likewise, is that exquisitely neat little row of brown-stone houses;

goat, and a dollar for a cow, and are cordially hated for a mile around.

Shantytown's two churches stand on this side—the Chapel of the Church of the Transfiguration, where Dr. Houghton preaches every Sunday afternoon; and the Reverend Mr. Van Aiken's.

Here, too, are the shamefully neglected ruins of the little old Dutch Reformed Church, and its burying-ground, where lie in fragments the head-stones that, patched together by curious, and not wholly irreverent hands, show how outrageously some highly respectable people in this city are neglecting their ancestors. Shantytown's birds are better cared for.



NOT YET DOOMED.

all tenanted; the most notable encroachment yet upon the liberties of the town. Across the area railing of the corner house, a policeman is flirting with a pretty, red-haired chamber-maid. She tosses her cap when she sees us, and goes inside. We converse with the "cop"—not on the subject of his conquest. He gives the Shantytowners an excellent character. They are not troublesome, and yield few "drunks" to the acre.

A little below here is the Pound. It is perked up on a rocky corner, and is kept by an American couple, who despise their neighbors, impound the stray live-stock of said neighbors, get from the city a quarter for a

The poor always love birds. This love is often the sole grace and poetry of their lives. Old-time German folk treasured the rhymes of Walter von der Vogelweide. Norman peasants, in forgotten centuries, invented a quaint and touching story to tell their children why the robin's breast is red; and ages have only nurtured this affection till it has become a fixed fondness—a sort of gentle reverence even, which has made a constant alliance between the needy of this earth and the "careless children of the air." The sky-line of Shantytown is dotted with bird-houses. The roofs are bestuck with them. They sit acock of the gables, and

atop of lonely poles. The tomato-can, vulgar, modern and artificial, but weather-worthy and snug, is no sooner nailed up under the eaves than it is tenanted by the business like sparrow. The rare old wild-birds, that you never see, nowadays, in the city squares, share with the noisy English immigrants the larger domiciles, many of which are curiously ornate, testifying to the industrious leisure of some ingenious, bird-loving shanty-dweller. The airy colony does its courting, its mating, its setting and its nursing, and all the other duties of its life, in perfect quiet and content. The ragged infants below are less wanton than your sleek farmer's boys out in the country. They are willing to leave the birds alone, because the birds leave them alone. Their barbarian yearnings toward torture are glutted when they can tie an abandoned tinkle to an unprotected cat.

A goose is not a bird. "In spite of all the learned have said," common people of poetic instinct refuse to believe the libel on the feathered form of beauty to which we love to liken fluttering female hearts, and that sort of thing. Yet, let the graceless goose serve as a connecting link between the pets of Shantytown and its edible beasts and beasts of burden. To neither of these classes belongs the rat, who deserves one line of mention to record the fact of his presence. Nothing more does he demand. He is numerous, but commonplace—the same old rat who is everywhere that man and decay are. He is a shade more impudent here than is his wont, as who should



A TIMID OBSERVER.

say: "I'm a beggar and a tramp—you're right I am; but where's *your* social standing, anyway, stranger?" The pig is a step higher than the rat in the scale of animal worth, in that he can eat the rat. On the



THE LEADING BUSINESS.

other hand, he himself is eaten by man; and it were a nice question to discuss whether he himself regards a life as well and nobly spent that ends in "fresh country" sausages and the hasty ham-sandwich bolted at noonday by the down-town broker.

But 'twere reasoning too curiously to devote such speculation to the pig. The dog is the goat's only rival as the typical animal of the colony, and the dog must be properly discussed. The dog in Shantytown—let us stumble down this embankment, cross lots, and scramble up the opposite side, and thus get southward again to the more populous quarter, where we may search for illustrations of our theme. We will spare our feet, and take this narrow pathway between the two gray old hovels huddling together at one end of this long ravine. The dog in Shantytown—"Mother of Moses, sorr! did he bite ye? Jack, lave the gentleman alone, ye baste,—had he houl't of ye, sorr?" No, ma'am, he did not; but

he put his vicious old incisors through the thick stuff of this sleeve, and nothing but that yard of chain keeps those foaming jaws off us at this moment. The dog in Shantytown, as we were remarking, is everything that is vile, degraded and low in canine nature. In him survives the native savagery of the wolf, blent with an abnormal cunning learnt from association with men. He draws the rag-picker's little cart, not by way of making himself useful, not as the friend and helper of man, but simply to delude you into believing in his docility and sweetness of disposition. Then he bites you, and his owner grins out a string of ironic condolences. It is a thing arranged

gardener with a full half-acre of glass frames. But he is not happy then, for the warm weather keeps the prices down.

All over the rough land, dropping riverward to the west, we see, side by side with desolate old mansions, that were fashionable water-side villas in 1800, the outlying shanties, rebels in their way against the urban constraint of the town proper. They have broad fields to themselves, and are happy in a plenitude of wind and sun. Yet they are just as fond of creeping into out-of-the-way corners, and up inaccessible heights, as those in the crowded settlement.

We reach here another beer-saloon which you must not miss, though the beer is even



A TRUCKER'S SHANTY.

between the dog and his proprietor. Let us go hence, for the atmosphere is not sympathetic; and there are some beautiful effects of chiaroscuro just over there, about a quarter of a mile down the road.

And, as we pass on, we will glance at the little market-gardens to our right. Of these the larger occupy entire blocks—or rather the bottoms of blocks, yards below the street. They supply "salad stuff," radishes, and a few table vegetables to Washington Market. Their crops are grown with little regard to the season; and the soil is worked to its utmost capacity. In an open winter you will often find a prosperous market-

more utterly undrinkable than anywhere else. You climb up a shaky flight of steps, and you enter a woful little strip of a room—perhaps eight feet by fifteen. At one end are the bar and the German brigand who owns it; at the other several young local loafers are playing Russian bagatelle. They look on us with suspicion; but are not unwilling to play with us, and to win. Meanwhile, glance through the door at the back. You see a huge, empty room, dark except where the light creeps in around the edges of the shutters, and shows the faded pink and blue fly-paper on the ceiling; the plain benches against the walls, and the



A TOUCH OF REFINEMENT.

kerosene lamps in iron brackets screwed to the side-posts. This is Shantytown's ball-room; where a fiddle or a banjo, or peradventure a cracked piano, leads some queer revelry in the winter-time.

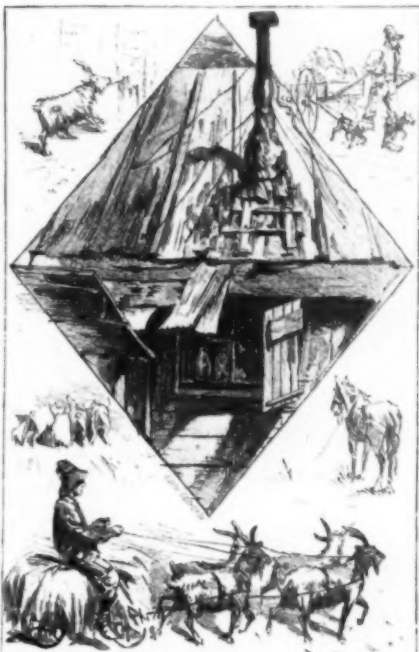
Let us not libel the population, though. It is only the worst of all who frequent these shady halls. From all accounts, the Shanty-folk are much inclined to stay at home o' nights. There are visiting from house to house for the old ones, and decent and sober love-making for the young.

Love! Is there love in Shantytown? Certainly, there is,—good looks, and strong likings, and healthy young blood, and all that goes to make up that rare folly. Those two babies, who are making their own personal, private and peculiar mud-pie on their own side of the gutter, far from the maddening crowd of promiscuous infancy—that twelve-year-old pair carrying between them the family pail, just filled at the common pump—that broad-shouldered, red-faced young fellow, in his Sunday broadcloth, hanging on the wooden gate to flirt ponderously with the rosy tenant of the little yard—are not these all steps to that union of affection which has been so effectively commended of St. Paul?

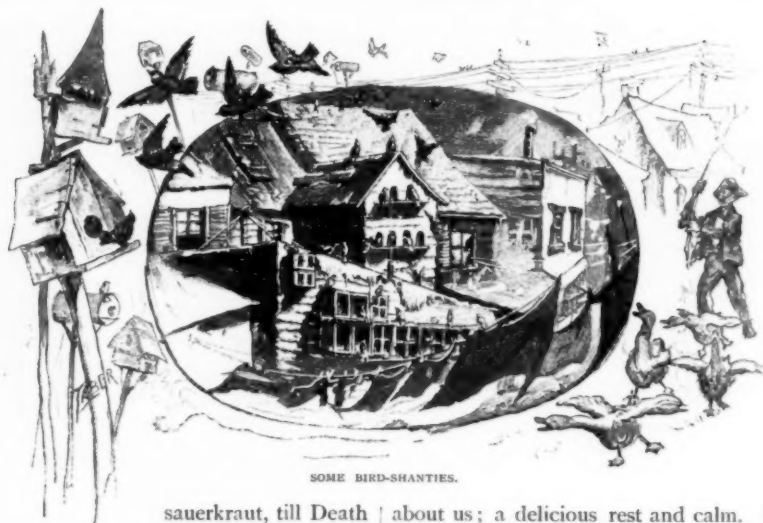
Or, to be more primitive, do not all these

lay fitting sacrifice on Cytherea's altar? Juliet Mulvany is spanked and put to bed for making mud-pies with Romeo Guggenheim. Romeo dies not for her; but, growing older, turns to a maiden of his own people, and visits her on Saturday nights, spending long hours in mute admiration of her blonde charms, broken only by spasmodic attempts at conversation, on wholly irrelevant subjects. The fire-light flickers, the rounded form moves to and fro, from shadow to brightness, going about the simple household duties; the tongue-tied young truckman yearns for smooth and impudent speech as wretchedly as a big-eyed Newfoundland dog; yet he speaks nothing, but looks instead, till broad hints and a clamorous clock tell him that he must turn his face homeward through the midnight dark. And then he goes out, with his dull heart full of strange, oppressive delight, and all the small boys round about, waiting in the blackness, throw tomato-cans at him, and chorus: "*Sho! Sho! Lottie Bierbaum's got a beau!*"

"Guggenheim—Bierbaum" will never figure in the marriage column of the "*Herald*"; but they will be quietly married all the same, and their lives will be all devotion and



ODD BITS HERE AND THERE.



SOME BIRD-SHANTIES.

sauerkraut, till Death dissolve the honest, homely partnership.

Now we have reached the Boulevard, and we will follow its well-planned course, leaving the Elevated Railway to roar and quiver down the avenue. The sun is setting. The wheels of homeward-bound bicycles whirl past us, breaking the yellow light into wiry flashes. Out of the shade of a ragged rock-corner comes a strange couple—strange for the place—a gentleman with a lady on his arm—young, well dressed; the man tall and handsome, the woman slight and pretty. A new-married pair, clearly. He is a young lawyer, perhaps, poor and persevering. He has just come up from business; she has been to meet him at the elevated road station; they are going home to some cheap lodging in one of the old high-gabled Knickerbocker houses, far up the road—or perhaps to a bit of a cottage still further up—their own little shanty.

But we must leave this smooth, broad road after awhile, and go down to Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, where the house of the Paulist fathers stands—a big, brown building, with a granite extension, half-built, on the avenue. We wish to see the parish priest. Certainly. Father O'Gorman will see us in five minutes; it is dinner-time now. We are shown into a little, cell-like parlor, where the late sun-rays steal through the cool brown shutters, and against the white wall an ebony crucifix relieves the graceful, drooping lines of the ivory figure it upbears. Dead and perfect silence all

about us; a delicious rest and calm. Suddenly—hark! The rhythmic patter and shuffle of many feet, the sharp, strong, nervous vibration of men's high voices, chanting resonant Latin vocables; the beat of feet and the clear, trumpet-like tones draw nearer, still unseen, then echo down the corridors, growing fainter and sweeter; and, while our nerves yet thrill with startled pleasure, a black-robed figure bows before us, and the parish priest greets us with the easy, amiable courtesy which always sits so well on the educated Roman cleric. Father O'Gorman is very happy to afford us all the information in his power concerning his Shantytown flock. It is a good flock, quiet, well-behaved, attentive to its religious duties, and well-to-do in a worldly way. It can, the Father frankly says, "*afford* to be generous to *us*." No, there is but little vice or crime among the people of Shantytown. They are far superior, as a class, to any tenement-house people. The women have no time to idle; their household duties occupy them; the men find something to do at night in making the house neat, or cultivating the small kitchen-garden. The children go to Sunday-school with the Fathers. The Rev. Father Schwininger has an eye to the spiritual needs of the German part of the population. The "Sick Call" of the House shows negatively that the Shantytown folk are healthy. Father O'Gorman owns that he is losing a good congregation; is glad that many of the ejected have moved further up town, or to Hoboken, and regrets to hear that a few are going back to the

noisome tenements. Then a pale young priest calls the Father elsewhere, and he graciously bows us out.

On the steps of the "elevated" station, an employé answers a question about the region we have just left, by referring us to a fat and pompous old person, who is deferentially spoken of as a great man in the neighborhood, a builder, and an owner of many blocks. "Yes," this old person says, "they are cleaning out Shantytown—and a good job, too. Them people, for the rent they pay for what aint either a summer house nor a winter house, could get comfortable

rooms in a good tenement-house." Needless to ask what property that man builds and owns.

From the station platform we catch, through the trees, a last glimpse of Shantytown. The dark roofs rise high into the golden air; the smoke of wholesome dinners trembles hazily upward; a flash of sunlight against the sky tells of an else invisible bird-house. When we next come here, the houses will be gone, the fires will be cold, and the birds flown. Even now, the smoke-shrouded train rolls down the line, shuts out the picture, and bears us home.

MISS STOTFORD'S SPECIALTY.

AGATHA STOTFORD was unfortunate. She lived in the midst of an artistic and literary circle, without being herself either artistic or literary. Her father was a painter of eminence, her brother a poet, while her sister composed music which was supposed by the knowing to be not far removed from that of Wagner—Wagner being the music god of the particularly æsthetic circle in which Miss Stotford revolved. Moreover, all the women of her acquaintance were remarkable for something. One was distinguished for her subtle interpretation of music; another for her pictures; a third had tried her hand, not unsuccessfully, at sculpture; another still was noted for her conversation; and yet another for her novels; and perhaps the most successful of all for her great beauty.

So far, Agatha had been without a specialty. She was not a fool. She could tell a good picture from a bad one. Given a clue, she could discover beauties in a poem; but she had no scrap of original genius. Her father had spared no pains in teaching her to draw, but, after laborious efforts, the highest result was a pitiful little water-color sketch of a forlorn cow, drinking at a village duck-pond. She made her tilt at poetry, also, and addressed some lines to her canary, which began:

"Thou pretty warbler, singing all the day,
Thy song doth melt a cloud from off my breast;
It seems to drive each evil thought away,
And bringeth to my weary spirit rest."

But she stopped there, and accomplished no more in either of these directions, though no doubt she has preserved both poem and picture to this day as unappreciated achievements in art and literature.

She was certainly nice-looking, with a good, shapely figure, a fresh complexion, clear blue eyes, and bright, golden hair. But the men who frequented Mr. Stotford's studio wanted something more than prettiness to atone for the lack of intellectual power. Had she been as beautiful as her tall friend, Mrs. Liddell, the woman with the slightly hollow cheeks, and the wonderful eyes which seemed to have half-solved the mystery of death, they could have overlooked her want of other gifts. But as it was, she was treated more like a kitten than anything else, and against this Miss Stotford's spirit chafed and rebelled.

She finally formed a resolve to produce an effect of her own, or die in the attempt. After much thought, she determined to be "noble"—specially and distinctively "noble." She would do some "grand thing"—not, be it understood, for nobility's sake, but for the sheer longing to produce an effect. Some large, picturesque crime would probably have suited her quite as well; but since she had not the courage for vice, she resolved upon virtue—or, rather, I should say, upon nobility, for the small sweet trifles of self-sacrifice and devotion that belong to every day carry with them no special distinction.

Now, let it be known that, among the *habitués* of Mr. Stotford's studio, was George Singleton, a young hump-backed art-student, who worked terribly hard, so his most intimate friends said, to preserve the life about which he cared so little, since he felt, with a morbid bitterness, his physical deformity. Hitherto, Agatha had scarcely ever thought of wasting words upon him, but now there came to her a grand

resolve. She would make Singleton fall in love with her, and she would marry him. Her father had a kind heart, and was not very worldly: she made sure, therefore, that his consent could be gained. People should see what a power of noble devotion she had, if she had nothing else. Already she seemed to hear a chorus of wonder and admiration; then would come remonstrances, which she pictured herself as smiling down. Yes, all the circle which had taken so little account of her should admire her noble self-sacrifice, and see in her a heroine.

The thought first came to her as she was lying awake one night, and when she appeared at breakfast next morning, there was a warmer glow on her cheek and a brighter light in her eyes than her family had beheld in them before.

When she next saw George Singleton, it was on a Wednesday afternoon, the day set apart weekly by Mr. and Mrs. Stotford for receiving their friends. Agatha had often wondered why Singleton came at all, for he said little, and seemed shy and ill at ease. This day, however, she determined, if possible, to make him talk. It chanced that he had been absent for several weeks, and that fact was an opening.

"What a stranger you've been," she said, as he came where she was sitting.

"It's kind of you to notice it."

"Is it work that has kept you away?"

"No. I've been staying with a man in the country."

"Did you like that?"

"Not much. I think there is hardly anything I do like."

"That must make you feel very lonely," she said, with a little shiver of sympathy, and such tenderness in her eyes.

He took the vacant chair beside her, and said:

"It is the loneliness of death to see your life stretching out before you like a plain, without tree or flower, without even a hillock in sight, to break the dead monotony."

"But your work?" she suggested, looking at him as no woman had ever looked at him before. "Surely, you care a little about that?"

"Perhaps I might, if any one else were interested in it."

"Oh, but many people must be. I, for one, should like so much to hear all about it."

"Would you, really?" he asked, his face brightening.

"Yes, of course I should. Is that so difficult to understand?"

"It seems so to me."

There was a pause. Then she said, oh so gently:

"Will you really tell me about what you do?"

"Need you ask me twice?"

Were this anything more than a short study, I could dwell at length, and with some pleasure in their skillfulness, upon the various wiles with which Singleton was beguiled—the sighs, the little bursts of enthusiasm, looks full of subtle sympathy, tones as subtle as looks, low under-tones meant to reach his ear only. Indeed, she gave herself much more trouble than was necessary, for Singleton was very easily conquered. But, as we all know, it is one thing to get the horse to the well, and another to make him drink; so it was one thing to get Singleton in love, and another to draw from him any declaration of his passion.

"Surely," thought Agatha, recalling his looks of adoration and the eager way he listened when she spoke, as if fearful of losing a single intonation of her voice,—“surely he must love me.”

Still, when they were alone together, which they frequently were, he never said nor did any of those things which unmistakably proclaim the lover. As a rule, men are not very grateful for the friendship of the women they love; but Singleton had so schooled himself not to expect even so much as friendship from a woman, that he was really thankful for Agatha's, and did battle with himself to keep down the greater hunger in his heart.

One twilight they were sitting together by the open French window.

"How sweet it was of you," said Singleton, "to come and see me in my den, to-day."

"It was a pleasure and a privilege."

"You've made me in love with the room," he went on, "and I used to hate it so."

"Then I wish I had come before."

"I wish you had. Do you know how you have blessed my life?"

"I should like to do so much, much more," she said, with that simple, direct earnestness which Singleton always found so irresistibly captivating. Then, quite involuntarily, as it were, her hand rested on his. Of course she would have drawn it

away in a moment, but he pressed it between both of his and held it. Then, as his blood kindled, he went through moments of the most exquisite agony. He saw, as in a vision, what life might have meant for him had he been formed like other happier men. The peace and passion of love, the glory of unmeasured light, the depth of unfathomable shade, the close intimate companionship, the stimulus to work and the crown of work,—he realized them all. Just then his fate pressed heavily upon him. The sound of Agatha's voice roused him from the anguish of self-pity which had almost broken him down. Had it been light enough for her to see him, she would have known that his face was fairly blanched with pain.

"George," she said, speaking in her lowest, and most earnest tones, "will you tell me something?"

"Whatever you may choose to ask."

"The whole truth?"

"The most absolute truth."

"Then I want to know just how much you care about me."

His heart began to beat violently. There were sparks of fire in his eyes. It would be a consolation to tell her just once how he loved her; yet he felt that she must be grieved by his disclosure. He was silent. Outside, one bird twittered persistently.

"Please, wont you tell me?" the girl's low voice entreated.

Still no answer.

"Is it that you are afraid to tell me how little you care for me, lest I should be grieved?"

"My God, Agatha," he cried, kneeling down beside her, and kissing her hands and the rings on her fingers with passionate adoration, "I love you as the martyrs of old loved religion, when they went singing to their deaths. I could die for you, like that. I love you with all the strength of a heart that has never known love before. If I had been like other men, I would never have rested till I had won you. But, Agatha, my darling, my saint, since I can never be more to you than a friend, I will be that. To do you service shall be the one purpose of my life. I know you did not mean to make me love you, but it was my doom."

He had spoken in a headlong impulse of passion. He paused now, and there was a moment's silence, through which, presently, her clear voice fell.

"Why, how mistaken you would have

been not to tell me," she said. "I had a right to know, for I love you."

"Yes, as my friend."

"No, not in that way, but as a woman loves the man whose wife she would gladly be."

"Agatha, do you know what you are saying?" he cried. "It is not possible you could mean this."

"Can you think I should say it without meaning it?"

"You are mistaking pity for love."

"No; I have said that I love you, and now you must decide for yourself whether you will believe it or not."

And I am bound in justice to say that if ever Agatha Stotford came near loving any one, it was in that moment. The fervor of his speech had moved her; and then she was grateful to him for gratifying her heart's desire, and affording her the opportunity to make an effect.

"I must believe you," he said, as one half dazed; "but oh, my love, how *can* it be?"

They sat together through the failing twilight, and on in the fragrant night. They were both almost silent. Singleton was trying to count over and realize his untold bliss. Agatha was wondering what would be the most striking form in which to make the general disclosure.

Singleton was anxious to go to Mr. Stotford at once, but Agatha begged him to leave that to her. And that night, after her lover was gone, when the hall-door had been barred against all visitors, and Mr. Stotford was sipping his nocturnal brandy and water, and smoking a massive meerschaum which always made its appearance at that hour, Agatha came behind his chair, and rested her hand on his shoulder, while she said:

"Papa, dear, I want something from you."

"My dear, I'm not surprised to hear that. How many new dresses is it this time?"

"It's not dresses. What I want is your consent to my engagement."

"Your engagement to be married?"

"What other engagement could I possibly mean?"

"What! You mean to say," cried Mr. Stotford, fairly astonished now, and regarding the smoke from his pipe as if he had some slight hope of finding therein a solution of his difficulty—"you mean to say that some fellow is in love with you, and you are in love with him?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Well, it can't be Edmunds; and it can hardly be young Claymore?"

"No."

"Then, who is it?"

"It is Mr. Singleton."

"What! That poor, hump-backed young fellow?"

"It is George Singleton."

"My dear child," said Mr. Stotford, gravely, "this is indeed a more serious matter than I conceived."

But it would be unnecessary to repeat all the father's arguments on this occasion.

"Well, my dear, I won't oppose you. I have seen so much trouble in the world from interference that if you can really love this poor fellow I won't stand between him and his chance of happiness."

"Thank you, dear, thank you," Agatha said warmly, and then she kissed her father.

Just then Mrs. Stotford and her other daughter, Addie, came in and Mr. Stotford told the family news. The mother, good soul, had always felt certain that her Agatha would somehow distinguish herself, and now the hour had come. Both she and Adelaide were enthusiastic and tender-hearted, and they both wept; and somehow Agatha, who was not at all of a melting mood, felt quite out of place and embarrassed with her own dry eyes.

When her brother Ernest, the poet, came in, he too heard the news, took his sister in his arms and kissed her, saying, very earnestly:

"God be praised that there is one woman left who knows how to love."

Ernest was at that time about five and twenty, and rather cynical concerning women, because the beautiful Mrs. Liddell obstinately persisted in preferring her own husband to himself, sonnets included.

The next day, the news spread like wild-fire. Mrs. Liddell drove out to see if it were true; and, when she heard that it was, embraced Agatha, and murmured something about Aurora Leigh. Of course, there were not wanting those who felt bound to remonstrate, and asked Agatha very emphatically if she knew what she was doing. When she assured them that she did, they shook their heads solemnly, and expressed their hopes that her nobility would be rewarded.

On the whole, Agatha was not at all disappointed. She had produced quite as startling an effect as she had anticipated. Men who had never noticed her before began to come around her. She went among

them by the name of St. Agatha. Painters idealized her prettiness into beauty, and painted her with a halo around her head.

Agatha liked being seen out with her lover. It was a perpetual advertisement to the world of her nobility.

But, alas that wonders live but nine days! Our elopements, our marriages, our sudden deaths—who can pause for long discussion of them? We all know how charming is the existence of convalescence; but as soon as we get a good appetite for our dinners, we are rubbed off the sick list. Our irritability, which was so lately hailed with joy as a sign of our recovery, is set down now as genuine ill-temper, and is considered all the more ungrateful in one whom illness had so long made a candidate for household forbearance. There is no pedestal on which we are allowed to stand for long, unless we are made of stone. Like the rest, Miss Stotford had to come down from hers. It was a depressing day for her when she found that people had quietly accepted the fact of her engagement, and had ceased to praise or pity her for it. Even Singleton himself had ceased to question the reality of his own happiness, and was actually beginning to make plans for the future, and growing eager to have the marriage-day fixed.

"Surely, there is plenty of time for that," she said. "We can settle about it in October, when I come back from Switzerland."

It was just at the end of August when Mr. Stotford took his family abroad for their summer holiday. George could not leave London just then, but he said to his betrothed:

"Don't mind for me, darling. The memory of your love will keep me happy, and I know you want a change; you have been looking quite pale lately. And then you will write to me."

Perhaps Agatha would hardly have allowed to herself how glad she was to get away; but to a perfectly cold nature like hers, persistent "spooning" was a heavy price to pay, even for the pleasure of having produced a great effect.

In Switzerland, the Stotfords made the acquaintance of a family by the name of Gardiner. Agatha and Miss Maude Gardiner struck up an intimate friendship, after the manner of young ladies. The elder members of the two families found little in common, for the Gardiners, though people of good social position, were not overweighted with brains; but Maude suited

Agatha, and Maude's brother, Reginald, was a fine, handsome young fellow. Very pleasant were the mountaineering expeditions the three made together, and three more intrepid spirits could hardly have been found.

Of course, she at once told Maude all the particulars of her engagement, and Maude was enchanted. She had never heard of anything so beautiful.

"You are going to build up his ruined life," she cried.

"I hope so, dear."

"And you must let me see him as soon as we get back to London."

"Oh, yes; we must all be the best of friends."

One morning, as they were leaving the hotel for a day's ramble, Agatha remarked that she hoped she should find a letter on her return.

"Do you mean *the* letter?" Maude asked.

"Yes, Miss Inquisitive. It should have come yesterday."

"Ah? Then let me suggest a telegram," put in Reginald, who had joined them in time to overhear the last remarks. "You don't look pale over your disappointment, though."

Agatha blushed becomingly, and they set out.

They returned at dinner-time, in excellent spirits, and Agatha hurried to her room to dress for *table d'hôte*. They were very merry at dinner, and all the evening through, as they sat in the lighted garden listening to the band.

When Reginald said good-night to Agatha, he asked, with a slight but expressive smile:

"Did your letter bring you good news, Miss Stotford?"

Agatha blushed now in good earnest. Every one knew the English mail came in at five o'clock; and she had forgotten to ask for her letter.

"It's only a straw," thought Reginald, as he went toward the billiard-room; "but it's certainly a straw."

It was a cold day toward the end of October, when the Stotfords and the Gardiners returned together to London. Maude had not long to wait for her introduction to George Singleton, for he was on the platform, ready to greet his betrothed.

"Is it not noble of Agatha?" asked Miss Gardiner of her brother, when they had parted from the Stotfords.

"The fellow has been rather hard hit by fate; but he has his compensation, certainly,"

Reginald answered, with a frown on his face, as he turned away from his family to go to dinner at his club.

Of course, Singleton dined that evening with the Stotfords; and when he and Agatha were alone together in her little sitting-room, he was very affectionate,—“oh, more affectionate than ever,”—as Agatha thought, ruefully. He had brought with him a small manuscript book, in which he had carefully set down all the details of his days, interspersed here and there with a lover's ravings.

"I thought it might interest you," he said.

"Oh, yes, thank you," she answered; "so it does, very much," and she turned over some of the pages.

When he took his leave, she suggested that he was forgetting his book.

"Then, you don't care to keep it?"

There was a wistfulness in his question which her ear failed to detect.

"No, thanks; I think I've seen in it now all you have been doing. Monday seems very much like Tuesday, and Thursday repeats Wednesday. You have been very good."

Singleton sat long by his fire that night. He took the diary out rather tenderly from his pocket, and looked at the fly-leaf, on which was written: "A record of what I do, kept by me for my dear in her absence." Then suddenly he thrust it into the fire, and called himself an unworthy fool. Why should she understand his sentimentality? Her love showed itself in grand actions,—had she not chosen him? And he went to bed, a good deal ashamed of his diary episode.

The marriage-day was at last fixed for early in January. From the first, I have been frank with you about Agatha. I have not at any time striven to enlist your affections for her, nor will I even make any further claim for her on your respect. I must frankly own that the nearer her marriage-day came, the more she shrank from the prospect of it. As Singleton's wife she could not hope even to make the sensation she had created as his betrothed. The pleasure of producing her effect had been great, but she had obtained it on credit. She had enjoyed it to the full; and now the time for paying the price was drawing nigh. What wonder if she rebelled! At times she almost thought of throwing herself upon Singleton's generosity, which she well knew would not fail her, and begging to be set free from fulfilling her obligation. But what of all her admir-

ing friends? How could she bear to step down from the pedestal of saint, whereon their homage had placed her, and become the commonest of all common things,—a woman who found herself utterly unequal to the sacrifice she had undertaken to make? No; this humiliation was more than she could endure. But surely every woman before being bound for life to one man, has her right to her meed of homage from others,—in a word, to have her fling. And if Singleton would but be jealous,—if he would quarrel with her on this account,—why, then surely the fault would not be hers. Maude was her most intimate friend, and she could not see much of Maude without seeing a good deal of Reginald, too. Besides, she liked Reginald, and her friendship with him as well as with his sister was a fact to which George must speedily make up his mind. So one night she said to him:

"Oh, I shan't see you to-morrow evening—Maude is coming."

"May I not look in after she goes?"

"Oh, you may come in, if you like, but you would not see me alone because Reginald is coming for her, and they'll be sure to stay late."

"The next evening, then?"

"Oh, I am going there."

"Then I may call for you, may I not?"

"Yes, but not before eleven, please. We are going to the theater."

"Well, dear, I hope you'll enjoy yourself. You'll find me very punctual at eleven."

If it had been difficult to draw a declaration of love from Singleton, it was yet more impossible to elicit from him any expression of jealousy. His attention and devotion remained undiminished, and he preserved the utmost serenity of temper under circumstances which might easily have ruffled the sweetest nature. Only Agatha noticed one change, and that was that he talked less about their future than he had done at first. For this she could not help being grateful to him. The day for their marriage, however, was drawing near, and work on the trousseau had begun.

The night before Christmas, they were alone together in Agatha's sitting-room. A wild north-east wind was sweeping around the house and wailing through the leafless trees. Now and then the sleet was driven up vehemently against the window.

"I think I never shall be warm again," said Agatha.

She was sitting in a low easy-chair, drawn close to the fire, her feet resting on the

fender, her head lying back on a velvet cushion, her small white hands sparkling with rings clasped on her lap. She looked the very embodiment of indolence and comfort.

Singleton made no answer. He was standing with his arms resting on the mantel-piece.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked, with some asperity in her tone.

"I didn't hear what you were saying."

"You never do," she rejoined, promptly, "when I speak about any suffering of mine."

"Are you suffering, dear?" he asked, looking up.

"Yes, of course I am. You know how this weather makes me feel."

The clock struck half-past ten—the hour when Singleton always took his leave.

"Agatha," he said, a little nervously, "I want to ask something of you."

"Do you?" she replied, wearily; "well, what is it?"

"I want to stay with you to-night until eleven."

"Oh, not to-night," she said, perhaps with more protestation in her voice than she was even aware of. "My head aches, and I want to go to bed, and see if I can't get warm there."

"Only this once, dear," he entreated.

She made no reply.

"Forgive me, Agatha; I was a selfish brute. You aren't too angry to say good-night, are you?"

She could not fail to see the effort he made to hide the quiver of pain in his voice, and glancing up she saw in his eyes such a look of pleading, that even her not very susceptible heart was touched.

"There, there, you needn't go," she said. "I spoke to you more crossly than I should have done. Half an hour longer won't kill me; and if you will be vexed with me I can't help it."

"Vexed with you?" he said, kneeling down beside her. "How do you think that could ever be?"

Then he put his arms around her, and drew her head on his shoulder.

For the next half hour there was complete silence between them. Inside, the fire flickered, and held low converse with itself; and outside, the insatiable wind wailed on. When the clock struck eleven, he arose, and Agatha arose, too.

"Thank you," he said, "for letting me stay. I know you won't be sorry for it, hereafter." And as he stood there, holding

both her hands in his, she saw again in his eyes that strange, pleading look.

"Aren't you happy?" she asked. "You seem as sober as a judge."

"Could a man who believed in your love be other than happy?"

At the door, he turned back, drew her close to his heart once more, and kissed her again, long and lovingly. Then he went.

"Gone at last," she thought, with a sigh of relief, as she heard the hall-door close behind him. Then she went straight to bed.

Miss Stotford was not an early riser. Before meeting the outside distractions of the day, she perused the first delivery of letters over morning coffee in her own room. This morning's mail brought her many seasonable cards, but, oddly enough, only one letter. She was familiar with the delicate, almost feminine handwriting—it was from Singleton. Shortly after their engagement he had been much addicted to the habit of posting her a letter before going to bed, but latterly he seemed to have broken himself of the practice. Indifferently at first, yet with ever increasing interest, she read:

"HARLEY STREET, 24 December, 1 A. M.

"MY DARLING: I wish this letter to be as little of a shock to you as possible. On the 24th of May last, seven months ago to-day, you told me that you loved me. That you were sincere then in thinking so, that you even try to think so now, I do not for a moment doubt. Indeed, I believed in your love most implicitly till your return from Switzerland. Then a doubt of it grew into my mind. I watched you carefully, and watched my own heart carefully, too." ["Now for the jealousy," thought Agatha, as she settled herself more comfortably for a further perusal.] "I know something of the human heart, and I know how a woman appears when she is really in love with a man. At length my doubts grew into an unalterable conviction that if you had ever loved me—if, indeed, you had not from the first, out of the very nobility of your nature, mistaken pity for love—the feeling, unconsciously, perhaps, to yourself, was dying out. Only great love on your part could ever have rendered possible the life you would have led as the wife of a man so unfortunate as I am. But I do not offer to free you" [Agatha's heart dropped a little], "for I know your exquisite sensitiveness would suffer from a mistaken sense that you had failed toward me. I know you would repudiate all I could say; for in your noble desire to build up a ruined life, you would, for once, be capable of deception. But, Agatha, my love, what would it be to me to see you slowly fading before my eyes? Yet I am a weak man, and, if you held the cup to my thirsty lips, could they help drinking? No, I do not offer you your freedom: I give it to you—my Christmas gift. When you read this letter I shall be so far away from you that no pain and no joy can follow me.

"Had I never known your love, I could have had keen pleasure in your friendship; but after knowing your love, your friendship would be an intolerable

torment. Life holds nothing more for me; but my death will be painless. I shall die happy, for I shall conjure up from the past, to take with me out of the world, a vision of that dear May evening. Do you remember, I wonder, how I came in, and found you in the twilight? You were lying on the sofa, and I took a low chair and sat close by you—the chair which stood between the windows. You had a gray silk dress on, and a red rose in your hair that I thieved before I went away. I shall hear again the tenderness of your voice, as you told me that you loved me. I shall feel again—ah, no, I shall not feel that—my blood thrill under your touch, under the first confident answering pressure of your lips. Never to feel that again!—this it is which unmans me and makes me weak. Last night, in that extra half hour which you granted me, my heart kept crying out to me: 'Here is Agatha, Agatha, to see, to touch, to kiss,—and in a few hours she will be just as far off as the first day of creation!' Oh, my love, never to see you again!

"Later.

"Dear, I am quite calm, now. In a very little while I shall long for nothing any more. I want you to know how in these last moments my whole heart goes out in blessing to you. But for you, perhaps, I should have lived out a long and painful life, productive of no joy to myself or others. I have neither father nor mother—no one to sadden by my loss. I should never have done anything really good in art,—Mr. Stotford will tell you so,—so I am small loss there. You gave me three months of divine happiness, and I shall now turn to the thought of that time as a bridegroom turns to his bride. Good-bye, my darling, and may some power ever bless and guide you.

"G. S."

Many times the letter had fallen from Agatha's fingers while she read. Now she held it crushed in her hand. Did Singleton mean all he had said? Could this thing really be? Was her lover no longer in this world, and if so, was she not, in a way, guilty of his death? Her blood turned to ice and her teeth chattered. Then, with a sudden impulse, she rose and dressed. She half thought she might do something. Yet what *could* she do? Only one thing she knew. She must appear ignorant of what this letter had revealed to her.

When she went to the breakfast-table, there was no gainsaying the fact that she was ill, for her face was as white as death. She tried in vain to eat.

"No, I can't take anything," she said, at last. "I will go to my own room, and try to get warm there."

Mrs. Stotford and Adelaide followed her, with the kindest intentions.

"I hope, dear," said Mrs. Stotford in her cheerful voice—more cheerful than usual, by virtue of the season—"I hope you made George promise to be with us early to-morrow."

Poor Agatha! What exquisite agonies of remorse she experienced as she remem-

bered that she had promised to go to church with the Gardiners, and then to lunch with them.

"I don't think he'll come before dinner," she answered, faintly.

"I do think George is an angel," said Miss Adelaide, emphatically, "to be so sweet over your friendship with the Gardiners. I know if I were a man I shouldn't like it."

"Please don't talk," entreated Agatha. "I know it's all kindness, but I would rather be let alone. My head is bursting."

"Well, come away, Addie," said Mrs. Stotford. "We have enough to do with putting up the holly and mistletoe. You can't trust matters like that to servants. Of course, it's not their fault that they can't do it artistically. Perhaps when Agatha's a little warmer she'll lie down on the sofa and get a sleep. That will be the best thing for her. She just has a bad, feverish cold, as any one could see."

So they left her, and she crouched before the fire, shivering and shaking as with ague.

Surely, he might yet have repented of his rash resolve. Still, if he had, would he not have sent her word? The silence was ominous. All the time she kept asking herself how far she, Agatha, was responsible if he had done this thing. If he must go away, why not have gone to Australia, where he need never have seen her again? Of course, it was not in her to understand how the thought of love won and lost can turn life into a present hell. At the sound of every footfall, she started as if a ghostly hand had been laid on her shoulder. At the postman's sharp knock her heart leaped in her, and then stood still.

About four o'clock came Reginald and Maude Gardiner to see her.

"We heard from Mrs. Stotford," said Maude, "that you were ill; but you look frightfully, child; what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much" moaned Agatha. "I shall be better soon."

"This hand is cold," said Reginald. "Let me see if the other one is equally ill-behaved."

"Don't," she said, almost fiercely, drawing her hand abruptly away.

"Are you cross with me?" asked Reginald, in his sweetest tone of voice.

"I am ill. Don't you see I am?"

"Low-spirited," observed Maude.

"Precisely so," replied Reginald. "Perhaps it would cheer you to hear the contents of the evening paper."

Then, taking a "Standard" from his pocket, he began reading.

"The latest telegrams from the seat of war.' Ah! it appears we have done wonders. Actually, five hundred soldiers of the English army encountered and defeated two hundred natives, with considerable slaughter. 'Christmas in the East End.' How I do hate all this cant about the season! 'Alarming Fire in the City.' 'Those Cabmen again.' 'Police Reports.' Anything there you'd like? 'A Strange Breach-of-Promise Case.' 'Great Wrecks off Dover.' I should think so, with such a devil of a wind as we've been having. 'The Suicide in Harley street.'"

"Ah! what's that?" asked Maude. "I'm always interested in suicides."

"Morbid propensity, child," in Reginald's tone of brotherly superiority.

Agatha's heart leaped in her with an inaudible cry.

"We must have light on the subject," said Reginald, stirring the fire into a bright blaze.

"Really, Reginald, you should *not* jest on such a subject," remonstrated Maude.

"Jest? I'm sober as a judge at a coroner's inquest. Listen:

"Mr. Jno. Hales, surgeon in Harley street, was summoned this morning, about ten A. M., to No. 26, where he found —"

And suddenly Reginald stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" inquired Maude.

He turned the paper toward her, pointing to the paragraph.

"Oh, great heaven! It can't be. Oh, Agatha, darling!"

And she flung her arms around Agatha's neck. But Agatha seized the paper, which Reginald feigned to detain from her, flashed her eyes down the column, and saw what she knew she would see, Singleton's name.

"Hush! Hush!" said Reginald to Maude, who, with difficulty, stifled her sobs. Then the three sat for a minute or two in awful silence.

Then Agatha rose, stood erect for a moment, as if she were about to walk out of the room, and then suddenly, with a wild cry of horror, fell forward in a deathly swoon. She would have dropped to the ground, but Reginald caught her in his arms.

"How she did love that poor fellow!" he thought, while Maude ran in haste to find Mrs. Stotford.

Of course, Agatha was at once put to bed, and the family physician was sent for. When he heard all the circumstances of the case,

saw Agatha's unnaturally bright eyes, felt her quick pulse, and listened to her incoherent wanderings, he could not disguise from the family his apprehensions of brain fever.

"It was a critical case," he said; "but if she could get a night's sleep, the danger might be averted."

About the small hours, Agatha's wanderings ceased, and a heavy sleep fell upon her and saved her.

It was three o'clock on Christmas-day when she awoke. The bells were ringing for afternoon service. At first she thought it must be Sunday morning, and that she had slept late. Then she began to wonder at her strange feeling, as if she had been bruised all over, and the sense of blended weakness and clearness in her head. Then very gradually, yes, and very gently, too, she remembered all the events of the preceding day, and accepted them as one too weak to feel surprise. There were two great facts—Singleton was dead, and she was free.

At the expiration of a week, Agatha once more appeared in her little sitting-room. The friends who saw her said that a saintly resignation had beautified her face. The truth was, she had settled with her own conscience very satisfactorily, and decided that she was in no remotest way chargeable with Singleton's death. She had certainly flirted no more during her engagement than many other women do, and it was Singleton's own fault if he had deceived her by keeping from her what he really felt, and so prevented her from behaving differently. No,—it was his own morbid sensitiveness that had driven him to his own rash act.

In her heavy mourning, and with her face so pale,—for she really had been ill,—she looked far more interesting than of old. Only four men were privileged to come and see her, and they only as ministering angels. There was William Poynter, a captivating young tenor, for music soothed her; then, by way of gentle stimulant, Mr. John Barker, poet and critic, came to read and explain difficult passages in Browning. Then, as her religious opinions had got somewhat out of order,—she was the only one in that set who had any, and was inclined to make a point of them,—the handsome young High-church clergyman, Mr. Augustus St. Clair, came in to overhaul the spiritual machinery. And lastly, and by right of the family friendship, most frequently, came Reginald to divert her by planning an Italian tour for the autumn.

But, after all, decorous flirtations in recently assumed crape are but tame. Sighs and looks of gratitude must take the place of laughter and repartee. Agatha grew tired of long-continued endeavors not to look quite so resigned as she felt. The tenor's music palled on her; she got sleepy over "Balaustion's Adventure"; she regained her usual tranquil satisfaction with the state of her religious views and functions. She dismissed all her ministering angels, except Reginald, with whom she felt more at ease than with the others.

When the summer came, she was glad to escape from London. Sea-side and hill-side brought her their balm. She concluded that even without a specialty life might be a very good thing. She returned to town bright and beaming. I do not think that Singleton's ghost haunted her, even on the day before Christmas.

The next summer, she fulfilled her natural calling by marrying. The bridegroom, however, was not Reginald. He proposed, indeed, but she took three months to consider. During that period of probation, she met the son of a very rich picture-dealer. As was natural for a painter, Mr. Stotford furthered this alliance; and the young man, if not quite so handsome as Reginald, was very much richer. Like a dutiful girl, she obliged her father, as he had before obliged her. Reginald, I must confess, found speedy consolation. It is not the handsome Reginalds of the world who die for love.

The reputation for nobility which had been purchased by her engagement to Singleton never quite forsook Agatha.

"Ah," said her romantic friends, "her life was really over when that poor fellow died. She married just to please her father."

Of course, there were not wanting unfeeling people to make irreverent remarks; but of such persons we have nothing to say. She lived as tranquilly as such women do. If she had no vivid joy in her days, she had no keen pains. As time wore on, sometimes, in the dead watches of the night, or in the glare of a crowded theater, she would suddenly be confronted with the past from which she had escaped, and meet the look of sad, beseeching eyes—eyes sad, but never reproachful. At such moments she would feel suddenly faint, and grow dizzy; but the evil moments passed, and save in these rare visions, she was never disturbed by the memory of her first engagement.

PETER THE GREAT. IX.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PETER TRIES THE OPEN SEA.

NO DOUBT the English victory at La Hogue, and the revival of the trade with Holland, had much to do with Peter's visit to Archangel. He himself, writing long afterward, when he was, perhaps unconsciously, inclined to magnify the importance of his early doings, says, in the preface to the Maritime Regulations:

"For some years I had the fill of my desires on Lake Pereyaslavl, but finally it got too narrow for me. I then went to the Kúblensky Lake, but that was too shallow. I then decided to see the open sea, and began often to beg the permission of my mother to go to Archangel. She forbid me such a dangerous journey, but seeing my great desire and my unchangeable longing, allowed it in spite of herself."

Although the Tsaritsa Natalia allowed it, she exacted a promise from her son that he would not go out upon the sea, and would look at it only from the shore.

Peter set out from Moscow on the 11th of July, 1693, with a suite of over a hundred persons, including Lefort and many of the "company," his physician, Doctor Van der Hulst, a priest, eight singers, two dwarfs, forty Streltsi and ten of his guards.

The journey from Moscow to Archangel was, till a few years since, performed in much the same way as it was by Peter. A railway is now substituted for the carriage-road to Vológda, but from that town one must go by water down the Súkhon and the Dvina. With the high water of spring, it is easy enough, but the rivers were then so low that Peter's huge painted barge was two weeks on the way before it arrived at the wharf of Holmogóry, to the ringing of the cathedral bells. Holmogóry was then the administrative center for the north of Russia, and it was necessary to do the usual courtesies to the Voievóde and the Archbishop, before Peter could pass the long and narrow town of Archangel, stretching along the right bank of the Dvina, with its clean German suburb and its port of Solombála, crowded then, as now, with merchants, and take up his residence be-

yond the city, in a house prepared for him on the Moses Island. The salt smell of the sea was grateful and exciting, and the day after his arrival the Tsar went on board the little yacht *St. Peter*, which had been built for him, and, in spite of the promise to his mother, anxiously waited for a favorable wind to carry him to sea. A proposed visit to the Splovétsky monastery was postponed to another year, for various English and Dutch vessels were about sailing, and he was anxious to visit them, and to convoy them on their way. In about a week, on the 16th of August, a fair wind arose, the ships set out and Peter sailed on merrily in his yacht, and he had gone two hundred miles from Archangel, and was near the Polar Ocean, before he realized that it was full time to return. On arriving at Archangel, five days afterward, his first care was to write to his mother, that he had been to sea and had safely returned. Meanwhile she had written to him, urging his return. In reply to this letter, he said:

"Thou hast written, O lady! that I have saddened thee by not writing of my arrival. But even now I have no time to write in detail, because I am expecting some ships, and as soon as they come—when no one knows, but they are expected soon, as they are more than three weeks from Amsterdam—I will come to thee immediately, traveling day and night. But I beg thy mercy for one thing: why dost thou trouble thyself about me? Thou hast deigned to write that thou hast given me into the care of the Virgin. When thou hast such a guardian for me, why dost thou grieve?"

This letter was preceded to Moscow by the news that Peter had gone on a sea journey. Every one was alarmed at an event, the like of which had never happened before in Russia, and magnified the dangers to which the Tsar had been, or might be, exposed. Natalia wrote again to her son, urging his return, expressing joy at his not being shipwrecked, and reminding him that he had promised not to go to sea. She even had a letter written in the name of his little son Alexis, then only three years old, begging him to come back. To this he replied:

"By thy letter I see, O! O! that thou hast been mightily grieved, and why? If thou art grieved,

what delight have I? I beg thee make me, who am wretched, happy by not grieving about me, for, in very truth, I cannot endure it."

Again, on the 18th of September, he writes:

"Thou hast deigned to write to me, O my delight! to say that I should write to thee oftener. Even now I write by every post, and my only fault is that I do not come myself. And thou also tellest me not to get ill by too quick a journey. But I, thank God! will try not to get ill, except by coming too quickly. But thou makest me ill by thy grief, and the Hamburg ships have not yet arrived."

It was not merely curiosity to see the Hamburg ships that kept Peter at Archangel. Ever since the discovery of the White Sea by Richard Chancellor, in 1553, and the privileges given to the British Factory by Iván the Terrible, and Philip and Mary, Archangel had become the great emporium for Russian commerce with the West. The business of Nóvgorod had been greatly injured by the loss of its independence and the misfortunes which befell the town, and its trade was now almost entirely transferred to Archangel. During the summer months, Archangel, conveniently situated at the mouth of the river Dvina, presented a spectacle of great commercial activity. At the time of the annual fair of the Assumption, as many as a hundred ships, from England, Holland, Hamburg, and Bremen, could be seen in the river, bringing cargoes of various descriptions of foreign goods, while huge Russian barges brought hemp, grain, potash, tar, tallow, Russian leather, isinglass and caviare down the Dvina. For caviare there was a great market in Italy, and several cargoes were sent every year to Leghorn. The foreign merchants who lived in Moscow, Yarosláv and Vológda went to Archangel with the opening of navigation every spring, and staid there until winter. Twenty-four large houses were occupied by foreign families and the agents of foreign merchants. Depots for all the goods sent to Archangel, both Russian and foreign, had been built by the foreigners Marselis and Scharff, at the command of the Tsar Alexis, and were protected by a high stone wall and towers. Trade had now revived, and, in the summer of 1693, ships were constantly arriving, and Archangel was alive with business. On the wharfs and at the exchange, Peter could meet merchants of every nationality, and see cargoes of almost every kind. It was a grief to him that among all these ships there were none belonging to Russians, nor any sailing under the Russian flag. The efforts

of the Russians themselves to export their produce had never been successful. At Nóvgorod there had been a league among all the merchants of the Hanse towns to prevent the competition of Russian merchants, and to buy Russian goods only at Nóvgorod. At a later time, an enterprising merchant of Yarosláv, Anthony Láptef, took a cargo of furs to Amsterdam, but, in consequence of a cabal against him, he could not sell a single skin, and was obliged to carry his furs back to Archangel, where they were at once bought, at a good price, by the merchants who owned the vessel which brought them home.

Peter resolved to do something for Russian trade, and gave orders to Apráxin, whom he named Governor of Archangel, to fit out two vessels at the only Russian shipyard, that of the brothers Bazhénin, on the little river Vavtchúga, near Holmogóry. These were to take cargoes of Russian goods, and to sail under the Russian flag. He hesitated where to send them. In England and Holland he feared the opposition of the native merchants, and in France he was afraid that due respect might not be given to the Russian flag. It was at last resolved to send them to France, but as they finally sailed under the Dutch, and not under the Russian flag, one of them was confiscated by the French, and was the subject of long dispute.

Archangel proved so interesting that Peter decided to return there in the subsequent year, and to take a trip on the Northern Ocean. He even had vague ideas of coasting along Siberia until he came to China, but the North-east passage was not to be effected until our own day. For any purpose of this kind, his little yacht *Sz. Peter* was too small, and he, therefore, with his own hands, laid the keel of a large vessel at Archangel, and ordered another full-rigged forty-four-gun frigate to be bought in Holland. The Burgomaster of Amsterdam, Nicholas Witsen, through Lefort and Viníus, was intrusted with the purchase.

While at Archangel, besides the time which he gave to the study of commerce and ship-building, Peter found leisure for inspecting various industries, and for practicing both at the forge and at the lathe. A chandelier made of walrus teeth, turned by him, hangs now over his tomb in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, at St. Petersburg, and carved work in bone and wood, and iron bars forged by him at this time,

are shown in many places. Besides the social pleasures, the balls and dinners, in which he indulged at Archangel as much as at Moscow, he frequently attended the neighboring church of the Prophet Elijah, where he himself read the epistle, sang with the choir, and made great friends with the Archbishop Athanasius, a learned and sensible man, with whom, after dinner, he conversed about affairs of state, the boyárs, the peasants who were there for work, the construction of houses and the foundation of factories, as well as of ship-building and of navigation.

After the short summer was over, the Hamburg ships having long since arrived, Peter started on his journey to Moscow, and after stopping for a short time at the saw-mill and wharves of the brothers Bazhénin, on the Vavtchúga, he arrived at Moscow on the 11th of October. It was too late in the season at that time to think of any military maneuvers, and Peter had settled down to his usual round of carouses and merry-making, when suddenly, on the 4th of February, 1694, after an illness of only five days, the Tsaritsa Natalia died, at the age of forty-two.

For some reason or other, Peter preferred not to be present at his mother's death-bed. A dispute with the Patriarch had probably something to do with it. It is said that when Peter had been suddenly called from Preobrazhensky to the Krémelin, to his mother's bedside, he appeared in the foreign clothes which he wore for riding, and that the Patriarch remonstrated with him. Peter angrily replied that, as the head of the church, he should have weightier things to attend to, than to meddle with the business of tailors. General Gordon says:

"His Majesty had promised to come to me to a farewell supper and ball. I went to the palace two hours before daybreak, but did not find His Majesty, on account of the evident danger in which his mother was. He had taken leave of her, and had gone back to his house at Preobrazhensky, whither I hastened, and found him in the highest degree melancholy and dejected. Toward eight o'clock came the news that the Tsaritsa was dead."

Peter's grief was great and sincere. For several days he scarcely saw any one without bursting into a fit of weeping. He had tenderly loved his mother, and had been much under her influence, although she had opposed his desire for novelty and his inclination toward foreigners. Her place in his affections was, to a great extent, taken by his sister Natalia, who, without understand-

ing his objects, at least sympathized with him. She was of the younger generation, not so averse to what was new or what came from abroad, was readily influenced by her brother, and, like a good and faithful sister, loved and admired him, and was always ready to believe that whatever he did was the best thing possible. As to his wife Eudoxia, it is difficult to say much. She had been brought up in the old-fashioned Russian way, and had received almost no education. She had a bitter dislike to all that was foreign, and to the friends with whom Peter was surrounded. This was perhaps natural: she disliked the men who, as she thought, alienated her husband from her. The marriage had not been one of love; Peter had married simply to obey his mother, and found the society of his wife so uncongenial that he spent very little time with her. Two children had been the result of the marriage—one, Alexis, born in March, 1690, was destined to inherit something of his mother's nature and to be a difficulty and a grief to his father, and to cause the saddest episode of his life; the second, Alexander, born in October, 1691, lived but seven months. Peter had already, in the German suburb, made an acquaintance that was destined to influence his future life, and to destroy the peace of his family. This was Anna Mons, the daughter of a German jeweler, with whom Peter's relations had daily grown more intimate, and in whose society he passed much of his leisure time.

A few days after his mother's death, Peter began again to visit the house of Lefort, but though he conversed freely with his friends about the matters which interested him most, and an extra glass was drunk, no ladies were present, and there was no firing of cannon, no music nor dancing. The next day he wrote to Apráxin, at Archangel:

"I dumbly tell my misfortune and my last sorrow, about which neither my hand nor my heart can write in detail without remembering what the Apostle Paul says about not grieving for such things, and the verse of Esdras, 'Call me again the day that is past.' I forget all this as much as possible, as being above my reasoning and mind, for thus it has pleased the Almighty God, and all things are according to the will of their Creator. Amen! Therefore, like Noah, resting awhile from my grief, and leaving aside that which can never return, I write about the living."

The rest of the letter was taken up with directions about the construction of the small ship which he had begun, and the preparation of clothing for the sailors. He

evidently desired to go to Archangel that winter, but he felt the propriety of being present at the requiem on the fortieth day after his mother's death. Little by little other things interfered, and the journey was put off.

Another letter written by Peter to Apráxin shows him in better spirits, willing to see the humorous side of things, and ready to make little jokes about Ramodanófsky and Buturlín, who were old Russians and opposed to all Peter's novelties, but who still loved him, and yielded with the best grace they could:

"Thy letter was handed to me by Michael Kuroyédof, and, after reflecting, I reported about it all to my Lord and Admiral, who, having heard my report, ordered me to write as follows: First: That the great lord is a man mighty bold for war, as well as on the watery way, as thou thyself knowest, and for that reason he does not wish to delay here longer than the last days of April. Second: That his Imperial brother, through love and even desire of this journey, like the Athenians seeking new things, has bound him to go, and does not wish to stay behind himself. Third: The rear-admiral will be Peter Ivánovitch Gordon. I think there will be nearly three hundred people of different ranks; and who, and what rank, and where, that I will write to thee presently. Hasten up with everything as quickly as you can, especially with the ship. Therefore I and my companions, who are working on the masts, send many respects. Keep well. PETER."

About this time, a large amount of powder and a thousand muskets were sent to Archangel, while twenty-four cannon, intended for one of the new ships, were ordered to wait at Vológda until the arrival of the Tsar. In informing Apráxin of this, Peter sends his salutations to the two workmen whom he had sent on, Niklas and Jan, and begs him not to forget the beer. About the same time, or even earlier, General Gordon wrote to his friend and business agent Meverell, at London, to send to Archangel a good ship with a "jovial captain," and a good supply of powder; and in writing to his son-in-law, at Archangel, recommends him also to brew a quantity of beer.

All preparations being made, the Tsar, on the 11th of May, set out for Archangel, *"pour prendre ses divertissements et même plus que l'année passée,"* as Lefort wrote to his brother Ami; having with him many more of his "company" than he had taken the year before. It required twenty-two barges to convey them down the Dvina, and the "caravan," with Ramodanófsky as admiral, Buturlín as vice-admiral, and Gordon as rear-admiral, with a plentiful display of signals and the firing of cannon,

accomplished its journey in ten days, arriving at Archangel on the 28th of May. It is hardly necessary to say that the title of admiral was purely as sportive a one as that of generalissimo, or of commodore of a fleet of row-boats; it implied nothing as to the present or future existence of a Russian force, nor did it give any rank in the state. The Tsar himself was known as the "skipper."

Peter established himself in the same house on the Moses Island where he had been the preceding year. His first care was to go to the church of the Prophet Elijah, and to thank God for his safe arrival; his second to inspect the ship building at the wharf of Solombála, which fortunately was completed, and on the 30th was triumphantly launched, the Tsar himself knocking away the first prop. But, as the frigate ordered in Holland had not arrived, it was impossible, as yet, to go to sea, and the Tsar utilized the delay by making the trip to the Solovétsky monastery which he had postponed the year before. For this, on his birthday, he embarked on his small yacht, the *St. Peter*, taking with him the Archbishop Athanasius, some of the boyárs attached to his person, and a few soldiers. He started out on the night of the 10th of June, but was kept at the mouth of the Dvina by a calm. The wind freshened the next day, and soon turned to a gale. When he had arrived at the mouth of the Únskaya Gulf, about eighty miles from Archangel, the tempest was so great that the little ship was in the utmost danger. The sails were carried away, the waves dashed over the deck, and even the experienced sailors who managed the yacht gave up in despair, and believed they must go to the bottom. All fell on their knees and began to pray, while the archbishop administered the last sacrament. Peter alone stood firm at the rudder, with unmoved countenance, although, like the rest, he received the communion from the hands of the archbishop. His presence of mind finally had its effect on the frightened mariners, and one of them, Antíp Timoféief, one of the Streltsi from the Solovétsky monastery who had been engaged as a pilot, went to the Tsar, and told him that their only hope of safety lay in running into the Únskaya Gulf, as otherwise they would infallibly go to pieces on the rocks. With his assistance, the yacht was steered past the reefs, through a very narrow passage, and, on the 12th of June, about noon, anchored near the Pertomínsky

monastery. The whole company went to the monastery church and gave thanks for their miraculous preservation, while Peter granted additional revenues and privileges to the brotherhood of monks, and rewarded the pilot Antip with a large sum of money. In memory of his preservation, Peter fashioned, with his own hands, a wooden cross about ten feet high, with an inscription in Dutch, "*Dat kruys maken kaptein Piter van. a. cht. 1694,*" carried it on his shoulders and erected it on the spot where he had landed.

The storm lasted three days longer, but on the 16th Peter again set sail, and arrived the next day safely at the monastery, where he remained three days in prayer and fasting, and in veneration of the relics of the founders, St. Sabbatius and St. Zosimus. The monks must have been astonished at the devotion shown by the son of that Tsar who had besieged them for nine long years because they had refused to accept the "innovations" of the Patriarch Nikon. They must have been convinced that, after all, they were right.

At all events, they were pleased with the generosity of Peter, who gave one thousand rubles and additional privileges to the monastery, besides gifts to individual monks. The safe return of the Tsar was feasted at Archangel not only by his friends, who had been greatly alarmed, but by the captains of two English vessels then in port, and he himself wrote brief accounts of his journey, first of all to his brother Iván, to whom he said that he had at last fulfilled his vow of adoring the relics of the holy hermits Sabbatius and Zosimus; but not one word was said of the danger he had run. From his wife, to whom he had written nothing, Peter received two letters, complaining of his neglect. Apparently he sent no answer.

A month later, the new vessel which he had launched on his arrival was ready for sea, and with great rejoicing was christened the *St. Paul*. About the same time, Peter's heart was gladdened by the receipt of a letter from his friend Vinus, at Moscow, saying that the frigate bought by Witsen in Amsterdam had sailed six weeks before, under the command of Captain Flamm, and ought by that time to be due in Archangel. Vinus spoke also of many fires which had taken place at Moscow, one of which had burned down four thousand houses. Previous information of this had been received in letters from Lieutenant-Colonel Von Mengden and Major Adam Weijde:

"In Moscow there have been many fires, and of these fires the people said that, if you had been here, you would not have allowed them to be so great."

In replying to Vinus, Peter expressed his joy at the sailing of the vessel, then spoke of the launching of the one built at Archangel, which, he said, "is completely finished, and has been christened the *Apostle Paul*, and sufficiently fumigated with the incense of Mars. At this fumigation, Bacchus was also sufficiently honored.* But how impudent is your Vulcan; he is not satisfied with you who are on dry land, and even here, in the realm of Neptune, he has shown his effrontery;" and went on to tell how all the ships at Archangel would have been burnt, through a fire catching on a barge laden with grain, had it not been for the great exertions of himself and his men. Finally, on the 21st July, the forty-four-gun frigate *Santa Profechie*, so impatiently expected from Holland, arrived, under the command of Captain Jan Flamm, with a crew of forty sailors. She had been five weeks and four days on the journey. Peter hastened to the mouth of the river to meet her, and finally, at four o'clock, she threw anchor at Solombála. In the midst of the feast, Peter sat down and wrote to Vinus a brief letter:

"MIN HER: I have nothing else to write now, except that what I have so long desired has to-day come about. Jan Flamm has arrived all right, with forty-four cannon and forty sailors, on his ship. Congratulate all of us. I will write you more fully by the next post, but now I am beside myself with joy, and cannot write at length. Besides, it is impossible, for Bacchus is always honored in such cases, and with his leaves he dulls the eyes of those who wish to write at length.

"The City, July 21st.

SchiPer Fonshi
Psantus Pro Fet
ities."

The frigate needed a few repairs, but these were soon made, and in a week Peter was ready to start on his cruise. The *Apostle Paul*, with Vice-Admiral Buturlin, took the lead, followed by four German ships returning home with Russian cargoes. Then came the new frigate, the *Holy Prophecy*, with the admiral and the Tsar, followed by four English ships returning with their cargoes. The yacht *St. Peter*, with General Gordon as rear-admiral, fol-

* A Swedish galliot, which arrived from Bordeaux, after a five weeks' voyage, on July 7th, with four hundred casks of wine, probably supplied the libations for Bacchus.

lowed. The movements of the fleet were to be directed by signals, which had been invented for the purpose by Peter, and had been translated into the different languages. He himself brought Gordon a copy for translation into English, for the use of the English captains. The wind was for a long time unfavorable, and, even after getting to the mouths of the Dvina, the sea-faring company could do nothing but divert itself by mutual feasts on the various islands. Peter, however, who must always have something on hand, discussed a plan for great military maneuvers in the autumn, on his return to Moscow, and, under the direction of General Gordon, made plans of bastions and redoubts, and composed lists of all the necessary tools and equipments. Finally, the fleet set out on the 21st of August, and with various fortune,—General Gordon nearly going to pieces on a small island to which his pilot had taken him, thinking the crosses in the cemetery on the shore to be the masts and yards of the other vessels. With some difficulty he got safely off, and on the 27th the whole fleet reached Sviatói Nos, the most extreme point which separated the White Sea from the Northern Ocean. It had been Peter's intention to venture upon the open sea, but a violent wind rendered it not only difficult but dangerous. The signal was therefore given, and, taking leave of the merchant vessels, the three ships of Peter's navy returned to Archangel, arriving there on the 31st. Three days longer was all that Peter could stay. On the evening of the 2d of September, Gordon says, "We were all at feast with the Governor, and were jovial." The next morning they set out for Moscow.

Immediately after the arrival of the party at Moscow, arrangements were made for the great maneuvers which Peter had planned. Two armies were formed, one in which were included six Streltsi regiments and two companies of cavalry, in all 7500 men, under Buturlin (who took the title of King of Poland, probably on account of the increasing difficulties with that country). The other, the Russian force, was under the command of Prince Ramodanófsky, and included the Preobrazhénsky and the Seménofsky regiments, the two select regiments, and a collection of the men fit for military service sent by the nobility of twenty towns in the neighborhood of Moscow, some of the orders being dispatched as far as Uglitch, Súzdal and Vladímir. The

strength of this army is not stated, but it was probably not inferior to the other, and it required two hundred and sixty wagons for the transport of its ammunitions and equipments. The place chosen for the maneuvers was a wide valley on the right bank of the river Moskvá, back of the village of Kozhúkhovo, a little more than a mile from the Simónof monastery, so celebrated now for its lovely view of Moscow. Here, in an angle formed by a bend of the river, a small fort had been begun, even before the departure of Peter for Archangel. These maneuvers, though common enough nowadays in all military countries, must have been a great surprise to the inhabitants of Moscow, accustomed to their quiet and almost pastoral streets. In order to take their positions, both armies, in full parade, passed through Moscow by different routes. In the Russian army appeared what was also a new thing to the Moscovites—the Tsar as Peter Alexiéief marching with two of his comrades as bombardiers, in front of the Preobrazhénsky regiment. What would now seem droll is that both armies had what does not now enter into military staff—companies of scribes and singers, and, in one, twenty-five dwarfs, of course unarmed.

It is useless to recapitulate the story of the maneuvers, which lasted for fully three weeks, and which are described with great humor by General Gordon in his diary, and by Zhelabúzhky in his memoirs. Sufficient to say that there was fighting which sometimes was only too real, for the bombs, though without powder, did hurt, and fire-pots burst and burned faces and maimed limbs. A bridge had to be thrown across the river Moskvá, and the fort was to be mined and countermined, according to the proper rules of war. Unfortunately, banquets and suppers had too great a predominance in this campaign, and after a very good dinner given by General Lefort, on his name's-day, it was decided to storm the enemy's fort. Flushed with wine, the conquest was easy. Every one was satisfied, except Peter, who was not content with this summary proceeding. He therefore gave up all the prisoners, ordered the Polish King again to occupy his fort, and insisted that mines should be made until the walls should be blown up, and the conquering army properly walk in. This was done, and the place was finally taken in the most approved way, on the 27th of October. One incident of the campaign seems to have been a fight of the singers, headed by Tur-

généf, the court-fool, against the scribes of the Polish camp.

This was the last time that Peter played at war. Thenceforward, fate ruled that real battles were to take the place of mimic ones.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN AGAINST AZOF.

PETER had derived so much satisfaction from his visits to Archangel that he thought favorably of various projects of traveling throughout his country, and of beginning new enterprises. Even while at Archangel, Lefort wrote to his family at Geneva that there was talk of "a journey, in about two years' time, to Kazán and Astrakhán. Still, this idea may pass away before two years are over. However, I will be ready to obey all orders. There is also an idea of constructing some galliots, and going to the Baltic Sea." Later, on the 23d of September, Lefort wrote: "Next summer we are going to construct five large ships and two galleys, which, God willing, will go two years hence to Astrakhán, for the conclusion of important treaties with Persia." The ideas of Witsen about the Persian and Asiatic trade, and the many conversations on that subject in the German suburb, about the advantages connected with this traffic, which French, Dutch and English all desired to get into their hands, had evidently stimulated Peter's mind.

Suddenly, however, and apparently to the surprise of everybody, it was resolved to enter upon an active campaign, in the spring of 1695, against the Tartars—nominally for the purpose of reducing the Crimea; actually, the plan of the campaign included getting possession of the mouths of the Dnieper and of the Don, two Russian rivers which were useless for trade so long as their *embouchures* were in possession of the Mussulmans. The only mention that is made of this plan before it was formally announced, is a passage in a letter of General Gordon to his friend Kurz, in Vienna, dated the end of December, 1694, in which he says: "I believe and hope that this coming summer we shall undertake something for the advantage of Christianity and our allies." It is difficult to tell what were the real reasons for this campaign. Apparently it was not, as has generally been thought, on the initiative of Peter himself, for as yet he had not meddled in the concerns of the government.

The statement that the expedition against Azof was planned for the purpose of getting a harbor in the Black Sea, in which to create a navy, or because the success of the maneuvers near Moscow made Peter desirous of real war, or because he had already the intention of going to Europe, and wished to signalize himself by great exploits before he appeared in the West, rest merely on surmise. The campaign was an incident in the war against the Tartars, which had been begun by Sophia, in consequence of her treaty with Poland, and which had never come formally to a conclusion. No peace had ever been made. Although, after the unsuccessful close of Galitsyn's second expedition, in 1689, there had been a practical armistice, yet this armistice had never been ratified by any convention, and was frequently broken by the Tartars. The border provinces were constantly exposed to their predatory incursions, and in 1692 twelve thousand Tartars appeared before the Russian town of Nemirof, burnt the suburbs, carried away many prisoners, and made booty of a very large number of horses. The Russians, with the few troops of Cossacks and local levies that remained on the border, had confined themselves strictly to the defensive.

Meanwhile, there had been a growing dissatisfaction in Moscow with the conduct of Poland. The Russian Resident at Warsaw constantly wrote that no dependence whatever could be placed on the Polish King nor on the German Emperor. He reported them as desirous of making a separate peace with Turkey, without the slightest regard for the interests of Russia. When application was made to Vienna, the Emperor replied that he was not in league with Moscow, but that, without doubt, the Polish King kept the Tsars informed of everything that passed. King Jan Sobiésky professed the utmost friendship for the Tsars; but made complaints that they did not assist him in his operations against the Mussulmans; that, under the treaty, they had no right to confine themselves to defensive warfare alone, and that, unless they sent either an ambassador to Vienna with full powers, or sent an ambassador to go with his envoy to the Crimean Khan, it would be impossible for him to satisfy the Muscovite demands, as he did not know sufficiently what the demands of Muscovy were. Intrigues had been going on between Mazepa, the Hetman of Little Russia, and various Polish magnates, and it was believed in Moscow that these were

with the knowledge and contrivance of the King. Russia had finally become so bitter on this point that Sobiesky hastened to declare that all the letters were forgeries, and a monk, on whose person, it is said, had been found forged letters and forged seals of Mazeppa, was surrendered to the Russians. The explanation was accepted, and the monk was executed by Mazeppa's orders.

Fearing to be left entirely alone,—for it had been ascertained, by means of Adam Stille, an official translator at the foreign office in Vienna, who had been bought up by the Russian envoy, and who furnished the Government at Moscow with reports of the negotiations going on at Vienna, and sometimes with copies of papers, that no mention, of any kind whatever, of the interest of Russia had been made in the whole of the negotiations at Vienna between Poland, Austria and Turkey,—and fearing lest a separate peace might be made without them, which would enable the Sultan to turn all his forces against them, the Russians resolved to see what they could effect themselves. For this purpose, agents had been sent to the Crimea to ascertain upon what basis the Khan would make a permanent peace. The Russians were unwilling to agree to the same state of things that had existed before the campaigns of Galitsyn. They insisted that the prisoners on both sides should be delivered up without a ransom, and on the suppression of the money tribute which had before that been annually sent to the Crimea. They also, on the suggestion of Dositheus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who had written several letters to the Tsars urging the renewal of hostilities, made a request that the Holy Places in Jerusalem should be taken away from the Franks and restored to the Greek clergy.* As to the Holy Places, the Khan replied that the solution of that question depended on the Sultan alone; but, for the other matters, he declined to accept anything but a renewal of the old treaty of Baktchiserai, insisted on the tribute due to him, and refused to give up the captives without a ransom. Not only were these overtures ineffectual, but alarm was caused by the appearance of the Polish magnate, Rzewusky, at the court of the Khan, with propositions from the King. Rzewusky went subsequently to Adrianople, in the hope of making peace with the Sultan on conditions

favorable to Poland. This plan fell through; but the Turks finally consented to open negotiations for a general peace. Information about this reached Moscow in a letter from King Jan Sobiesky, in the latter part of July, 1694, and the Tsars were requested to send a proper and fit man to meet the Turkish and Tartar plenipotentiaries. It was, in all probability, the despair of obtaining any favorable conditions for Russia, and the fear that their plenipotentiaries would not be admitted to the congress, that induced the Government at Moscow to resolve on active operations.

The campaign once resolved upon, Peter threw himself into it with all his heart and soul. He looked personally after the artillery, as he had the intention of accompanying one of the armies, in the capacity of bombardier. He even went to Pereyaslaw to look over the artillery stores which he had left there, in order to see what would be available for the purposes of the expedition. Full of ardor at the thought of active war, he wrote to Apráxin: "Although for five weeks last autumn we practiced in the game of Mars at Kozhúkhovo, with no idea except that of amusement, yet this amusement of ours has become a forerunner of the present war." And again he wrote: "At Kozhúkhovo we jested. We are now going to play the real game before Azof."

The plan of operations was that Prince Boris Sheremétief, with 120,000 men, assisted by the Cossacks of the Ukraine under Mazeppa, should go down the Dnieper and attempt to take possession of the fortresses of Otchakóf and Kazikermán, which, with three similar forts, guarded the mouth of that river. The army of Sheremétief was composed entirely of troops drilled in the old Russian style. The two regiments made up out of the play-troops of Peter, together with the regiments of soldiers drilled according to foreign tactics and the best of the Streltsi regiments, were to compose an army of about 31,000 men, the aim of which was the capture of Azof.

This fortress town, situated on one of the arms of the Don, about ten miles from the Sea of Azof, was the chief hindrance to the Russian access to the Black Sea. In the early times, as the half-Greek city of Tanais, and in the Middle Ages, as the Genoese colony of Tana, it had been a great commercial emporium for the Asiatic trade. Destroyed by Tamerlane, and afterward fortified by the Turks, it had been captured by the Don Cossacks in 1637, and held by

* It is interesting to see how early the question of the Holy Places became a subject of dispute between Russia and Turkey.

them for six years against tremendous odds, until they were ordered to abandon it by the Tsar Michael; for Russia was then unwilling to engage in a war with Turkey for its retention. It was then rebuilt by the Turks, who kept 26,000 men at work for several years in strengthening its fortifications. What is particularly to be noticed is that, in sending an expedition to Azof, the Russians were attacking the Turks, and not the Tartars.

The plan of this campaign was decided upon about the middle of February, in a council of war held at the artillery headquarters. The army was to be divided into three corps, respectively under the command of Ávtamón Golovín, Lefort and Gordon; but, strangely enough, there was to be no supreme commander. The command of the army was to be intrusted to a council composed of these three generals, and none of their decisions could be carried into effect without the approbation of the bombardier sergeant of the Preobrazhensky regiment, Peter Alexéief, as the Tsar chose to be styled. This arrangement, as might easily have been foreseen, proved productive of great calamities.

The division of General Gordon marched the whole distance, and starting from Moscow in March, arrived at the rendezvous before Azof in the middle of June. The "great caravan," as it was called, consisting of the other troops, left Moscow in May, by water, but owing to the constant bad weather (there was snow in Moscow even on the 7th of June), the careless way in which the barges were constructed, and the stupidity and inexperience of the boatmen, had great difficulty in reaching Nízhni-Nóvgorod, on the Volga, where it was found necessary to tranship all the troops, equipments and artillery. As Peter wrote to Vinius, from Nízhni-Nóvgorod:

"Strong winds kept us back for two days at Dedínovo, and three days at Múrom, and most of all the delay was caused by stupid pilots and workmen, who call themselves masters, but, in reality, are as far from being so, as the earth is from heaven."

Fortunately, the barges from Vorónezh were in waiting at Panshín, on the Don, to reach which a short land march was made, and the caravan reached the rendezvous without much trouble on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the name's-day of the Tsar (June 29, July 9). Gordon at once sent to the Tsar to congratulate him, and asked him to dinner. But Peter busied

himself the whole day with disembarking his troops, and came only to supper. Gordon had taken up a position on some low hills within sight of Azof, and had intrenched himself. The other troops did the same, and at the council of war it was resolved to begin the siege works at once.

This siege continued for fourteen weeks, with varying success. There was a want of discipline among the Streltsi, there was a want of harmony in the councils of the generals, there was a want of knowledge and experience in the engineers; and, more than that, there was a breakdown of the commissariat. For a long time, the troops were entirely without salt. Everything went on slowly, and it sometimes seemed, as Gordon said, "that we acted as if we were not in earnest."

One advantage obtained by the Don Cossacks cheered up the army. They succeeded in storming one of the two small forts called Kalantchi, which guarded the junction of the Kalantchá—one of the larger arms of the Don, which branches off above Azof,—and which prevented the passage of the Russian barges with provisions for the army, and compelled everything to be taken some distance around, exposed to the attack of the Tartar cavalry. After one fort had been taken by assault, such a fire was kept up on the other that the Turkish troops abandoned it in the night. It was, therefore, possible for the Russians to construct a floating bridge over the Don, and greatly to facilitate their communications and all their operations. As a pendant to this success, that very afternoon a man named Jacob Janson went over to the enemy. He was originally a Dutch sailor, who had entered the Russian service at Archangel, and had adopted the Russian religion; he had been lately serving as a bombardier, and from some fancy Peter had become extremely intimate with him, had communicated to him all his plans and ideas with regard to the siege. This renegade and deserter exposed to the Turkish Pasha all the Russian plans, and especially the disposition of the troops. One of the many Russian dissenters who had found a refuge at Azof from the persecution of the Church and the Government was immediately sent by the Pasha to verify this, and, by calling himself a Cossack, succeeded easily in passing the Russian sentinels and penetrating into the camp. The Russians, even in the field, had kept up their old habit of taking a long nap

immediately after their midday meal. Informed of this habit, the Pasha made a sortie, surprised the Russians in their trenches, and was only beaten back after a three hours' fight, in which the Russians experienced very severe losses, and General Gordon, who did his best to rally the troops, came within an ace of being taken prisoner. After this, constant sorties and attacks greatly annoyed the Russians and hindered the siege works. General Gordon, who was really the only officer of great experience, wished to complete the trenches on the left side as far as the river, for there was still a vacant space along the river through which the Tartar cavalry kept up communications with the town. He also wished to continue the trenches until they were close to the walls. All his suggestions, however, were overruled by the impulsiveness of Peter, and the inexperience of Lefort and Golovin, who voted to please the Tsar. There was great desire for an immediate assault, which was opposed by Gordon, who represented how dangerous it would be to attempt to carry the town by storm when there were no trenches close to the fortifications in which the troops could take refuge in case of repulse. His remonstrances were of no avail, and an assault was finally attempted, on the 15th of August. It failed completely. The Russians were driven back with a loss of 1,500 men—a very heavy one, considering their numbers. Later on, in spite of the protests of Gordon, two mines were exploded long before they had reached the part of the walls intended to be blown up. No damage was done to the town, but the explosion threw the *débris* back into the Russian trenches with considerable loss of life. The troops began to despair, but Peter resolved to attempt one more assault before giving up the siege, for the weather was now so cold that it was difficult for the men to remain in the trenches. This assault was no more successful than the first, although some of the Cossacks penetrated into the town on the river side. Finally it was determined to raise the siege, and on the 12th of October the Russians began to withdraw, hotly pursued by the enemy, who made constant attacks on the rear-guard. The severe weather and high water prevented the Russians from crossing the river to the safer side, and many were the privations and great was the distress endured on the homeward march.

The Tartars attacked the rear-guard, and

on one occasion, after killing about thirty men in the regiment of Colonel Swart, took prisoner the colonel and the greater part of the regiment, with several standards. This caused great panic at the time, and produced an impression at home which lasted for many years, as is evident from the way in which Pososhkóf brings it forward, as an instance of the bad discipline of the army. The troops suffered much from the rains and floods, and afterward from the extreme cold. The steppe, which Gordon, in the spring, had found "full of manifold flowers and herbs, asparagus, wild thyme, majoram, tulips, pinks, melilot and maiden gilly flowers," was now bare and naked. All the vegetation had been burnt off, and frequently the soldiers could not even find a piece of dry wood with which to kindle a fire. The Austrian agent, Pleyer, who had been with the army through the siege, but who was obliged by a fever to remain a month at Tcherkask, wrote in his report to the Emperor Leopold:

"I saw great quantities of the best provisions, which could have kept a large army for a year, either ruined by the bad weather, or lost by the barges going to the bottom. What was left was divided among the Cossacks. On the way I then saw what great loss the army suffered in the march, although no enemy pursued it, for it was impossible not to see without tears how, through the whole steppe for eight hundred versts, men and horses lay half eaten by the wolves, and many villages were full of sick, half of whom died, as well as many others infected by them, all of which was very painful to see and to hear."

The only success of the campaign was the capture of the two forts, in which a garrison of 3,000 men was left, so as to be ready for subsequent operations the next spring. Lefort, in a letter to his brother, says that had they had 10,000 more troops, the town would certainly have been taken. This additional number would have enabled the trenches to have been drawn entirely around the town, and its communications would have been entirely cut off. But the failure is rather to be ascribed to the want of knowledge and experience on the part of the officers, and the impulsiveness of the Tsar, than to the smallness of the army.

Peter himself was indefatigable. As a bombardier, he filled bombs and grenades with his own hands, and worked at the mortars like any common soldier. With all this, he took part in the councils of war, supervised all the plans of action, and, in addition, kept up a constant correspondence with friends. These letters are all brief. Some

of them refer simply to matters of business, such as the forwarding of material and provisions. In them he endeavored to keep up his own spirits as well as those of his friends, still maintaining the jesting tone



BOYAR ALEXIS SHEIN.

which he had long ago adopted, always addressing them by their nicknames, and carrying out the fiction of making regular reports to Ramodanófsky as the generalissimo of the army, and always signing himself, with expressions of great respect, the "Bombardier Piter." There is much talk about "plowing the field of Mars," and there are other classical allusions. But twice he shows real feeling—with reference to the death of his friend Prince Theodore Troekúrof, who was killed on the 17th of September, and to the deaths of his comrades and orderlies Yekím Vorónin and Gregory Lúkin, who had been two of the most intelligent men in his guard, and had been also of great assistance to him in his boat-building at Pereyaslávl, who were killed at the final assault. He writes to Ramodanófsky on separate scraps of paper, inclosed with the formal letters to him as generalissimo :

"For God's sake, do not trouble yourself because the posts are late. It is certainly from the bad weather, and not, God forbid! because of any accident. Thou canst judge thyself that, if anything had happened, how would it be possible to keep it quiet? Think over this, and tell those that need it. Prince Theodore Ivánovitch, my friend, is no more. For God's sake, do not abandon his father. Yekím Vorónin and Gregory Lúkin by God's will have died. Please don't forget Gregory's father."

The Tsar accompanied the troops until they had reached Valúiek, the first Russian town. He then went on in advance, but stopped for several days near Túla, at the iron works built by the Dane Marselis,

which were now owned by his uncle, Leo Narýshkin. Here he amused himself by hammering three large iron sheets with his own hands.

The army reached Moscow on the 2d of December, and, in spite of the failure of the campaign, Peter made a triumphal entry into the city, with a captive Turk led before him. The only excuse for this was the partial success of Sheremétief and Mazeppa, who had taken by storm two of the Turkish forts at the mouth of the Dneiper,—Kazikermán and Tagán,—and had forced the abandonment of two others.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CAPTURE OF AZOF.

PETER undoubtedly felt disappointed, humiliated and angry at the result of the campaign. Despite the dangers and difficulties which beset his childhood, he had nearly always succeeded in having his own way. He was Tsar, he was self-willed, and he was obstinate. He had undertaken the siege with such confidence of success that he had caused Lefort to write letters to be communicated to the different courts of Europe, informing the world of his designs, and he had returned almost empty-handed.

The difficulties of the homeward march must only have served to increase his obstinate adherence to his purpose, and every hammer-blow, which he gave to those iron plates in the forge at Túla, drove away a regret and fixed a resolution. He no sooner returned to Moscow than every preparation was made for another campaign. Indeed, he had formed some plans even before this, for on the march, just after he had escaped from the burning steppe, he wrote to the Emperor of Germany, to the King of Poland, and to the Elector of Brandenburg, informing them of the efforts which he had made against the Turks, and of his failure, owing partly to the lack of cannon and ammunition, but especially to the want of skillful engineers and miners, and, in the name of friendship and for the success of their common cause against the Turk, he begged that skillful men be sent to him.

This time, the number of troops designed for the expedition was much greater, amounting in all, with the help of the Cossacks and the regiments from Little Russia, to 75,000 men. Having seen that the failure of the last campaign was owing, in great part, to the



SCENES IN NIZHNI-NOVGOROD.

who was much respected for his character and his great services, but who was then very old; and when Tcherkásky refused this appointment on account of his extreme age and infirmity, his choice fell upon the boyár Alexis Shéin, more noted for distinguished family—he was the great-grandson of the celebrated defender

divisions in command, Peter appointed a single commander-in-chief for the whole of the forces before Azof, with the title of generalissimo. He at first chose Prince Michael Tcherkásky, a grandee,

of Smolénsk in the Troublous Times—than for actual service and experience, but, at the same time, in the opinion of his contemporaries, a man of ability and sound judgment. The appointment of a native Russian to such high rank was doubtless intended to silence the complaints of the ultra-national party, who had again talked of this last defeat being owing to the employment of so many foreigners. The boyár Boris Sheremétief and the hetman Mazeppa were ordered to remain on the defensive and protect the frontier from Tartar incursions.



TARTAR CAVALRY ATTACKING A RUSSIAN COMMISSARIAT TRAIN.

In his first campaign, Peter had seen the absolute necessity of a flotilla in order to prevent the Turks from communicating with Azof, and to keep the command of the river. It is needless to say that his love for the sea strengthened his opinion. He therefore resolved to build a fleet of transport barges, and, at the same time, galleys and galliots that could be armed and used for the defensive if not for the offensive. For the construction of this fleet he chose the town of Vorónezh, on the river Vorónezh, about three hundred miles south of Moscow. All this region had once been covered with a thick virgin forest, and here, from the early years of the reign of Alexis, numerous barges had been constructed every winter for the transport of the grain and wine sent as salary to the Cossacks of the Don. These barges were like those now built on the rivers in the north of Russia for the transport of timber, hides and grain,—rude vessels made entirely of wood, without the use of even an iron nail. They were good simply

for the voyage down the river, and never returned. On their arrival they were broken up, and used either as timber or as fire-wood. They were usually about a hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, and held about two hundred quarters of grain. To such a great extent had barges been built in this locality—at the rate of from five hundred to a thousand a year—that in many places the forests were entirely cut down. Vorónezh is now a thriving town, the capital of a province or *gubernia*, with a population of 45,000, and a considerable trade. Its greatest reminiscences are those connected with Peter, and the construction of this flotilla,—some of the boat-houses being still standing; it also prides itself on having the peasant-poet Nikitin as a citizen, and possesses an agreeable and cultivated society. Here Peter ordered the construction of a wharf on the low left bank, the opposite side of the river from the town, for it is a peculiarity of most Russian rivers that the right bank is high, of bluffs or low hills, and the left flat. During the winter of 1696, more than 30,000 men, under the command of officials sent from Moscow, labored at the construction of more than thirteen hundred barges for conveying troops,

ammunitions and provisions to the mouths of the Don. In addition to this, Peter sent to Archangel for all the ship-carpenters who were wintering there, promising that they should return for the opening of navigation. It was his intention to build thirty galleys of various sizes, some of two and some of three masts, although they would depend chiefly on oars for their swiftness. A model galley had been constructed in Holland, had arrived at Archangel, and was brought by the *Dvina* to Volóгда, and then overland to Moscow. Several of those which Peter had himself built at Pereyaslávl were, according to Lefort, transported on sledges over the easy snow roads to Vorónezh. Four

was about this time also that he became the sole ruler of the Russian state; for, on the 8th of February, 1696, his brother Iván, who had greatly improved in health since his marriage, suddenly died. Peter had been much attached to Iván, and the care which he always manifested for his wife and family* showed that he always kept the tenderest recollections of him. He had, however, now but little time to grieve, for the preparations for the campaign entirely absorbed him, though a bodily ailment rendered him for the moment powerless. An injury to his foot had produced a malady which kept him long in bed, and which, for a time, excited the fears of his family and his friends. As soon as he got



PETER ON THE BOURSE AT ARCHANGEL. (FROM A PAINTING MADE FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.)

thousand men, selected from various regiments, were told off into a naval battalion or marine regiment; for service both by sea and land. Lefort was made admiral, Colonel Lima, a Venetian who had been for eight years in the Russian service, vice-admiral, and a Frenchman, Colonel Balthazar de Losier, rear-admiral. Peter himself took the rank of captain, and commanded the vanguard.

It is from Peter's return from his first campaign against Azof that the real beginning of his reign should be dated. It was then, for the first time, that he took an active concern and participation in all affairs of government. By a singular coincidence, it

better, he started southward with a small suite, and, contrary to habit, took a week for the journey to Vorónezh. His illness and the bad state of the roads were sufficient reason for this. Once there, he forgot his troubles and immediately set to work, and five days later, in writing to the boyár Stréshnef to send immediately some ash timber from the woods of Túla for oars, as such could not be found near Vorónezh,

* Three of the five daughters of the Tsar Iván survived their father—Catherine, Anna and Prascovia. Anna became Empress of Russia, Catherine married the Duke of Mecklenburg, and her infant grandson occupied the Russian throne for a short time as Iván VI.



RURAL POST IN RUSSIA. (FROM A PAINTING BY N. SWERTCHKOFF.)

adds: "According to the divine decree to our grandfather Adam, we are eating our bread in the sweat of our face." The shipcarpenters were slow in arriving, and many of the workmen deserted, the weather was most unfavorable, for the thaw was succeeded by so violent a cold that the river froze again, and storms of hail and sleet were so severe that on two occasions the men were prevented from working for three or four days. Peter was obliged not only to set an example, but to act at once as overseer and master-shipwright.

All this time, Lefort was ill in Moscow with an abscess in his side, occasioned by a fall from his horse on the march from Azof. He did what he could, and at all events cheered the Tsar somewhat with his constant friendly letters.

Finally, on the 12th of April, three galleys, the *Principium*, chiefly the work of Peter himself, the *St. Mark* and the *St. Matthew*, were launched with due ceremony, and two others followed shortly after. Almost the same day, the troops collected at Vorónezh began to load the barges, and on the 1st of May the generalissimo Shérin raised on his galley the great flag bearing the arms of the Tsar—

a representation of the sea with ships, and St. Peter and St. Paul in the corners—which had been embroidered at a convent in Moscow, and brought to Vorónezh by Franz Timmermann. This flag is still preserved at Moscow. Two days later, the first division of the great caravan of galleys and barges set out. The voyage down the rivers Vorónezh and Don took three weeks, but Peter, with his lighter and swifter galleys, overtook the advance, and, on the 26th of May, reached the town of Tcherkâsk, the capital of the Don Cossacks, where he came up with the division of General Gordon, which had preceded him by ten days, and that under General Rigeman, which had marched from Tambóf. While waiting for his main forces, he busied himself with drawing up regulations for the new fleet while in action, and with loading on barges the artillery and stores which had been brought from the camp to Tcherkâsk the previous autumn.

On the night of May 28th, a messenger arrived from Flor Mináf, the Ataman of the Don Cossacks,—who, with two hundred and fifty men, had been sent to make a reconnaissance at the mouth of the river,—that

he had seen two Turkish ships and had vainly attacked them. Peter immediately communicated this fact to Gordon and hastened off down the river, followed by Gordon and his troops. He stopped at the forts of Kalantchi, where the arrival of the army was hailed with joy. At a council of war, it was resolved that the Tsar, with his nine galleys, on which he embarked one of Gordon's regiments, and Flor Mináef, with forty Cossack boats holding twenty men each, should steal down the river and attack the Turkish ships, while General Gordon made a military diversion in front of Azof. Unfortunately,

returned to the fort, where he arrived about midnight. The next morning, at ten o'clock, he visited Gordon and told him the story, "looking very melancholy and grieved," but at three o'clock he came back with other news. What he had not been willing to order, the river pirates of the Don had done of their own accord. By his directions, the Cossacks had waited at the mouth of the river for observation. During the day, either not noticing the Cossacks, or disregarding them, the Turks had transhipped to the lighters a quantity of stores and ammunition, and sent them under a convoy of Janissaries



THE MESSAGE TO AZOF ON THE NAME'S-DAY OF THE TSAR.

a strong north wind blew, which rendered the shallow channel still more shallow. The galleys got aground, and were at last obliged to return to Kalantchi, or, as it was then called, Nóvo-Sérghiefsk, in commemoration of St. Sergius, the protector of the country of the Don. Peter had himself embarked on a Cossack boat and gone to sea, but he found not two but thirty large Turkish ships, with a considerable number of galleys, barges and lighters. It seemed to the Tsar too great a risk to attack these large ships with the light Cossack boats, and he therefore

up the river to Azof. A force of about five hundred Janissaries was landed at a mouth of the river, and succeeded in getting to the town with a considerable number of arms. When night came on, the Cossacks, who were on the watch, attacked the lighters and succeeded in capturing ten of them with all their contents, while the Turkish soldiers, thoroughly frightened, after almost no resistance, went back to their ships. The news of this attack brought such consternation that the whole of the Turkish fleet weighed anchor and sailed off, with the exception of

two vessels, which could not be got ready soon enough. One of them the Turks themselves sank, and the other was burnt by the Cossacks. In this way, a large quantity of stores and ammunition was obtained, and thirty men were taken prisoners. Two hours later, Peter was again on his way to the mouth of the river, and was speedily followed by Gordon with a detachment of troops.

In the course of a few days, the remainder of the army and of the fleet arrived at Nóvo-Sérghiefsk, and Peter stationed himself, with his whole flotilla of twenty-nine galleys, at the mouth of the river, and completely cut off the Turkish communications with Azof. By his directions, General Gordon began to erect two small forts, which were completed under the personal supervision of the Tsar, and when they were thoroughly armed and garrisoned, Peter wrote to Ramodanófsky: "We are now entirely out of danger of the Turkish fleet."

The garrison of Azof had apparently not expected the return of the Russians, and had taken no precautions to fill up the trenches dug in the previous year. The besieging troops had, therefore, little more to do than to take their old places; and, owing to their increased numbers, they were able fully to occupy the necessary positions, and especially to guard the approaches along the river-bank. At first, there was little opposition on the part of the garrison. One small sortie was made, which was speedily repulsed. On the 20th of June, the Tartars from the steppe crept up to the camp, and attacked it in force, but the



A PEASANT GIRL FROM NEAR TULA.

noble cavaliers from Moscow repulsed them and pursued them for several miles. Nura-dín Sultan himself went off with an arrow in his shoulder, shot by a Kalmuk. Ayúka-Khan had promised to send all his Kalmuks to the Russian assistance, but only a small number came in time; the main body arrived a few days after Azof was taken.

A large Turkish fleet which came up to the mouths of the Don was for two weeks inactive, and finally, when about to land some troops to relieve the siege, the Pasha was so frightened at the appearance of the Russian flotilla, that the fleet immediately set sail, and went out to sea.

Peter lived chiefly on his galley *Principium*, looking after the Turkish fleet, coming from time to time to the camp before Azof to see how operations were progressing, and personally opening the cannonade on the evening of the 26th of June. The Tartars in the steppe made several other attacks, which were repulsed, and on the name's-day of the Tsar, the Russians, believing that the besieged were in sore straits, shot a letter into the town by means of an arrow, offering the garrison honorable terms, and promising to permit them to leave the city with all their arms and baggage. The answer was a cannonade.



PETER IN THE DRESS HE WORE AT AZOF. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN POSSESSION OF SENATOR RAVINSKI.)

Meanwhile, the soldiery were discontented even at this short siege, and the general opinion was that the work should be prosecuted in the old fashion, by means of piling up an enormous mound of earth, which could be gradually pushed forward so as to fill up the ditch and topple over upon the wall. General Gordon resolved to comply with this feeling, and no less than 15,000 men worked daily on the construction of this enormous mound. On the 21st of July, when the mound had already become so high and so great that the streets of the town could be seen and the Russian and Turkish soldiers came even to hand-to-hand conflicts, the engineers arrived who had been sent by the Emperor Leopold, in compliance with the Tsar's request. They had not hastened on their way, for they had been fully three months in going from Vienna to Smolensk, two weeks more from Smolensk to Moscow, and about a month from Moscow to Azof. They excused the slowness of their journey by the fact that at Vienna they did not expect such an early start, and could learn nothing from the Russian envoy Nephimónof, who professed to have no knowledge of the military operations. Their words were confirmed by Ukráintsef, the official in charge of the foreign office, who naively reported that he had sent no information about the army to Vienna, lest Nephimónof should publish it. Peter was irritated by what seemed to him stupidity, and with his own hand wrote to Vinius the following amusing letter:

"Thy brother-in-law has mightily angered me that he keeps Kosmá (Nephimónof) without any news of our war. Is he not ashamed? Whatever they ask about he knows nothing, and yet he was sent for such a great matter. In his dispatches to Nikíta Moiséievitch (Zótof) he writes about Polish matters when there was no need at all, but the side of the Emperor, where was our hope of alliance, he has forgotten. Has he any healthy good sense? Intrusted with state matters, and conceals what everybody knows. Just tell him that what he does not write on paper I will write on his back."

The imperial engineers were surprised at the magnitude of the mound, but, nevertheless, expected little profit from it. They advised mines and trenches in the ordinary way, and immediately gave instructions about the placing of batteries, by which an impression was soon made on one of the bastions. Hitherto, no injury had been done, except to the houses in the town, which had all been ruined.

The Zaporovian Cossacks had become disgusted with the slowness of the siege

and with the heavy work on the mound, and were, besides that, experiencing a shortness of commons. They therefore made a private arrangement with the Cossacks of the Don, and, on the 27th of July, without orders, two thousand of them, headed by Lizogúb, their chief, and Flor Mináef, the Ataman of the Don, stormed the fortification from the mound, and made an entry into the town. Had they been properly supported by the soldiery and Streltsi,—who remained inactive in their camp,—they would have taken it. As it was, they were beaten back, and obliged to take refuge in the corner bastion, which they held. Here they were at last reinforced by the troops of General Golovin, and succeeded in taking another bastion. The next day, the commander-in-chief resolved on a general assault, but meanwhile the Turks decided to surrender on condition that, with their wives and children, they should be allowed to leave the place with all the honors of war. This was granted. The Pasha surrendered all the Russian prisoners without question, and gave up those Dissenters who had taken refuge in Azof, who had not already become Mussulmans. The only dispute was about the deserter and traitor Janson, who had become a Mussulman. The Russians insisted on his surrender, and the Pasha finally yielded. Janson was brought into the Russian camp, tied hand and foot, screaming to his guards:

"Cut off my head, but don't give me up to Moscow!"

The next morning, the garrison, fully armed, with all their banners, marched through the Russian lines, some to the Turkish fleet, and others on their way to the steppe. Crowded together and without order, they presented a sorry spectacle, and only the Pasha kept up his dignity. On reaching the place of embarkation, where the generalissimo Shéin was on his horse awaiting him, the Pasha thanked him for the manner in which he had kept his word, lowered his standards to him as a token of respect, and bade him good-bye.

After the departure of the Turks, ten Russian regiments marched into the utterly ruined town, where not one house was uninjured. The Zaporovian Cossacks could not be restrained, and went everywhere in search of plunder. Nothing of any importance was found, although cellars and secret recesses were dug up in all directions. There came, however, to the Government a considerable booty in the shape of cannon

and powder, but there were almost no small arms, and bullets were entirely wanting. Indeed, during the last resistance offered to the Cossacks in the final assault, it was necessary to cut gold ducats into small pieces to furnish ammunition. The small fort of Lútik, situated at the mouth of the Dead Donetz, was not included in the capitulation, but speedily surrendered, and the Russians were left in full possession of the mouths of the Don.

Turkish mosques were speedily transferred into Christian churches, and there Peter heard divine service before starting on his homeward march.

The fall of Azof produced great consternation at Constantinople. The Bey of Konich and two other officials were executed, all the Janissaries who could be found were arrested and their goods sequestered, while the poor commandant who had surrendered the town, Kalailikózh Ahmed



PLOWING ON THE STEPPE.

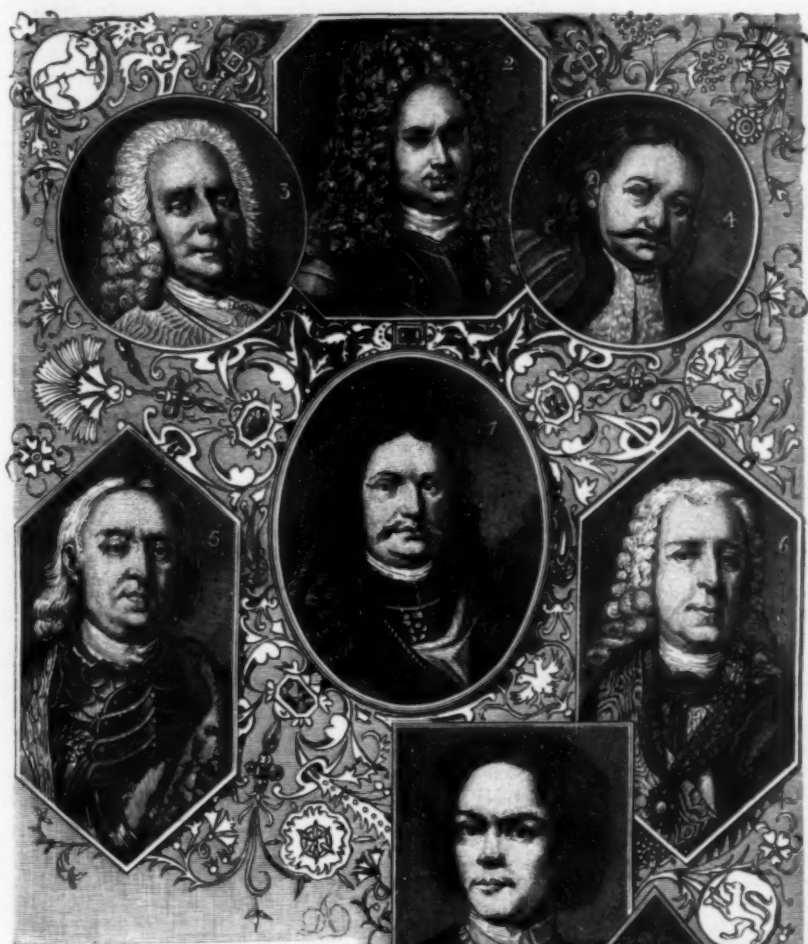
One of the first tasks which Peter set himself was to find a suitable harbor for his flotilla, and for that purpose he explored the coast on each side. The mouths of the Don, which were shallow or deep, according to the wind, afforded no secure refuge, and it was necessary to find a place which might be turned into a safe port. After several days spent in surveying, when he slept on the bench of a galley, almost fasting, Peter decided on an anchorage under a cape long known to the Cossacks as *Tagan-róg*, or the *Tagan Horn*. Here he ordered the construction of a fortress, as well as of another a little beyond, at *Otch-akófsky-róg*, and then intrusted the imperial engineer Laval with the task of properly fortifying the town of Azof, so that it should be impregnable to assaults by the Turks. The town was cleared as speedily as possible of its ruins, and two

Pasha, was obliged to fly to save his life, and lost the whole of his property, which was confiscated to the Treasury.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE EFFECT OF THE VICTORY. BUILDING A FLEET IN EARNEST.

It can be imagined with what delight the news of the surrender was received at Moscow. "When your letter came," wrote Vinius to the Tsar, "there were many guests at the house of Leo Kirilovitch (Naryshkin). He immediately sent me with it to the Patriarch. His Holiness, on reading it, burst into tears, ordered the great bell to be rung, and, in the presence of the Tsaritsa and of the Tsarévitch, gave thanks to the Almighty. All talked with astonishment of



COMPANIONS OF PETER.

1. Prince Gregory Dolgoruky. 2. Prince Nikita Repnine.
3. Prince William Dolgoruky. 4. Prince Ramodanofsky. 5.
Count Theodore Apraxin. 6. Prince Ivan Troubetskoy. 7.
Andrew Matveief. 8. Prince Boris Kurakin.

the humility of their lord, who, after such a great victory, has not lifted up his own heart, but has ascribed all to the Creator of heaven, and has praised only his assistants, although every one knows that it was by your plan alone, and by the aid you got from the sea, that such a noted town has bowed down to your feet."

All Peter's friends burst into a chorus of praise for his bravery, his genius, his humility, likening him to St. Peter, to Samson and to David. In reply to the congratulations of

Vinius, Peter quoted the verse, "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and suggested that it

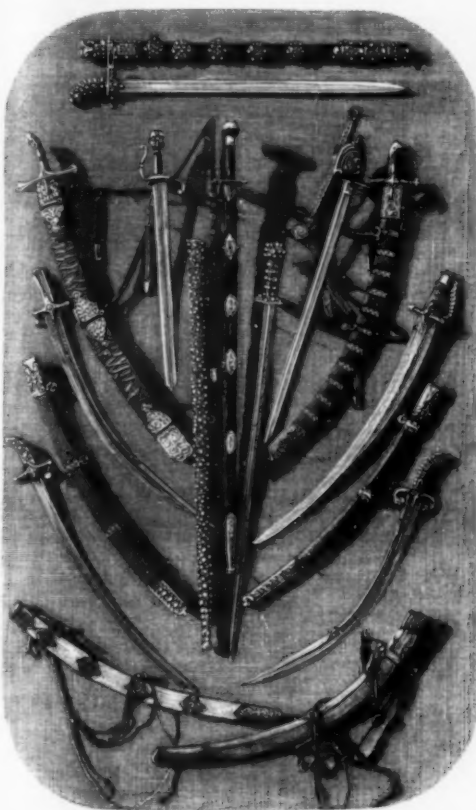
would be a meet and proper thing to honor him and the generalissimo with a triumphal arch, which might be placed near one of the bridges over the Moskva. While the arch was being built and the preparations made for the solemn entry of the troops, Peter busied himself for several weeks in visiting the iron-works in the neighborhood of Túla. Here he undoubtedly met the celebrated blacksmith Nikíta Demídof, who subsequently received those grants of mining land in the Urál which have led to the immense fortune of the present Demídof family. Nikíta Demídof was already known to Peter, at least by reputation, as the cleverest smith and iron-forger in all this region. On the road from Vorónezh to Túla, the Tsar was met by Mazeppa, who presented him with a magnificent saber, the hilt and scabbard of which were studded with precious stones, and informed him of the brave deeds done by the Zaporovian Cossacks during the summer. It seems that about fifteen hundred of these braves sailed down the Dnieper past the fortifications of Otchakóf, and hovered along the Crimean coast until they met three merchant vessels sailing under the Turkish flag to Caffa. Two of these they captured and burned, after they had transferred the cargoes, the guns and forty prisoners to their boats. Coasting still further along, they met three more ships coming out from the Azof Sea, and had already captured one of them, when three Turkish galleys came up. In the fight, the Cossack commander was killed, and some confusion ensued, in consequence of which they turned tail, vigorously pursued by the enemy. Unfortunately for them, the Turkish commander at Otchakóf was on the look-out, and they were obliged to take refuge on a desert island, where they concealed their booty. Crossing to the main-land, they then burnt their boats, and marched home with their prisoners. The small detachment left to guard the booty was betrayed by a Turk, and was captured after a long struggle.

After the Tsar had finished his inspection of the iron-works, he met his troops at Kolómenskoe, and made his triumphal entry into Moscow on the 10th of October. It had been very long since the Russians had had a real victory to celebrate, not, indeed, since the early days of the Tsar Alexis, and, in any case, such a sight was new to Moscow. The gilded carriages of the generalissimo and the admiral, the gorgeous trappings and the rich costumes of the boyárs, the retainers in

armor and coats of mail, the Streltsi in new uniforms, the triumphal arch with its pictures and inscriptions, presented a brilliant spectacle; but it was with great surprise, and not without displeasure, that the people of Moscow saw their Tsar in German dress and hat,—the uniform of a ship-captain,—walking in the suite of the Admiral Lefort.

The success of the Russian arms created a deep impression everywhere in Europe, sometimes of astonishment, sometimes of admiration. In Warsaw, it was not hailed with great enthusiasm by the governing classes. King Jan Sobiesky had died during the summer, and the Diet had as yet been unable to elect a successor. The French were intriguing for the election of the Prince de Conti, a nephew of the great Condé, and had succeeded in getting the election transferred to a general assembly of the Polish nobility. Another party was supporting the claims of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, and it was believed in Moscow that the Pope had recommended the choice of the exiled James II. of England. Even before the surrender of Azof, a Frenchman, Fourni, who was returning through Warsaw after having conducted some foreign officers to Russia, spoke to some of the nobles with praise of the Russian deeds in front of Azof, and especially of the acts of the young Tsar. The senators listened, shook their heads and said: "What a careless and reckless young man! What can be expected of him now?" The voievode Maczinsky remarked: "The Moskáls ought to remember what they owe to the late King Jan, how he raised them up and made them a mighty people, for if he had not concluded an alliance with them, they would have paid tribute to the Crimea until now, and would have sat quietly at home, while now they are getting polished." To this the voievode of Plock remarked: "It would have been better if they still sat at home. It would be no hurt to us. After they have got polished, and have smelt blood, you will see what will come of it; though may the Lord God never let it come to this!"

Nikítin, the Russian Resident at Warsaw, received the news of the capture of Azof on the 8th of September, during divine service, and immediately ordered a *Te Deum*, and fired a salute, amid the hurrahs of the worshippers. Four days later, Nikítin, in a solemn session of the Senate, gave to the Primate the Tsar's formal letter announcing the event, and made a speech in which, with all the flowery language of the time, he spoke



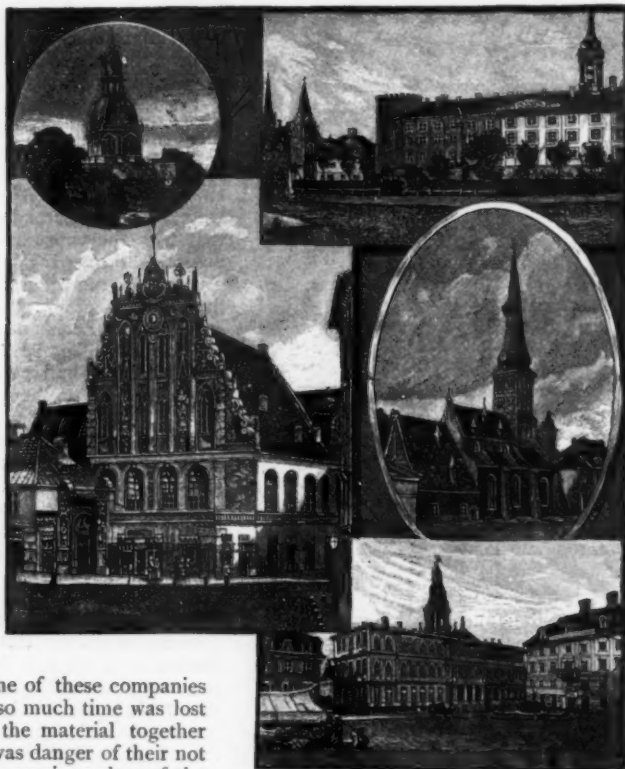
SABERS OF MAZEPPA, CHIEF OF THE COSSACKS (IN THE MUSEUM OF TSARKE SELO).

of the triumph over the heathen, urged the Poles to advance toward Constantinople, and assured them that perhaps Arabia itself would be open to the free Polish eagle; that now was the time for a crusade against the infidel; that now was the time to conquer countries and gain new and *lawful* titles for the Polish crown, instead of using titles forbidden by treaties. In reply to the threat in the concluding words, Nikitin was shortly afterward informed by the imperial ambassador that the senators had been frightened, and had resolved that in future the King should not use the title of Grand Duke of Kief and Smolensk, but added that the nobility were not very glad of the capture of Azof, although the common people were delighted. A few days later, formal congratulations were sent to the Resident, Te Deums were chanted in all the churches, and

a salute fired; but, at the same time, negotiations were begun with the Tartars and with Mazeppa. Sapieha, the hetman of Lithuania, even tried to diminish the success of the Russian arms by saying to Nikitin that Azof was not captured by arms, but surrendered.

If there were any at Moscow—either magnates or peasants—who, in the general joy, thought that with the capture of Azof the day of sacrifices was past, they were grievously disappointed. They little knew what ideas were already fermenting in Peter's mind. While in front of Azof, and even before its capture, Peter had written to the Venetian Senate, begging them, for the profit of all Christians, to send to Moscow thirteen good shipwrights who could construct all sorts of vessels of war. He had already the design of establishing a large fleet on the Black Sea. No sooner had the festivities in Moscow ended than, at a general council of the boyárs, it was decided to send three thousand families of peasants and three thousand Streltsi and soldiers to populate the empty town of Azof, and firmly to establish the Russian power at the mouth of the Don. At a second council, Peter stated the absolute necessity for a large fleet, and apparently with such convincing arguments, that the Assembly decided that one should

be built. Both civilians and clergy were called upon for sacrifices. Every landed proprietor possessing ten thousand peasants' homes, every monastery possessing eight thousand, was obliged to construct a ship fully equipped and armed, which should be entirely completed not later than the month of April, 1698. The merchants were called upon to contribute twelve mortar-boats, all other landed proprietors who possessed not less than a hundred peasants' homes were ordered to Moscow to enroll themselves into companies for the construction of ships. Details are known about sixty-one of these companies, of which nineteen were composed of the clergy. The ships and galleys were to be built at Vorónezh. The Government found the timber, but the companies were to provide the metal-work, the cordage, and all the other equipments, as well as the arma-



VIEWS IN RIGA.

ment. Some of these companies found that so much time was lost in getting the material together that there was danger of their not fulfilling the precise orders of the Tsar, and of being exposed to heavy penalties. For that reason, nearly all the vessels were built by contractors, who were chiefly foreigners from the German suburb. Among these we notice particularly Franz Timmermann, who was also a Government contractor, the Danish Resident, Butenant von Rosenbusch, and Ysbrandt Ides, who had recently returned from his mission to China. This arrangement was approved by the Tsar, and most of the ships were ready at the appointed time. Ten large vessels were also built by the state.

The Venetian Senate, in reply to the request of the Tsar, sent a number of shipwrights under the command of Captain Giacomo Moro, who arrived in January, 1697, and who showed such great skill in the construction of galleys that the Tsar, on sending them home at the completion of their work, expressed to the Venetian authorities his liveliest gratitude. There were, besides, many shipwrights from Denmark, Sweden,

and Holland, obtained through the intervention of Franz Timmermann and of the Danish Resident. Let us quote again from the preface of the Maritime Regulations, where Peter says:

"On this account he turned his whole mind to the construction of a fleet, and when, on account of the Tartar insults, the siege of Azof was begun, and afterward that town was fortunately taken, then, according to his unchangeable will, he did not endure thinking long about it. He quickly set about the work. A suitable place for ship-building was found on the river Vorónesh, close to the town of that name, skillful shipwrights were called from England and Holland, and in 1696 there began a new work in Russia—the construction of great war-ships, galleys, and other vessels; and so that this might be forever secured in Russia, and that he might introduce among his people the art of this business, he sent many people of noble families to Holland and other states to learn the building and management of ships; and that the monarch might not be shamefully behind his subjects in that trade, he himself undertook a journey to Holland; and in Amsterdam, at the East India

wharf, giving himself up, along with other volunteers, to the learning of naval architecture, he got what was necessary for a good carpenter to know, and, by his own work and skill, constructed and launched a new ship."

For the purpose mentioned in the preceding extract, Peter sent abroad fifty nobles, representatives of the highest and most distinguished families in the empire. Twenty-eight were ordered to Italy, especially to Venice, where they might learn the art of building galleys, the remainder to Holland and England. Each was accompanied by a soldier. According to their instructions, they were to make themselves familiar with the use of charts, compasses and navigation; they were to learn thoroughly the art of

servants of Peter and his successors; but not one distinguished himself in naval matters.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUSSIANS ABROAD.

DURING the reign of Iván the Terrible and his son Theodore, young Russian theological students were sometimes sent to Constantinople to learn Greek, and Boris Godunóv, as I have already said, sent a number of youths of good family to Lübeck, France and England, for the completion of their education. These last found foreign life so attractive that only two of them returned.



MODERN TARTARS OF THE VOLGA.

ship-building, and were to become practiced in the duties of common sailors. No one was to return without permission, and without a certificate attesting his proficiency, on penalty of the confiscation of all his property. They were obliged to pay their own expenses. Most of them were married and had children, and we can imagine their feelings, and those of their families, on being thus summarily sent to unknown and heretical lands to become common sailors. In point of fact, several of them turned their stay abroad to profit, and like Kurákin, Dolgorúky, Tolstói and Hilkóf, became skillful diplomats, able administrators and useful

Under the Tsar Alexis, the children of foreigners living in Moscow were sometimes sent abroad at the expense of the Government to study medicine, and even a Russian, Peter Postnikóf, the son of a high official in the foreign office, was sent, in 1693, to Italy, for the same purpose. He passed a distinguished examination at Padua in 1696, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, as well as that of Doctor of Philosophy. He did not, however, long pursue the practice of the healing art, for on account of his knowledge of Latin, French and Italian, the Government employed him in diplomatic affairs.

With these exceptions, most of the Rus-

sians who had traveled abroad up to this time, had been either pilgrims or diplomatists.* To some of these pilgrims we owe highly interesting accounts of Constantinople and the Holy Land, both before and after the occupation of the Imperial City by the Turks. The Abbot Daniel describes his meeting with Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, in 1115. The Deacon Ignatius was present at the coronation of the Emperor Manuel, in 1391, and Simeon, of Suzdal, accompanied the Metropolitan Isidore to the council of Florence in 1439.

The pilgrims were occupied chiefly with relics and with religious ceremonies. The diplomatists, although, like all good Christians, they did not neglect these, were more busied with court ceremonies and with formal official relations. Not understanding the language of the countries to which they were sent, their reports are very dry and meager, and taken up almost exclusively with exact accounts of the interviews they had with the ministers of foreign affairs, of their audiences with the sovereigns, and of their disputes on points of etiquette. They say almost nothing about the political state of the countries in which they traveled. Indeed, they were not in a condition to obtain information on these subjects. They had not sufficient experience of political life, much less of a political life differing from that of Russia, to know to what points to direct their attention, or how to make inquiries through an interpreter. It is difficult to see what impression even was made on them by foreign countries, or whether they were pleased by a life so different from that at home. Incidentally, we know that their stay abroad must have been agreeable to them, for frequently some members of the suite ran away in order not to return to Russia. We can see, too, that they were greatly interested in the canals and quays at Amsterdam, at Bologna and Verona. They were much pleased with the magnificent gardens of Holland and Italy, to which those made for the Tsar Alexis were so far inferior, and in these their admiration was especially excited by the fish-ponds and fountains. Works of art they were too uncultivated and unrefined to enjoy. The theater

pleased them more, but here they were chiefly struck by the costumes and the scenery. Ignorance of the language prevented them from appreciating the play or the acting, and the greatest operasingers were to them so many "wenches." Zoölogical gardens and the collections of curiosities, which at that time contained a mixture of the scientific, the rare, the monstrous, and the odd, interested them greatly. Their deepest impressions were, perhaps, those of the comfort, as well as of the luxury, of western life. The comfort, probably, they appreciated the more. For the introduction of luxury, little more than a command of money was required; for the appropriation of comfort, there were necessary an organization of social life and a careful management which it took many long years to naturalize in Russia. Some of the more observing diplomatists did indeed learn something of public life, and gained ideas which were useful to them at home. The financial and economical reforms of Alexis Kurbátov were the immediate fruits of what he had learned when accompanying the boyár Sheremétief. Ukraintsef would never have been the skillful diplomatist he was, had it not been for his experience in several embassies, and Zhelyabúzhky owed much to his stay in London, and his journey to Italy. In nearly all cases, even though on their return the travelers sank back into Russian life and Russian ways, their experience in the west must have given them a certain enlargement of mind, and a certain readiness to receive new ideas have sensibly weakened their prejudices against the west, and have powerfully aided in the Europeanization of Russia.

The most illustrious traveler of that day was the boyár Boris Sheremétief. He had gone to Lemberg in 1686, to receive the ratification of the Russian-Polish treaty by King Jan Sobiesky, and had afterward announced it at Vienna; but, in 1697, after the fatigue of his campaigns against the Turks and Tartars, he asked permission to go abroad as a simple traveler for the purpose of fulfilling a vow which he had made when in danger, to pray at the tombs of the Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, at Rome. This request, which fell in so well with the views of Peter at that time, was readily granted, and Sheremétief was given letters by the Tsar to the King of Poland, the Emperor of Austria, the Doge of Venice, Pope Innocent XII. and the Grand Master of Malta. Although he traveled simply as

* Occasionally, but rarely, a Russian merchant ventured abroad. We know of the mishaps of Laptéf (Chapter xxviii.), and we should not forget the brave merchant of Tver, Athanasius Nikitin, who has left us an entertaining story of his journey through India in 1468.

a tourist, he apparently had instructions to inquire into the relations of Venice, and especially of Malta, with the Orient, and to see what dependence could be placed on them, or what aid be expected from them, in case of the continuation of the war with Turkey. Sheremétief left Moscow in July, 1697, and did not return until the end of February, 1699. He took with him a numerous suite,—among them as his secretary and treasurer, Alexis Kurbátov, who afterward became distinguished as a financial reformer. Sheremétief traveled with great state, and his whole journey cost him the sum of 20,550 rubles, equivalent now to about \$200,000 (£40,000), fully ten or twelve times the salary usually received by the ambassadors. He was received with great ceremony and honor by the rulers of the countries he visited, was feasted and entertained by the nobles of Venice, Rome and Naples, all of which cities were then in the height of their social splendor; was courted by the Jesuits, who hoped to convert him, and through him to unite the Russian with the Catholic church; he was made a Knight of Malta, and was the first Russian who ever received a foreign decoration.

In general, the diplomatists were very badly paid. They were usually given twice the salary which they received from their official positions at home, in addition to presents of furs and provisions, and on their return usually further presents of furs. Only a small portion of their salary was paid in advance, and that chiefly in furs, which they had to sell at their post of duty in order to raise money. It was difficult for them to draw either on the Government or on their private property, as the commercial relations of Russia with foreign countries were at that time such that bills of exchange on Amsterdam were the only means of sending money abroad. They were therefore obliged to travel chiefly at their own expense, and frequently had great difficulty in getting paid when they came home. General Gordon was obliged to wait years for the payment of his expenses when on a special mission to England. The burden thus laid on diplomatists was not inconsiderable. Their suites were numerous. Likhátchef, for example, had twenty-eight persons with him, and the suite of Tchomodánof was so numerous that he was obliged to charter two vessels from Archangel, as they could not all be accommodated on one. They were enjoined also to give proper presents in the proper places, and always strictly to

pay their debts, that dishonor might not accrue to the Government. The manner of payment by furs and other articles of commerce, which they were obliged to sell in order to raise money, gave them sometimes more the air of commercial travelers and merchants than of ambassadors, and as they were naturally desirous of getting these wares—which were money to them—through the custom-houses free of duty, disputes with foreign governments, as we have already seen, were not unfrequently brought about. Besides this, too, they were sometimes commissioned to make sales of articles abroad for the benefit of the Government. Thus Tchomodánof took to Italy, on behalf of the Government, 3,600 pounds of rhubarb, worth, according to Russian calculations, five thousand rubles, and sables to the amount of one thousand rubles. The speculation was unsuccessful. No purchasers could be found for the rhubarb, because it had been injured at sea, and on account of the difficulty of its transport over the Apennines, Tchomodánof was obliged to leave Leghorn. But few of the sables were sold, and these at very low prices.

In some cases the Government assisted its envoys by lending them embroidered robes of state, jewels, plate and horse-trappings, which had to be exactly accounted for, and given back to the Treasury on their return.

Not the least interesting information contained in the reports of the Russian diplomatists is that concerning the difficulties of travel in those days. Journeys by water were always easier and cheaper than those by land, and the embassies sent to England, Holland, France or Italy usually went by sea from Archangel, although in so doing they were obliged to spend much time, and in the Mediterranean to expose themselves to imminent danger of capture by Turkish and Barbary pirates. The voyages of Likátchef and Tchomodánof from Archangel to Leghorn occupied between four and five months, and besides the pirates, they encountered icebergs and severe tempests. As to land travel, the journey through Turkey was too dangerous and difficult to be for a moment considered. In Poland, the hostile attitude of the magnates was such, especially during the constant intestine difficulties, that it was generally desirable to avoid that country, and there were often reasons for not passing through the territory of Riga. In traveling by land, too, there were frequent delays arising from difficulties of obtaining horses, and the bad manner in which Russian carriages were constructed. Sheremétief, who



TOWING A RUSSIAN BARGE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REPIN.)

took five months and a half for his journey from Moscow to Cracow, traveled, as long as he was on Russian soil, with his own horses. After crossing the frontier, he hired them. He frequently made only five or six miles a day. Even outside of Russia, a journey by land was necessarily slow. Sheremétief took a whole month to go from Vienna to Venice, and sixteen days for his return. Tchomodánof was eight weeks in going from Venice to Amsterdam, and Likátchef five and a half weeks from Florence to Amsterdam.

Even in England, the roads were so bad that in 1703 the Spanish Pretender Charles III. (VI.) was fourteen hours in driving from London to Windsor, although he stopped only when the carriage was overturned or stuck in the mud. There were great difficulties in crossing the mountains, whether in Switzerland or between Vienna and Venice. Sheremétief was put to much trouble and expense by the snow near Pontebba, on the road from Tarvis, and was obliged to go for some distance on foot. Likátchef was detained three days by a snow-storm on the St. Gothard. Stage-coaches were introduced into some parts of Europe, especially into Brandenburg, where in 1676 a Frenchman going to Berlin expressed his astonishment that one could travel in a coach by night. A pamphlet which appeared in England in 1673 tried to prove that stage-coaches were injuring trade in England, that fewer saddles, boots, spurs and pistols were bought than formerly, and that clothes were not worn out so fast since men could keep dry by sitting in the coaches, by which the use of manufactured articles was limited. It was alleged that traveling by stage-coach produced effeminacy, because people were

not exposed to the weather, and that traveling by night was very unhealthy.

The expenses of traveling were sometimes very great, even for a small party. Likátchef paid for four carriages, a baggage-wagon and four riding-horses, to go from Bologna to Modena, a distance of about twenty-four miles, the sum of 154 thalers, a great amount in those days.

In the larger towns, there were sometimes good inns. Sheremétief put up at the "Golden Bull" at Vienna, and at an inn in Naples. Montaigne, we all remember, when in Rome lodged at the Albergo dell'Orso, which he found too expensive for him. The account given by the President des Brosses, in 1739, of the inns in the Italian towns, especially in Rome, shows that they were not particularly comfortable. In the smaller towns and villages, the inns scarcely provided more than shelter for the horses, and travelers were obliged to take lodgings in some private house. The Russian diplomatists usually had recourse first to the merchants at Archangel, and then to the Dutch merchants in Amsterdam who had relations with Russia, and from them received information as to their road,—for they knew almost nothing of geography,—and letters to correspondents in different towns who obtained for them accommodation. On reaching their destination, they usually had accommodation provided for them by the government to which they were accredited. This sometimes happened in other places. Zhelyabúzhky was lodged in Massa at the Ducal castle, and in Trent Tchomodánof was entertained by the archbishop. Both at Rome and at Vienna, Sheremétief was able to hire large furnished apartments in palaces.

We have now followed Peter through his boyhood and early youth. I have endeavored to give some slight idea of the Russia of that day and of the temper of the times, of the surroundings in which Peter lived, of the events which affected the course of his life and developed his character, of the kind of education which he received, and of the school through which he passed. I shall at present make no attempt further to discuss or criticise his character. We have come to the end of a period in his intellectual and

moral development, as well as in the history of Russia. On his return from Europe, Peter was already a man, not only physically but intellectually and morally, and we shall now have to consider his militant and working life, his immense activity both as a ruler and a man, his struggles with foreign enemies and with domestic discontent, with his friends and with himself. We shall see what he strove to accomplish for Russia, and, later on, what were the permanent results of his work and his life.

END OF PART I.

SEVEN SECONDS.

THE clock stands on the shelf, between
The rare old vase and painted screen;
Behind, the mirror wide and clear
Repeats the graceful chandelier,
Repeats—as they were wrought in air
With more than mortal art and care—
Three crayoned heads, in simple frames
That, in the mirror's magic, seem
But as the windows where they sit
Still weaving with their fragrant frames,
In songs—like lilies on a stream—
The poet's passion, pathos, wit;
And hearing, far-off called, their names,
As they who listen in a dream,
No longer marveling at it.

Repeats the draperies' sweep and fall,
The ruddy basses of the wall,
The table, spread with tempting fare,
Its tints and curves of dainty ware,
The living faces circled there;
The host and hostess subtly wise
In gracious care for child and guest,
Supplying needs ere they arise,
Yet never losing thought nor jest,
Each answering with the fit replies
And hospitably kindling eyes
That stir sweet pulses in the breast.

Ah, they who've shared this pleasant
scene
(And they are scores and scores, I ween)
Will know what noble home I mean,
What warm, true hearts and cordial cheer
In simple phrase depicted here;
For well they know, scarce any land
Hath home and host at its command
So great of heart, so clean of hand.

VOL. XX.—59.

Yet, when the clock that stands between
The rare old vase and painted screen
Struck seven, I heard my host no more;
The scene receded as a shore
From which one sails, and fine and clear,
As borne through miles of atmosphere,
From belfry high in summer heaven,
The clock throbbed on from one to seven.

Strange shadow-forms before me rose
And moved in cloister's dim repose,
And I, who ne'er had been in Rome,
Heard holy mass 'neath Peter's dome,
And under glow of Roman skies
Returned the glance of Roman eyes!
Methought I heard the fabled Rhine,
Between fair banks of purpling vine,
Breathe Lorelei's unceasing moan
To ancient ruin's darkened stone;
And saw hot streets of Florence shine
Before that mighty Florentine,
The awful shadow of whose eyes
Enfoldeth Hell and Paradise!

There sad Savonarola went,
With hands like woman's, claspt in prayer;
Here Romola, her spirit bent
In that contraction of despair
That murdered hope, but could not kill
The grandeur of her selfless will;
Beneath the coil of her gold hair—
As she were Mercy's patron saint—
She passeth corridor and stair,
With food and smiles for them that faint.
While, in this hour of evil hap,
Soft, in a contadina's lap,
Beneath the tender shade of trees,
The graceful Tito sleeps at ease.

And then methought some vesper bell
Tolled soft and slow the dying knell,—
And girls in wreaths of violets
Now dance to clash of castanets,
And high, where dazzling glaciers hung,
I heard a merry jodel sung,
And saw, from dizzy heights of ice,
A hand that plucked an edelweiss!

Then gave the sea a mighty roll,
And passed beneath me like a scroll!

I stood upon my native shore,
In dear New England woods once more;
The heart's-ease clustered at my feet,
Around me climbed the bitter-sweet —
Just then the clock, that stands between
The rare old vase and painted screen,
Struck the last tone of seven!— My
host

Was spreading butter on his toast,
His kind dark eyes were bent on me.
"I see you like my clock," said he.

TO BOLT OR NOT TO BOLT.

THE object of this paper is to conjugate, interrogatively, the political verb "to bolt" through the present and imperfect tenses of the potential mood. May, can, or must I bolt? Might, could, would, or should I bolt? What are the limits of party allegiance? Is a member of a political party ever at liberty to refuse to vote for the nominees of his party, or for any of them? By abstention, or by voting for one or more of the candidates of the opposition, does he cease to be a member of the party with which he has commonly acted? These are the questions to be considered.

To many readers such a discussion will appear superfluous, if not trivial. That it is the right, and may be the duty, of individual members of a political party to protest at the ballot-box against measures adopted or nominations made by their own party, will seem to many a truism. But there is a large class of active political workers by whom it will not be so regarded. When a respectable political convention, like one that lately met in Connecticut, and that counted among its delegates many of the best men in the State, unanimously pledges all the Republicans of the State to vote for the Republican presidential candidate about to be nominated at Chicago, "whoever he may be," it is plain that the right and the duty of independent political action is not so clearly recognized as it ought to be. How it is possible for wise and prudent men to commit themselves to such a declaration, or even silently to consent to it, passes my comprehension. Instances of this sort are not rare, however; and many utterances of press and platform might be quoted in which the right of bolting is vehemently denied. A discussion of the subject that may be

somewhat elementary cannot, therefore, be superfluous.

Most voters in this country are connected, more or less closely, with one or the other of the two great political parties. We shall assume for the present that this is the best arrangement; that the conscientious citizen can best discharge his political duties by connecting himself with that party whose methods seem to him the least objectionable, and whose principles the most wise and patriotic. Having connected himself with this party, the question arises, to what extent he shall submit his own judgment concerning measures and candidates to the decision of the majority.

That members of voluntary associations must often defer to the decision of the majority is not questioned. No individual can expect that all the acts of the organization will approve themselves to his intelligence, nor that all the persons put in nomination will represent his ideals. The party will sometimes come short of the standards of its most thoughtful members, and sometimes will go far beyond them; but those who freely criticise its action may continue to support it, because their agreements with it are more numerous and more positive than their disagreements, because they believe in the general course of its policy, and think that it ought to be kept in power.

While thus supporting the party in most of its measures, and voting for the great majority of its candidates,—even for many who are not altogether acceptable, and whose nomination they have opposed,—these thoughtful voters are sometimes brought into places where they cannot act with their party. Up to a certain point they will defer to the judgment of the majority; beyond

that point they will not go. Measures will sometimes be proposed which they cannot support, but which they will denounce and resist with all their might. Men will sometimes be placed in nomination for whom they cannot vote, but whom they will do their utmost to defeat.

In both the parties, men are found who sometimes venture thus to put themselves in opposition to the majority. I say that such men are found in each of the parties, but the question now under discussion is whether or not a man who takes the liberty of differing with the majority of his party, and of expressing his dissent by his votes, continues, after this action, to be a member of the party.

It is said by many active politicians that the man who declines to vote for any regular nominee, by that act puts himself out of the party. If this is true, the number of intelligent members in good standing cannot be large in either party; for there are few voters who have not, at one time or another, for one reason or another, voted against the regular nominee.

Others of the party managers decline to discuss the question of the actual membership of these occasional dissenters, but they assert that such men have no right to be in the party, though they may continue to claim a place in it. Those who cannot submit to the majority, they say, ought to leave the party. If they have not left it, so much the worse for their consistency and their honor. The very condition of the existence of a party, say these gentlemen, is that the majority shall rule; and when a man cannot submit to that rule, he ought not to claim membership in the party.

What is meant by this maxim that the majority must rule? In civil government, under democratic forms, we understand it. When the will of the majority has been fairly expressed at the ballot-box, the minority must offer no armed nor forcible resistance. It does not mean that there should be no opposition to this decision of the majority, and no peaceable attempts to reverse it. Everything that the minority can do by *political methods*, by agitation and by voting, to secure a repeal of the measure to which they were opposed, they have a perfect right to do, and are bound to do, if in their judgment the measure was unwise or iniquitous.

This maxim that the majority must rule cannot even be forced to mean that there must never be, on the part of a good citizen, any hesitation about obeying the laws enacted by the majority. Doubtless, the

good citizen will, as a rule, yield obedience to laws fairly enacted, even though he may be convinced of their un wisdom; but even here fealty finds its limits. Sometimes laws will be framed that a good citizen cannot obey. He will not forcibly resist them, but he will not yield obedience to them; he will go to prison first. The authority of the government he honors by peaceably enduring the penalty of disobedience, while he protests by his disobedience against the injustice and iniquity of this particular enactment. Such was the attitude taken by a great multitude of citizens toward the Fugitive Slave Law. The law commanded all good citizens to aid the marshal in capturing fugitive slaves. Hundreds of thousands of voters at once declared that they would never do this thing; that they would make no factious resistance to the officers engaged in the execution of the law, but rather than perform the service required by the law, they would be punished by fine or imprisonment.

This is not an isolated case. Instances of a similar nature have occurred under all free governments. It is not a rare thing to find men who for conscience' sake refuse to obey laws enacted by the majority of their fellow-citizens. They are not always the worst people in the land. Many of the most precious rights now possessed by men are the fruit of such conscientious disobedience.

Even in government, therefore, the maxim that the majority must rule cannot be quoted to forbid independent thinking or independent action. The scriptural injunction, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers," must be interpreted, even by those to whom the scripture is a rule, in the light of such words as those of the apostles to the Sanhedrim: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard." The citizen reserves the moral right not only to work for the repeal of the law that violates his conscience, but, in extreme cases, even to disobey it, and take the consequences. When he does this, he does not cease to be a citizen. Should the men who refused to obey the Fugitive Slave Law in America, and the men who now denounce as infamous the Contagious Diseases Act in England, be regarded as out-laws? Should a citizen who thus finds himself restrained by conscience from obeying or executing bad laws proceed to expatriate himself? If the whole course of

the government were offensive to him, if the majority of its acts seemed to him unjust or oppressive, doubtless he would emigrate; but this is not the case. Should his opposition to one particular measure, which he deems unjust, take away his rights of citizenship, or lead him to feel that he must in honor forfeit them?

Even in the nation, then, the principle that the majority must rule cannot be pushed to the extent of requiring an absolute compliance on the part of every citizen with every act of the majority. The obligations of justice and righteousness are higher than any that can be imposed by the will of the majority; and the individual who believes that justice and righteousness are sacrificed by laws enacted by the will of the majority is justified, not in armed resistance, but in a refusal to obey these laws. So much of the right of private judgment as this must be conceded to the patriot; to deny him this is to assail the foundations of morality.

The measure of independence which is claimed by the citizen cannot be denied to the partisan. Fealty to party cannot be a stronger obligation than fealty to the government of the nation. If it would be immoral to insist that the citizen must always submit his conscience to the majority of his countrymen, and must never oppose, even by political methods, the acts of this majority, it is still more immoral to insist that the partisan must hold his judgment in suspense, and must never venture to antagonize the majority of his party. It is only by political methods that the bolter does oppose his party. His action in the party is no more destructive or revolutionary than that of the opposition in the government. If the maxim that the majority must rule forbids the minority of the party to oppose the measures or the nominees of the party, it also forbids the opposition to work for the overthrow of the administration and the repeal of obnoxious laws.

"But this," says the political machinist, "is an utter misconception of the whole case. A party is a voluntary association of individuals for political purposes, and the condition of its existence is that the majority shall rule in its councils. That is the very foundation on which a political party stands."

Here, again, we join issue with the machinist. The party, if it has a right to live, is not the mere creature of a convention. It stands for certain principles. It aims at certain definite ends. The men who formed

it were not drawn together by the cohesive power of public plunder, but by their devotion to these principles and their desire to attain these ends. It was their agreement upon these ideas and purposes that formed them into a party—not the bald and unprincipled compact that the majority should rule.

A party in a free country which can show a reason for its existence has the condition of its existence supplied. All it needs to do is to publish its purposes and prove that it is going to work in a sensible way to accomplish them. When its standards are thus lifted up, those to whom they are attractive will flock around them. Intelligent men who join the party do so with the understanding that they will support it only so long as it adheres to the principles on which it was organized, and shapes its policy in such a way as to secure them. When the party managers forget the objects for which the party was formed, or manage its affairs in such a way as to defeat those objects, then fealty to the party requires the overthrow of this management. If this can be done in the caucuses, well and good; if not, it ought to be done at the polls. The temporary check thus given to the party may serve to drive the bad managers from power, and to recall the party to its own standards.

A party that is led by men who are deserving of confidence, and that is working for worthy and practicable ends, in a straightforward and sensible way, ought to have no difficulty in keeping up its organization and in securing its full share of the popular vote without resorting to any rigid methods of party discipline. To say that a party thus managed could not succeed in this country, is to say that free government is a failure in this country. A party that is led by men who are not deserving of confidence, and that is working in crooked and corrupt ways for no intelligible or patriotic ends, ought not to succeed in this country nor anywhere else.

In the party whose principles are sound, whose methods are open, and whose leaders are wise, party discipline is superfluous. In the other sort of party it is mischievous.

In the earlier and purer days of the political organizations, very little is heard of the obligation to support the nominees of the party. The vigorous cracking of the party whip is a pretty sure sign that corruption has crept into the management, that the men in power have ceased to work for worthy ends, and have come to regard the party as a machine for gathering and distributing the spoils of office. A man who thinks

that that is what a political party is for, may reasonably complain of those who venture to bolt the regular nominations. And as a matter of fact, the doctrine of the wickedness of bolting is principally taught by men to whom the spoils are the chief concern, and who do not see how it is possible for a party to continue in existence after it has lost the offices. The vigorous preaching of this doctrine, instead of dissuading the intelligent voter, generally serves to suggest to him that the time has come when bolting is in order.

But some of the stricter partisans, while admitting that, under certain circumstances, bolting may be allowable, deny that it can be honorably practiced by any man who has taken part in a caucus or a nominating convention. Every man who goes into such a caucus or convention, they say, binds himself to vote for the persons nominated. To refuse to vote for the nominee is an act of perfidy.

On the theory that the caucus is a political pool, made up by persons all of whom have selfish purposes to serve, this claim would have some color. If the offices are regarded as the proceeds of a fund contributed by a surrender on the part of each member of the caucus of his own pretensions, and to be distributed by a vote of the caucus, then the man who will not abide by the decision is a mean man. But this is not exactly the view of the caucus taken by some of those who occasionally visit such assemblies. They have no selfish interests to serve. They have no pretensions to surrender. They ask nothing and want nothing from the caucus except the privilege of expressing their minds. The caucus is called by the party with which they are in substantial agreement, and for the great majority of whose candidates they have been in the habit of voting. They sometimes take the liberty of scratching a name, but they prefer, when the nominations are not too bad, to vote the regular ticket. Naturally, they would like to have something to say about these nominations. If the caucus proceeds, in opposition to their wishes, to nominate an unfit candidate, how does it become a perfidious act for them to refuse to vote for him? If a man goes into a caucus and asks for a nomination for himself and fails to get it, then it may look badly for him to refuse to vote for the person who is nominated; but the doctrine that the independent voter who wants no office is debarred the right of voting against a bad man because he took part in the caucus that

nominated him, is a doctrine hard to be understood.

One of the things most offensive to the machinist is the presence in caucuses of men who have distinctly announced beforehand that they will not vote for certain candidates whose names are likely to be brought before these caucuses. "If you do not mean to vote for my candidate in case he is nominated," says the machinist, "what right have you to come into the caucus? If you mean to oppose him in any case, it would be much more honorable in you to stay away from the caucuses and conventions that are proceeding to nominate him."

I must beg the reader not to credit me with the invention of this reasoning. This antagonist is not a man of straw. I have taken these words from the lips of political teachers of intelligence and high standing. They have been addressed to me, within ten days, by one who protested that I ought not to take part in a caucus, because I had declared I would not vote for one of the candidates whose name was to be considered in that caucus. The protestant was not a boss or a political corruptionist, either, but a respectable and fair-minded man. Let me plead, then, to this indictment as though I were myself on trial.

In the first place, I would say to the objector, I do not choose to assume that your candidate is going to be nominated. The caucus is not called simply to nominate him, but to decide whether he or somebody else shall be the candidate. If all those who are opposed to him attend the caucuses, perhaps his nomination can be prevented. If the man is unfit for the office, it is my duty to attend the caucus and do what I can to prevent the nomination. I have seen worse men than he is nominated by this party—men for whom I could not vote. I cannot, therefore, assume on the other hand that this man will not be nominated. It looks, indeed, as though he would be, unless a most energetic protest were made against his candidacy. I cannot and will not vote for him. Is it not, therefore, the duty of all who think as I do to speak their minds before this caucus meets, as well as in the caucus, that those who are managing the canvass in his interest may know what they can depend upon? If I failed to do so, I might be accused of bad faith; but I cannot see why that charge should be made against me for announcing my purpose to oppose in the caucus and at the polls a man whom I regard as unworthy. I oppose the nomi-

nation of this man as a party man, because I want my party to succeed, and because I believe that under his leadership it would be defeated.

I shall oppose his election, if he is nominated, also as a party man; because, though I wish the party to succeed, I believe that it would be better for it to be beaten than to succeed with such a candidate. I believe that it is always wholesome for a thoroughly good party to be defeated when it nominates a thoroughly bad candidate. I believe that the elements which are identified with this candidacy are in the highest degree detrimental to the health and the future usefulness of the party, and that the only way to save the party, or to keep it in a condition in which it will be worth saving, is to purge it of these bad elements. Therefore, as one who believes in this organization and wishes to preserve it from destruction, I shall vote against this candidate if you nominate him.

I shall vote against him on other grounds which to you may not be intelligible, and which I will not now go over; but on the low ground of fidelity to the highest interests of my party I claim the right to oppose this candidate in the canvass, in the caucus and at the polls.

It is certain that there are a good many voters in the country who sustain a relation to the two political parties very much like that which I have now described. There are Republicans, for example, who generally vote the Republican ticket, who approve the policy of the Republican party on the whole, and who would be glad to see that party maintained in power. They are not, however, what are known as "thick and thin" Republicans. They do not believe that the Republicans monopolize the righteousness and the Democrats the iniquity of the land. They are not ready to say what so many of their party are saying in these days, that they would rather vote for the worst Republican in the country than for the best Democrat. Such talk savors to them of infatuation. The frenzy of apprehension into which many partisans lash themselves just before election, in view of the possible success of the other party, appears to them quite absurd. They would greatly prefer that their own party, under wise leaders, should keep the control of the government, but they believe that success would make the other party cautious and conservative; and they have no fear that the republic would take any serious detriment in the hands of any Democratic rulers who are

likely to be chosen. As Mr. Adams said in his speech to the Young Republicans at New York not long ago, they look at the two neighboring States of New York and New Jersey, the one under Democratic rule and the other under Republican, and are unable to see that the one State is going to destruction any faster than the other. And when they compare two successive administrations, like that of Governor Robinson, the Democrat, and that of Governor Cornell, the Republican, in New York State, they can by no means discover that contrast, as of darkness with light, which, on the theory of the screaming partisan, ought to force itself upon their notice.

When John Morrissey said, a few years ago, that he would vote for the devil if that "favorite son" of another section should get the regular Democratic nomination, they thought the sentiment immoral. When a delegate to the Republican Convention at Worcester said the same thing the other day, in view of the possible selection of the same candidate by his party, they thought it no more moral. In short, these moderate Republicans are able to conceive of contingencies in which they would vote for the Democratic candidate rather than for the candidate of their own party. So much liberty as this they reserve for themselves in their political action. They have occasionally exercised this liberty, and they may do it again.

It is to be presumed that there is also a considerable number of men who have affiliated heretofore with the Democratic party who hold substantially the same relation to that party.

Now, inasmuch as a party is, in a certain sense, a voluntary association, it is, no doubt, within the power of each of the parties, speaking through its representatives in some general convention, to read out of its membership all those persons who venture thus to decide for themselves whether they will support the regular nominations or not. If the Republicans at Chicago, or the Democrats at Cincinnati, had distinctly announced in their platforms that they want nobody henceforth to take any part in their caucuses or conventions, or to claim any privileges of membership, who will not promise beforehand to support all the regular nominees of the party, whoever they may be, that declaration would have greatly simplified matters. A large number of persons who have been in the habit of acting with the two parties would, no doubt, have with-

drawn from all relations with them, and party discipline would be easily maintained. If this is what the party leaders wish, I submit that they are bound to say so explicitly, that we may have an authoritative declaration of the conditions of membership in each of the political parties. Those of us who have been accustomed heretofore to exercise some independence in our political action, will then know exactly what to do. We shall be very sure not to intrude into caucuses and conventions that are called upon this basis.

We have not, however, been favored hitherto with any such declaration of political high-churchism. Here and there some thick and thin partisan has flung it in our faces that we were acting dishonorably in attending caucuses where we would not bind ourselves to vote for all the nominees of the caucuses, whoever they might be; and latterly, since the party machines have been running a little more briskly, these outgivings have taken on in some cases a semi-official tone; but in general we have been given to understand that, in spite of our known disposition to think for ourselves, our votes would not only be cheerfully counted for the candidates of the party, but we would also be tolerated in making such suggestions concerning the party policy as might occur to us. I am not able to speak of the attitude assumed by the Democratic party toward this class of voters, but the action of the Republican party in several cases has been exactly the reverse of that on which the thick-and-thin partisans are now insisting. At the Republican State Convention of 1873, Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, that illustrious expounder of political ethics, submitted the following proposition:

"Whereas, The great principle of obedience to the will of the majority underlies all Republican governments, and is the sole test of fealty to party organization, and no honorable man ought or should desire to take part in a political convention who does not abide by its action when fairly expressed; and whereas, Mr. Henry M. Green, elected a delegate and holding a seat in this convention, has publicly declared that he will not be bound by the nomination of this convention in case Benjamin F. Butler is its candidate for governor; therefore,

"Resolved, That Henry M. Green be debarred from taking any part in the proceedings of this convention."

That resolution was squelched by a vote of 586 to 406, and thus the Republican party of Massachusetts put its official foot on the doctrine that bolting is dishonorable.

In 1875, the Massachusetts State Conven-

tion adopted the following resolution, reported by Senator Dawes:

"It is therefore declared that the Republican party of Massachusetts will support no man for official position whose personal character is not an absolute guaranty of fidelity to every public trust; and they invoke the condemnation of the ballot-box upon every candidate for office who fails of this test, whatever be his party, name or indorsement."

The very last Republican convention of the same State unanimously adopted the following luminous statement of the doctrine of party allegiance:

"The duty of all Republicans loyally to support the candidates of the party, and the duty of nominating conventions to present candidates who are acceptable to all Republicans, are reciprocal duties, of equal force and obligation."

The last named of these duties comes first in the order of time, and when it is not performed the other obligation ceases to bind.

Such is the doctrine of party allegiance as clearly set forth by high Republican authority, and never, so far as I know, retracted by any representative body. The recognition of the right of private judgment and independent action could not be more distinctly made. These deliverances give that class of Republicans to which I have referred all the liberty that they have ever claimed.

Much complaint has been made of late years that citizens of intelligence and character neglect the caucuses, leaving them to be managed by the professional politicians and their tools. I have supposed that there was some reason for this complaint. It would seem that men of this class have recently been striving to make amends for this neglect. For now we hear voices warning them that if they come into the caucuses they must leave their consciences where the Mussulman leaves his shoes,—outside the door. That greeting does not re-assure them; and it may be safely predicted that the party which enforces the most rigid discipline will hear the least of these men in its councils, and see the fewest of them bearing its ballots to the polls.

It is true that the service rendered by men of this class in either of the great parties will be disagreeable and thankless. The man who has no ax of his own to grind, and who goes into a caucus or a convention simply for the sake of securing the nomination of the best men, is likely to encounter the ill-will of a great many people who have axes to grind. The duty which he undertakes is one from which a great many of us

would gladly be absolved. There is another method of influencing political action which is much less disagreeable, and which we are sometimes inclined to adopt. That is the method of holding aloof from all parties, and voting independently for those candidates of either party who seem to us most worthy. It is argued that a small independent vote can thus control the elections, and that the influence of intelligent and conscientious men can be exerted most effectually in this way. In an admirable speech lately made by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to which I have already referred, the wisdom of this method is strongly argued. "In the State of New York," says Mr. Adams, "as nearly as can be estimated, forty-five men out of every hundred who vote can be counted on to vote the Republican ticket, and forty-five men to vote the Democratic ticket. The other ten men in the hundred constitute an unknown element. These ten men we believe we can make fourteen. If we can, we are masters of the situation. They have got to give us what we believe the highest interests of the country demand, or we will not vote for their candidates. Every child knows that the boy on the center of the tilting-board can make either end, if the ends are equally weighted, go up or down at pleasure."

That illustration would be pertinent if the independent vote would all go one way. Unfortunately, however, it is not and cannot, by the supposition, be an organized and compact body; and it is too apt to divide and scatter. If the fourteen independent voters would all stand on the same side of the tilting-board every time, they could have things their own way; unhappily, they are often found standing in about equal numbers on either side of the middle, balancing one another. And although the power of the men who are wholly outside of all parties is sometimes most beneficently exerted, it is a serious question whether, on the whole, and in the long run, these men would not accomplish more of good by connecting themselves with that political party which will tolerate the largest measure of independence, and exerting their influence in its councils for the purification of its management and the elevation of its standards.

Mr. Adams instances, as one who has wielded great political influence, James Freeman Clarke, of Massachusetts. "Mr. Clarke," he says, "is a clergyman; he is a man of acknowledged weight of character;

in politics he is nothing if not independent. Well, take him into a convention, and it is comical to see Mr. Clarke unhorse the war-horses. He smites them with his individuality." It seems to me that Mr. Adams's illustration disproves his doctrine. Mr. Clarke is something more than an independent in politics. He is an independent Republican. He votes the Republican ticket, I dare say, in the great majority of cases, using his liberty of bolting when he believes that the interests of the party and of the country require it. He goes to the caucuses. It is in the conventions, is it not, that he "unhors the war-horses"? The power that he has wielded has been in connection with the Republican party, as a faithful and fearless upholder of purity and integrity in the party management. The best things that he has done he never could have done if he had been content to stand with Mr. Adams on the center of the tilting-board.

I agree with the latter that "we want more James Freeman Clarkes."

This is not, of course, the way to office. Men who desire political preferment can no more follow the leadership of James Freeman Clarke than that of Charles Francis Adams, Jr. I am not, however, quite able to agree with Mr. Adams when he goes on to say:

"If a man does not want office, and does want to make his single vote and his individual influence tell; if he has no wish for political preferment and would always give his voice for the better man; if he is nothing unless critical, and if, while devoting himself to business or his special calling, he would fain still do his share in politics as behooves the good citizen of a republic; if, in fine, he wishes to be always a thinking man and never a fevered partisan, then, in that case, he belongs to us. Let him come up here at once to the center of the tilting-board. He must join that malignant body of independents and scratchers of which I am glad of every occasion to pronounce myself a consistent and a persistent member."

Now I, for my part, should like to be all that Mr. Adams here supposes, with the exception of one trait. I do not care to be "nothing unless critical." I would prefer to be critical and something besides. And while I am free to admit that the path into which he invites is much less thorny than the one in which I am walking, I am not at all clear, after all his pithy exhortation, that it is a better way to walk in. It seems to me that the good citizen who wants no office can do his duties more effectively by keeping in close but

critical connection with a political party, and bringing his influence directly and constantly to bear upon the shaping of its policy and the choice of its candidates. I am inclined to agree with Governor Andrew that in politics as well as in religion the "stay-inners" can do better service than the "come-outers."

So long, therefore, as there is room in either party for intelligent and conscientious men who will not relinquish their right of private judgment, it seems to me that they

can better serve their country as active members of a party. When the bosses make up their minds not to admit to membership anybody who is not a thick-and-thin partisan, we shall have nothing left to do except to climb up with Mr. Adams to the center of his tilting-board. In the meantime, we shall use such opportunities as we have; and, whether coming out or staying in, endeavor to exercise our political rights in securing juster laws and purer administration.

"THERE IS A NATURAL BODY."

IMMORTAL is my friend, I know:
Not summer's turf nor winter's snow
Nor depth of earth could turn to nought
So much of life and love and thought.

And yet that form I did intrust
To kindred earth, the dust to dust,
And thither still my thoughts will tend,
As if to find my vanished friend.

Sacred the robe, the faded glove,
Once worn by one we used to love;
Dead warriors in their armor live,
And in their relics saints survive:

And there I tenderly laid down
The hands that fondly clasped my own,—
The eyes that knew and answered mine
With many a meaning, loving sign,—

The lips familiar with my name,
That freely called me and I came,—
The breast that harbored all good-will,
The loving heart now cold and still.

O sheltering Earth, henceforth defend
All thou hast garnered of my friend
Against the wintry tempest's beat,
Against the summer's scorching heat.

Within thine all-embracing breast
Is hid one more forsaken nest,
While in the sky, with folded wings,
The bird that left it sits and sings.

ONE HUNDRED MILES IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE cavernous limestone of Kentucky covers an area of 8000 square miles; and a ride of eighty-five miles on the Louisville and Great Southern Railroad took my companion and myself to the heart of this wonderful region.

We left the cars at Cave City—only a cluster of houses amid the cornfields—and mounted to the top seat of an old-fashioned stage-coach, that makes daily trips to Mammoth Cave, ten miles distant. Edmondson County, within whose limits it is located, has about 4000 sink-holes and 500 open caverns, many of which are but nameless grottoes, while others have gained celebrity. The road winds among the hills and across a high table-land to the bluffs of Green River. The soil is comparatively sterile, the farms are few and poorly tilled, and large tracts of woodland seem to be yet untouched by the ax. Openings are observed here and there amid the rocks, each being, as the driver assured us, the mouth of a cave.

"Are any of them," I asked, "equal to Mammoth Cave?"

"No, siree," responded Jehu, with a crack of the whip that made the leaders prance, "I reckon it's wuth fifty sich holes in the groun'. What's your notion about it, Judge?"

"I have visited the chief caverns of the West," replied the judge, "and in my opinion, going from any one of them to Mammoth Cave is like exchanging a log cabin for a palace."

A medley of legends and anecdotes was then served up for us in Corn-cracker vernacular, with accounts of Diamond, Salts, White, Short, the Grand Crystal and Proctor's caves, and others of less note.

A bugle-flourish heralded our arrival at the Cave Hotel,—a spacious building evolved from a log-cabin germ,—and brought around the coach a throng of guests expecting friends, and negro servants offering to take our luggage.

The hotel register shows an aggregate of over 2000 visitors a year. Adjoining the office is a cabinet where specimens are for sale; the rules judiciously forbidding visitors to help themselves. Another rule prohibits the use of surveyors' instruments, lest some

unscrupulous person should find a new entrance beyond the 2000 acres now comprising the estate, and steal the cave. Such maps as have been published are therefore not correct, having been prepared without accurate measurement.

The regular hour for entering the cave is nine A. M. The proprietor, Captain W. S. Miller, on learning our errand, generously gave us a special guide, and the freedom of the cave as long as we continued our explorations. An outfit includes a close-fitting cap, easy shoes, a stout dress, a walking-stick, a swinging lamp and some matches. The guide for each party carries extra lamps, a can of lard oil, a lunch basket and a haversack of fire-works. Thus equipped, each working-day for a fortnight beheld us following Tom Lee, our special guide, down the shady path to the mouth of the cave. The other guides, colored men, are familiarly known as Old Mat, Old Nick, and William. The original guide, whose daring exploits and striking traits made him famous, was Stephen Bishop; his remains now rest in the tangled grave-yard near the garden.

Mammoth Cave has a noble vestibule! Amid tulip-trees and grape-vines, maples and butternuts, fringing ferns and green mosses, is the entrance to this under-ground palace. From a frowning ledge a cascade leaps to the rocks below, where it vanishes at once, forming no running stream. The former entrance, through which the discoverer, a hunter named Hutchins, in 1809, made his way in pursuit of a bear, is near the bank of Green River, about half a mile distant. Since that day the roof has fallen in, cutting off a section now known as Dixon's Cave, and leaving the present mouth; which is 194 feet above water level, and 118 feet below the summit of the bluff on which stands the hotel.

A winding flight of seventy stone steps conducts us around the cascade, into an antechamber. At the end of this is a grated iron door to which each guide has a key. The cave, originally bought for forty dollars, is now valued at \$250,000; and this formidable door protects it from spoliation.

As we cross the portal, a strong current

of air blows out our lights, but a few yards within, where the draft is weaker, we rekindle them. This phenomenon, which I had previously observed in Wyandot and other large caves, is due to a marked difference in temperature between the atmosphere within, and that without the cave. Both the air and the water in the cave nearly correspond with the heat of the earth itself, which in that latitude varies but little from 56° Fahrenheit throughout the year. In some of the dryer chambers the mercury rises to 58°, and in some of the springs and pools it falls to 52°. On our first visit, the thermometer at the hotel office indicated 100° in the shade, a difference on that day of more than 40°, which caused, of course, a strong outward flow. The current is said to set inward in cold weather, when the conditions are reversed. Chemical processes also are continually at work, surcharging the cave atmosphere with oxygen, and of course forcing it out as the volume expands. I was informed that Salts Cave, not far distant, in which these chemical agencies are much more active, never inhales at all, but exhales all the year round.

The first objects exhibited to visitors are the relics of saltpeter works in the Rotunda. Ruts of cart-wheels and hoof-prints of oxen remain in the indurated clay, leading to the pumps, pipes, and eight large vats, from which, during the war of 1812, Mr. Archibald Miller took niter to Philadelphia by wagon, to be used in making gunpowder. Log benches are still exhibited where once sat swarthy miners, before a rocky pulpit, to hear of Him to whom the darkness and the light are both alike.

In 1816, the property passed into the hands of a Mr. Moore, who was ruined by complicity with Burr and Blennerhasset. It was successively owned by Gatewood, Gorin, and Dr. Croghan, to whose heirs it still belongs.

The simple truth about Mammoth Cave surpasses the most ingeniously woven fabrication. Its areal diameter is nine or ten miles. Its known and numbered avenues are 223, and their united length equals from 150 to 200 miles. Twelve million cubic yards of space have here been excavated from the rocks by the agency of air and of water.* Such are the windings,

crossings and involutions of this labyrinth, that we found, by the time our explorations were ended, on adding up all our daily trips in and out, we had traveled about one hundred miles under-ground!

The Main Cave, so called in distinction from minor avenues opening into it, extends like a deserted river-bed, through a succession of noble arches and domes, to a point six miles within, where it is abruptly closed by fallen rocks.

New objects of interest met us at every step, as we advanced. During a moment's pause we were startled by what seemed the loud ticking of a musical time-piece. It was but the measured melody of water dripping into a basin hidden behind the rocks. Drop by drop monotonously it falls, as it has fallen, it may be, for a thousand years.

Not far from this natural water-clock, is a symmetrical recess chiseled by a tiny rill, whose limpid water is collected in a little pool. The story is told of a poor blind boy, who rambled over the country winning a precarious living by his violin, and who, as he said, was resolved to see the cave for himself. He lost his way, and when found by his companions was quietly sleeping beside this basin, which ever since has been called "Wandering Willie's Spring."

Singular effects are produced for a long distance beyond this point by the incrustations of gypsum stained by the black oxide of iron, seeming to cut gigantic silhouettes from the ceiling of white limestone. At first we ridiculed these fancies, but at last they fascinated us. Bears, monkeys, ant-eaters, catamounts,—indeed, a whole menagerie is on exhibition, including the old mammoth himself. We were especially interested in a side-show of a giant and giantess playfully tossing papooses to and fro. The Giant's Coffin is near by—a rock shaped like a mighty sarcophagus. It is detached from the ceiling, walls and floor, resting its weight on stone trestles, and equals in size one of the famous blocks of Baalbek, being forty feet long, twenty wide and eight deep.

Here the trend of the Main Cave turns upon itself at an acute angle. The apex of the angle is marked by McPherson's monument, a rude pile of stones in memory of a gallant soldier. More than three hundred such monuments have been erected in different portions of the cave, in honor of

* There is a well-known tendency to overstate the marvelous, and several writers of repute insist on far lower figures than are given here. The above estimates, however, agree with the Kentucky Geological

reports of Owen (1856-1861), and are confirmed by the new survey now being made, under the direction of Professor N. S. Shaler.

various individuals, literary institutions and the several States of the Union. Some of these pillars reach from floor to roof, each tourist who chooses to do so adding a stone. An incidental benefit of this custom is that it has helped to clear the paths.

The rules strictly forbid any defacement of the walls. Candles were formerly a favorite means of smirching the names of visitors, in lamp-black, on the plaster-like ceiling, where it was low enough to be within reach. This is now especially interdicted; and instead of these rocky albums there are receptacles for visiting and business cards, thousands of which are thus accumulated, representing visitors from all parts of the world.

The roofless remains of two stone cottages are next visited, as having a melancholy history. These, and some frame ones, now torn down, were built in 1843 for fifteen consumptive patients, who here took up their abode, induced to do so by the uniformity of temperature and highly oxygenated air, which possesses the purity without the rarity of the air at high altitudes. The experiment was an utter failure.

A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited in the Star Chamber, a hall seventy feet wide, sixty high and five hundred long. The lofty ceiling is coated with black gypsum, studded with thousands of white spots, caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia. Our guide asks us to sit down on a log bench by the wall, and then, collecting the lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; whence, by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows flitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. One can easily persuade himself that the roof is removed, and that he looks up from a deep valley into the real heavens.

"Good-night," says Tom; "I will see you again in the morning."

With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges into a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In the absolute silence that ensues, we hear the beating of our hearts. The painful suspense is at length broken by one of those strange outbursts of laughter that come when least expected; and then we indignantly ask each other the meaning of this sudden desecration. But while we are roundly berating the guide's treachery, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of

dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide appears, swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we like the performance. Loudly encored, he repeats the transformations again and again,—starlight, moonlight, thunderclouds, midnight and day-dawn, heralded by cock-crowing, the barking of dogs, lowing of cattle and various other farm-yard sounds; until, weary of an entertainment that long ago lost its novelty for him, he bids us resume our line of march.

As we pass along under a mottled ceiling that changes, from the constellation just described, to a mackerel sky with fleecy masses of floating clouds, many curious objects are pointed out to us. Here is a stout oak-pole, projecting from a crevice, now inaccessible—put there when, and by whom, and for what purpose? There are snowdrifts of native Epsom salts, whitening the dusky ledges. Spaces are shown completely covered by broad slabs, underneath which are the ashes and embers of ancient fires. Side-cuts occasionally tempt us from the beaten path, into which we return by a circuitous way. Crossing the solitary chambers, we enter the Fairy Grotto, whose alabaster grove of stalactites has been despoiled by ruthless hands. Skirting a pit, down whose abyss a cataract tumbles, we climb hills, plunge into gorges, walk underneath frowning cliffs, until we have explored the main cave from end to end.

No creeping nor crawling has to be done here. The average width of this immense natural tunnel is about sixty feet, and its height forty feet; but portions expand to much greater dimensions. Proctor's Arcade is said to be one hundred feet wide, fifty feet high, and a thousand yards long. By burning magnesium lights at several points at once, each light being equivalent to seventy candles, we surveyed the whole vista. In like manner we illuminated Wright's Rotunda, 400 feet in diameter. But the funereal darkness of the Black Chamber defied magnesium, and refused to be cheered even by red fire.

We lingered long amid the wonders of the Chief City, where several acres are strewn with rocks like ancient ruins, the whole area being overarched by so vast a dome as to make us wonder if it has an adequate keystone.

"Why doesn't it fall?" inquired Barton.

"I know of no reason why it should not

fall at this very moment," said Tom, solemnly, "and I never come underneath without some degree of fear. Yet the arch appears to be a solid block of seamless limestone, and it may stand for a thousand years. You can see, from these Indian torches, that the place is now precisely what it has been for centuries."

As he spoke, the guide picked up some half-burnt bits of cane, which, as he assured us, the red men used to fill with bear's fat and burn, to light them on their search for flint mines, alabaster quarries and other coveted treasures. Igniting our fire-works, we threw a glare over the long slope of irregular rocks, and athwart the gigantic vault, bringing such glories to view as no torch-bearing mound-builder ever saw. And while the crimson light died away amid the arches and pinnacles, we took leave, with many a backward look, of this prehistoric council-hall of sagamores and dusky braves.*

The proprietors object to anything that will mar the romantic rudeness of this ancient cavern. Yet a little of it might well be sacrificed to the spirit of modern invention. Electric lights would grandly illuminate the large halls and domes. Telephones would be of advantage, in establishing communication with the outer world. Tramways might be laid through the main cave and the more accessible avenues. Shafts might be opened at certain terminal points, known to be near the surface, through which visitors might be taken up by elevators, and conveyed back to the hotel in hacks, instead of wearily retracing their steps, as must now be done. Increased patronage would soon cover the cost of such improvements; and time and strength would thus be saved for exploring portions of the cave whose picturesque scenery is now rarely beheld, except by the most resolute pedestrians.

It is doubtful if one visitor in fifty goes farther into the main cave than to the Star Chamber; but none fail to see this favorite hall of illusions. We revisited it frequently during our stay. The path to it is dry and well trodden. A pleasing incident comes to mind, showing how easily it may be reached, although more than a mile under-ground. One evening, after tea, I had entered thus far alone, without a guide, and after studying for a while the peculiar effects of light and shade,

I sat down on the log bench and put my lamps out, in order to enjoy the luxury of utter darkness, silence and solitude. But ere long voices were heard, and mysterious peals of laughter. Soon the day-dawn effect was unexpectedly produced, by the approach of a party of jocund youths and maidens, with lights, who, having dressed for a hop, first paid a visit to this enchanted ground, and as cave dust never flies nor sticks, they did so without a speck on polished boots or trailing robes.

Tourists are usually hurried through by two routes, one requiring four hours and the other nine, and both together covering about twenty-five miles of travel in and out. Our more leisurely exploration led us along many an unfrequented path, and allowed us to linger at will in the most interesting localities. The avenues, as all side-passages are termed, vary in importance, some of them rivaling the main cave, while others involve grievous climbing and crawling, with small recompense.

Audubon's Avenue lies nearest the entrance. It is chiefly noted for its myriads of bats, and for the fact that it leads to an opening into which a miner dropped his lamp in 1812. Matt, the guide, found it thirty years afterward at the bottom of Mammoth Dome, a place to be reached only by a long detour.

The Gothic Arcade is approached by a stair-way from galleries beyond the saltpeter vats. Here a niche is pointed out where the early explorers are said to have found two Indian mummies, a woman and a child, along with fine fabrics and trinkets, necklaces of deers' hoofs and eagles' claws, and all that could please the barbaric taste.*

The chapel in the Gothic Arcade has an arched roof supported by large stalagmitic columns, once beautiful but now sullied by sacrilegious smoke. I counted eight, and found fragments of about thirty more. Their growth was slow, requiring many centuries to develop their present dimensions. Three of the pillars are so grouped as to form two Gothic arches. Before this unique altar once stood a runaway bride, who had

* Monographs have been published by the State Geological Survey, on the Cavern-dwelling Races, and Prehistoric Remains of Kentucky; and additional memoirs on the same subjects are promised.

* Forwood, in his excellent manual on Mammoth Cave (pp. 170-194), has collected all existing accounts of these extraordinary relics. Hon. F. Gorin, a former owner of the cave, disputes their authenticity. He states, however, that the skeleton of a giant, and that of an infant, were found in 1811 in Audubon's Avenue; and that mummies were found in Short Cave. Sandals, shreds of garments, etc., from Salts Cave, in the vicinity of Mammoth, are exhibited in the archaeological museum of Harvard College, and have been lately described by Prof. F. W. Patnam.

promised her anxious mother that she would "never marry any man on the face of the earth." She kept the letter of her promise, but was married after all to the man of her choice, in this novel *Gretna Green*. We were fortunate in witnessing a similar scene.

This avenue is about two miles long, and abounds in grotesque curiosities. It ends in Annette's Dome, where a cascade surprises one by bursting from the wall and then disappearing. Lake Purity, near by, is a shallow pool of such transparency that we did not suspect its existence until we walked into it.

Retracing our steps, we soon approach a region of pits and domes. The guide warns us of "danger on the right!" Beside our path yawns a chasm called the Side-saddle Pit, from the shape of a projecting rock, on which we seat ourselves and watch with fearful interest the rolls of oiled paper lighted by the guide and dropped into the abyss. Down they go in a fiery spiral, burning long enough to give us a view of its corrugated sides and of a mass of blackened sticks and timbers a hundred feet below, remnants of a bridge once spanning the chasm.

The Bottomless Pit, a short distance beyond, is on a still grander scale, and extending, as it does, entirely across the avenue, was long an effectual bar to further progress. It is now spanned by a substantial bridge, which, for the sake of perfect safety, is renewed every four years. Leaning over the hand-rails, we safely admired the blazing rolls as they whirled to and fro, slowly sinking one hundred and seventy-five feet, lighting up the wrinkles and furrows made by the torrent's flow during untold ages.

Shelby's Dome overhead is but a continuation of the great pit upward, with rich water-carved scroll-work and lavishly decorated panels, and here and there a sharp projection.

Turning abruptly back, we follow the guide up and down narrow stair-ways and through a winding passage, till we find ourselves peering through a window-like aperture into profound darkness, that seems intensified by the monotonous sound of dripping water. Tom bids us remain where we are while he seeks a smaller and higher window beyond, through which he thrusts blue lights and blazing rolls, disclosing indescribable wonders to our gaze. This is Gorin's Dome. The floor far below us, about an acre in area, is covered with water. The perpendicular walls, rising out of sight, are draped with three immense stalagmitic

curtains, one above another, whose folds, which seem to be loosely floating, are bordered with fringes rich and heavy. These hangings, dight with figures rare and fantastic, fit for Plutonian halls, were woven in Nature's loom by crystal threads of running water.

The domes and pits are in fact identical; the name varying as they are seen from above or below. The surface-funnel, or sink-hole, drains the rain-water into the upper tier of cavern chambers; and this may end its work. But when a mass of pebbles is gathered, the whirling water uses this powerful cutting-engine to pierce by a vertical shaft the successive tiers, or floors, until the water level of the lowest cavern is reached. Should the funnel be in any way obstructed, the stream would of necessity cease to flow, and the dripping lime-water would have time to make a stalagmitic deposit. Plainly, no dome can exceed in height the extreme distance between the drainage-level and the surface; which, by barometrical observation, has, for Mammoth Cave, been fixed at 312 feet. There is little doubt that in some instances this altitude is nearly attained. All greater estimates are but imaginary.

We have now a choice of evils between Bunyan's Way, where one must stoop like a pilgrim burdened, and Buchanan's Way, where one must hold his head to one side, after the traditional habit of that eminent statesman. We choose the latter; and presently, by a circular opening over which hangs a threatening trap-door of rock, we are made acquainted with the famous and original Fat Man's Misery, of which all others are but base imitations. It is a serpentine channel, whose walls, eighteen inches apart, change direction eight times in one hundred and five yards; while the average distance from the sandy pathway to the ledge overhead is but five feet. The rocky sides are beautifully marked with waves and ripples, as if running water had been suddenly petrified. There seems to have been first a horizontal opening between two strata of limestone, by taking advantage of which this singular winding way was chiseled, from whose embrace we gladly emerge into Great Relief, where we can straighten our spines, and enjoy once more the luxury of a full breath.

It was formerly supposed that if this passage were blocked up, escape from the regions beyond would be impossible. But not long ago the "Corkscrew" was dis-

covered, an intricate web of fissures, by means of which a good climber, after mounting three ladders, crawling through narrow openings, and leaping from rock to rock, ascending thus amid the wildest confusion for one hundred and fifty feet, gains a landing at last, only a thousand yards from the entrance to the cave, and cuts off two or three miles of travel. Visitors generally come in one way and go out the other, and usually regard the route last chosen the worst, whichever it may have been.

Barton was inclined "to draw this 'Corkscrew';" and leaving him to do so, Tom and I entered an avenue aside from the regular routes, and which he himself had not explored for seven years. After much stooping and creeping, we emerged from the low, narrow passage, and found ourselves standing on a terrace thirty feet long and fifteen wide, whence we peered into a realm of empty darkness. Our lamps revealed neither floor, nor roof, nor opposite wall. Tom said that this was Mammoth Dome, sole rival of Gorin's Dome, the grandest halls in all this domain of silence and of night. I directed him to leave me here, and to return at once for my comrade and for fire-works.

Not until Tom's glimmering light was gone, and his retreating steps had ceased to echo along the corridor, did I realize my lonely situation. There were some unexpected causes of delay, so that nearly two hours elapsed before they came. I sat on the edge of the terrace for a time, and amused myself by throwing lighted papers down, thus discovering that the floor was less than forty feet below me, and was accessible by a rude ladder blackened with age. Here and there a rung was missing, and I hesitated to trust such a fragile support. Finding the solitude and darkness insupportable, I retreated with my lamp to the avenue by which we had come, and whiled away the time catching cave crickets, till Tom and Barton arrived with twenty lamps and a supply of red fire and bengolas.

Carefully descending the treacherous ladder, we lighted up the huge dome and found the dimensions to be about 400 feet in length, 150 in width, and 250 in height, as nearly as we could estimate without the aid of instruments. The floor, strewn with slippery rocks, slopes down to a pool that receives a water-fall from the summit of the dome. The walls are curtained by alabaster drapery in vertical folds, varying in size from a pipe-stem to a saw-log, and

decorated by heavy fringes at intervals of about twenty feet. A huge gate-way, at the farther end of the hall, opens into a room so like the ruins of Luxor and Karnak that we named it the Egyptian Temple. The floor of this apartment is paved with stalagmitic blocks, stained by red and black oxides into a kind of mosaic. Six colossal columns, eighty feet high by twenty-five in diameter, stand in a semicircle flanked by pyramidal towers. The material of the shafts is gray oölite, fluted by deep furrows with sharp ridges between; the capitals are projecting slabs of limestone; the whole column, in each instance, is veneered with yellow stalagmite, rich as jasper, and covered by tracery as elaborate as Chinese carving; and the bases are garnished by mushroom-shaped stalagmites. The largest of these is Caliban's Cushion. While examining this, I noticed an opening behind the third column in the row, and clambering down a steep descent we reached gloomy catacombs underneath; but returned without fully exploring them, on account of the extreme difficulty of progress.

One day we learned that a large party from Nashville were to visit River Hall and the regions beyond the subterranean streams; and, as they would first make a detour by the pits, we easily got the start of them by climbing down the Corkscrew. On entering River Hall, we found our path skirting the edge of cliffs 60 feet high and 100 feet long, embracing the sullen waters of what is called the Dead Sea. Descending a flight of steps, we came to a cascade, but a little farther on, said to be a re-appearance of the water-fall at the entrance, suggesting the idea that the cave has doubled on its track.

Our speculations on this mystery were broken in upon by the hilarious sounds heralding the party under Matt's escort, long before they came in view. There never was a prettier sight than this merry company, sixty in all, as with flashing lamps and spangled costumes they skirted the somber terrace, astonishing the steep slopes of that gloomy sea by the loud refrain of "Litoria" and other jolly college songs. They wound past us, in single file, disappearing behind a rocky mass to come into view again on the natural bridge, whence they swung their lamps to catch sight of the River Styx.

This body of water is said to be over 400 feet long and 40 feet wide. Our attempts at fathoming its depth resulted in one of us falling in, and from his appearance on crawl-

ing out, we judged that he found an abundance of mud under an uncertain amount of water.

Lake Lethe comes next—a broad sheet of water formerly crossed by boats, but now skirted by a narrow path at the foot of steep walls ninety feet above the oblivious wave, and leading to a pontoon at the neck of the lake, from which we step upon a beach of the finest yellow sand, extending to Echo River, a distance of 500 yards, under a lofty ceiling mottled with white and black limestones, like snow-clouds drifting in a wintry sky. A rise of five feet would cover this sandy walk, which is its condition for from four to eight months in every year. Fortunately the streams were low at the time of our visit, as they usually are in summer.

The connection of the cave rivers with Green River has been proved by the simple experiment of throwing a quantity of chaff upon them, which comes to the surface in the upper and lower big springs; deep, bubbling pools, lying half a mile apart, under the cliffs bristling with hemlocks and pines. When these pools are submerged by a freshet in Green River, the streams in the cave are united into a continuous body of water. At rare intervals the rise is so high as to touch the iron railing sixty feet above the Dead Sea; and for some reason the subsidence within is less rapid than that without. In order to save from destruction, at such times, the uncouth little fleet, built of planks and timber, every one of which was brought in through passes we had traversed with difficulty empty-handed, the boats are securely fastened, when not in use, by long ropes of twisted grape-vines that let them swim with the flood.

Four of these boats now await us on the banks of Echo River. Each has seats on the gunwales for twenty passengers, while the guide stands in the bow and propels the primitive craft by a long paddle, or by grasping projecting rocks. The river's width varies from twenty to two hundred feet, and its length is about three-quarters of a mile.

The low arch soon rises to a height varying from ten to thirty feet, while the plummet shows a still greater depth below. The river cannot properly be said to have any shore, for throughout its entire extent there are only one or two points where a foothold could be gained. Hence, the guides exercise the strictest authority, in order to guard against accidents.

Tom secures for our exclusive use a boat smaller than those into which the others

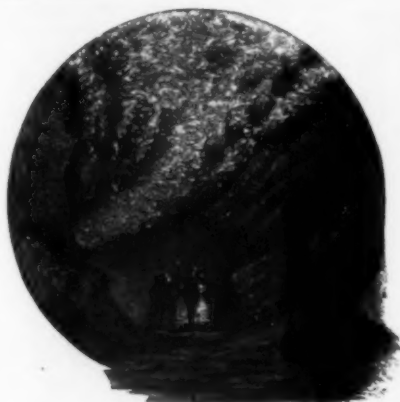
crowd. He then draws from a hiding-place a hand-net, and tries to catch for us a few of the famous eyeless fish, that dart to and fro, but vanish on the least agitation of the water. His success at this time was not very encouraging. But subsequently, on other trips, we captured numerous specimens, from two to six inches in length, and usually destitute of even rudimentary organs of vision. Several, however, had protuberances, or sightless eyes, and one had good eye-sight. The gradations of color are from olive-brown to pure white, while some are perfectly colorless and transparent. They are said to be viviparous; and, instead of bones, have mere cartilage. Agassiz held that these cave-fish "were created under the circumstances in which they now live, within the limits over which they range, and with the structural peculiarities which characterize them at the present day." But it is doubtful if there is more variability than can be explained by simple retardation through successive generations.

Along the water's edge are cavities, varying in size from a few inches to many feet, washed out by the stream. The Nashville wag saw his opportunity to break the silence that had settled over the voyagers, and shouted with absurd glee, pointing to the cavities:

"Oh, see these little bits o' caves—three for five cents!"

The solemn echoes caught his silly tones, and bore them, as if in derision, hither and thither and far away. When the peals of laughter that followed had died away, a quiet lady in black velvet led us in sacred song. The concord of sweet sounds was surprisingly agreeable; but the tones followed each other too rapidly to secure full justice.

Allowing the Nashville party to go on without us, I passed the rest of the day on Echo River, alone with Tom, floating over its strangely transparent water, as if gliding through the air, and trying every echo its arches were capable of producing. A single aerial vibration given with energy, as by a pistol-shot, rebounded from rock to rock. The din awakened by discordant sounds was frightful. On the other hand, when the voice gave the tones of a full chord *seriatim*, they came back in a sweeping *arpeggio*. Flute-music produced charming reverberations. The finest vocal effect followed the utterance, as strongly and firmly as possible, of the key-note of that long vault, letting all other sounds meanwhile cease; the won-



A SNOW CLOUD, MAMMOTH CAVE.

derful vibrations thus caused were prolonged for from fifteen to thirty seconds after the original tone had been delivered.

An extraordinary result was obtained by the guide's agitating the water vigorously with his broad paddle, and then seating himself in silence by my side. The first sound that broke the stillness was like the tinkling of silver bells. Larger and heavier bells then seemed to take up the strange melody, as the waves sought out the cavities in the rock. And then it appeared as if all chimes of all cathedrals had conspired to raise a tempest of sweet sounds. They then died away to utter silence. We still sat in expectation. Lo, as if from some deep recess that had been hitherto forgotten, came a tone tender and profound; after which, like gentle memories, were re-awakened all the mellow sounds that had gone before, until River Hall rang again. This concert was prolonged for several minutes, until the agitation of the waters had wholly subsided. Those who try their own voices are pleased to have the hollow wall faithfully give back every shout and song, whimsical cry or merry peal; but the nymphs of Echo River reserve their choicest harmonies for those who are willing in silence to listen to the voice of many waters.

Roaring River and Mystic River are considerable streams; but, lying on side avenues, they are seldom visited, and may now be passed with mere mention.

All these lakes and rivers are liable to overflow, as has already been remarked, completely filling this part of the cave. These remote regions are never entered when there are signs of a flood. Large

cans of oil are, however, stored securely, against the contingency of a party's being shut in by rising waters; so that the lamps may be kept burning. Moreover, a discovery has been made, within a year, of a passage leading out beyond the rivers by a circuit of ten miles. It contains numerous objects of interest, but is so rugged and contracted in places as to deter visitors from attempting to go through, except in case of necessity.

Continuing our journey by way of Silliman's Avenue and El Ghor, picturesque passes where many fantastic objects are pointed out, we arrive at Hebe's Spring. Here, by climbing a ladder and crawling through a hole in the roof, we are admitted to an upper tier of caverns. Tom ignites blue fire, and we are surprised to find ourselves in a vineyard! Countless nodules and globules simulate clusters on clusters of luscious grapes, burdening hundreds of boughs, and gleaming with party-colored tints through the dripping dew.

Washington Hall is but a smoke-stained lunch-room. The ceiling of a room near by is dotted with semi-spherical masses of snowy gypsum, each of which is from two to ten inches in diameter, looking like a snow-ball hurled against the wall and sticking there. Snow-ball Room is a fitting vestibule to the treasure house of alabaster brilliants beyond it, where we tarry long with ever-increasing delight.

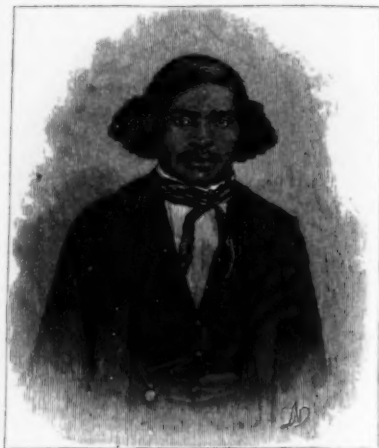


EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, MAMMOTH CAVE.

What words can picture forth the beauty of Cleveland's Cabinet? Wyandot and other caverns may have galleries like it in kind, but none to be compared with it either in extent or symmetry. We loiter beneath spotless arches of fifty feet span, where the fancy is at once enlivened and bewildered by a mimicry of every flower that grows in the garden, forest or prairie, from the modest daisy to the flaunting helianthus.

Select for examination a single one of these enchanting blossoms, the "oulopholites" of the mineralogist. Consider the charms of this queenly rose that has unfolded its petals in Mary's Bower. From a central stem gracefully curl countless crystals fibrous and pellucid; each tiny crystal is in itself a study; each fascicle of curved prisms is wonderful; and the whole creation is a miracle of beauty.

Now imagine this mimic flower multiplied from one to a hundred, a thousand, a myriad! Move down the dazzling vista, as if in a dream of Elysium,—not for a few yards, or rods, but for *two miles*. All is virgin white, except here and there a little patch of gray limestone, or a spot bronzed by some metallic stain, or, again, as we purposely vary the lovely monotony by burning colored lights. Midway is a great cross overhead, formed by the natural grouping of stone rosettes. Floral clusters, bouquets, wreaths, garlands, embellish nearly every foot of the ceiling and walls; while the very soil sparkles with trodden jewels. The pendulous fringes of the night-blooming cereus are rivaled by the snowy plumes that float from rifts and crevices, forever safe from the withering



STEPHEN BISHOP, THE GUIDE.

glare of daylight. Clumps of lilies, pale pansies, blanchéd tulips, drooping fuchsias, sprays of asters, spikes of tuberose, wax-leaved magnolias,—but why exhaust the botanical catalogue? The fancy finds every gem of the green-house and parterre in this crystalline conservatory. Earlier visitors (Professor Locke in 1842, and Bayard Taylor in 1855) describe long sprays, like stalks of celery, running vines, and branches of a chandelier; but it has been impossible to guard such exquisite formations from covetous fingers. Happily the subtle forces of nature are still at work, slowly replacing by fresh productions what has gone to the mineralogist's cabinet or the amateur's *etagere*.



THE GIANT'S COFFIN, MAMMOTH CAVE.

The most ardent admirer of Mammoth Cave must admit its poverty in stalactitic adornments; especially when compared with the wonderful cave at Luray, in Virginia, which, though not exceeding fifty acres in area, has millions of stalactites, reflected from hundreds of crystal pools. But, on the other hand, Luray has no gypsum rosettes, and its largest lake is only fifty feet in diameter. This remarkable difference is due to the fact that while Mammoth Cave is excavated from an immense mass of homogeneous limestone, affording few opportunities for the formation of drip-stone, the cave of Luray is cut from rock broken up into countless rifts and seams by the upheaval of the Appalachian range. Hence, the two are as unlike as the Mississippi River and Lake George, or as Niagara Falls and Watkins Glen.

Beyond a rocky hill and a dismal gorge lies Croghan's Hall, and a pit called the Maelstrom, which ends the cave so far as it has been explored in this direction. It is due to the memory of a daring youth to tell how Mr. W. C. Prentice, son of the poet and editor, George D. Prentice, descended this abyss in quest of adventures.

As the guides tell the story, they furnished a rope, down which the young hero descended undaunted, amid fearful and enchanting scenes, then first lighted since creation's morning by the feeble rays of his solitary lamp. Midway he encountered a water-fall, spouting from the rocky wall, into whose sparkling shower he unavoidably swung. Escaping all dangers, he stood at last on the solid rock, 190 feet below his comrades, who now found that it taxed their utmost strength to lift him and the amount of cable that had been paid out. On his way up, Prentice swung himself into a huge niche for the purpose of exploration, whence he roamed through wide and wondrous chambers till checked by rocky barriers. Then, returning to the place where he had fastened his rope to a stalactite, he found it disengaged and dangling beyond his reach. Ingeniously twisting the wires of his lamp into a long hook, he caught hold again, and signaled to the guides to draw him up. It is said (and one is expected to believe) that



THE STYX, MAMMOTH CAVE.

they did this with such zeal that the cable was fired by friction, and that one of the guides crawled out on the beam and emptied a flask of water on the burning rope. The whole story, with all its embellishments, is done into spirited verse by Rev. George Lansing Taylor. The hero himself, whose life was so miraculously spared, finally sacrificed it, in 1860, for the lost cause.

A charming excursion was from Washington Hall down Marion Avenue to the Crystal Paradise. Another was from the Vineyard, as a starting point, and through a long winding arcade to Lucy's Dome, rarely visited because somewhat difficult of access. This is the loftiest cave-dome yet discovered anywhere in the world, and in some of its features it is unlike any we had seen before. By burning three Bengal lights and a quantity of magnesium, simultaneously, we barely caught sight of the oval apex, more than 300 feet overhead. A twin dome rises by its side, and a tall Gothic archway connects the two, at a point 150 feet above the floor.

It was only after gaining considerable experience in cave-hunting that we ventured in alone; even then keeping to well-



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT, MAMMOTH CAVE.

beaten paths, and noting landmarks with care; or, if tempted to explore new ground, indicating the way out by repeatedly marking arrows on the wall. The penalty of losing one's way amid these awful solitudes is a painful bewilderment, often amounting to temporary mental derangement. Hence, as a rule, the services of a guide cannot safely be dispensed with, and guests should respect his authority; for the law holds him responsible for the safe return of those put under his care. Persons accidentally separated from their party should quietly stay in one place till deliverance comes.

We witnessed, one day, a narrow escape on the part of an excitable gentleman, who trusted to his own guidance. His companions were following their guide up the chimney-like corkscrew, and he caught at the

bright idea of getting ahead of them by the longer route. He started off alone and on the full run. We followed him, more out of curiosity than from apprehension. His lamp went out; but in his eagerness he did not stop to relight it, relying on the scattered rays of ours behind him. Suddenly Tom darted forward and grasped the stranger in his strong arms. We abruptly halted. There, within a single step, yawned the Side-saddle Pit, on whose black rocks, a hundred feet below, the man would have fallen, had it not been for Tom's presence of mind.

The full moon was riding in a cloudless sky, when we emerged from our last day's journey in the great cavern. We had, as usual, a practical proof of the purity of the exhilarating cave atmosphere, by its contrast with that of the outer world, which seemed heavy and suffocating. The odors of trees, grass, weeds and flowers were strangely intensified and overpowering. The result of a too sudden transition is frequently faintness, headache and vertigo. Hence the pleasant custom of lingering awhile on the threshold, where the outer and inner airs mingle. Resting thus, on rustic seats near the entrance, we interchanged our views.

On the whole, Mammoth Cave greatly exceeded, though differing from, our expectations. Yet there was a want of full satisfaction. It was gratifying to be assured by Tom that we had probably tramped to and fro, in and out, about one hundred miles; but how did he know?

The time will come when much more will be known of Mammoth Cave than is possible under existing restrictions. There ought to be a better understanding between the owners and the public. There should be increased facilities of access, along with a sufficient guarantee against any infringement of proprietary rights; then let surveyors measure, geologists hammer, and archaeologists delve, till the secrets of this subterranean realm are unearthed, and instead of mysteries, conjectures and estimates, we have definite knowledge. We were grateful, however, for impressions received and memories retained of wonderful scenes and strange adventures. Feelings akin to friendship had sprung up within us for Mammoth Cave; and it was with positive regret that we finally turned away from the fern-fringed chasm, lying there in the soft moonlight, where the sparkling cascade throws pearly drops from the mossy ridge, and spreads its mist like a silver veil.

SEA-SIDE LAWN-PLANTING.

A LONG, narrow sand-beach with a backbone of diminutive hills, sand dunes, bare except for sparse barberry-bushes and mea-

ger, coarse grass; ocean on one side and on the other a wide bay and sundry reaches of salt meadow. I lived on such a spot once upon a time, and what is more, thoroughly enjoyed myself. My cottage was small and somewhat primitive, but for many days the delights of the sea were all-sufficient. Gradually, however, I began to realize that so much sand was monotonous. I could not gaze on the sea forever, and if I expected to dwell season after season on this place, something must be done in the way of a lawn.

My house was built, fortunately, in the lee of some sand-hills, and thus escaped the full force of high winds, which blew often enough even in summer. The same situation secured it also from high tides, which sometimes, during unusual storms, dashed through to the very bay. All the first season, I investigated and experimented. Many advised me to use red cedars and other native evergreens. I soon convinced myself, however, that deciduous trees and shrubs were alone suited to my purpose, which purpose, moreover, I wished to accomplish as quickly as possible. Realizing somewhat already the difficulties to be met, the field of my lawn-planting was circumscribed to a space about 100 feet square, on the bay side of the house. Indeed, a hundred feet in the rear of the house came a few feet of meadow land and then a cove in the bay.

The proximity of meadow land seemed to lend a certain solidity and fertility to the soil which did not characterize it farther away. I had noticed this in the vegetable gardens of these Jersey beaches. Grape-vines and willows flourished here and there, and nowhere could larger onions be found than in gardens next the bay meadows. My first care was, of course, the erection of a fence against roaming cattle, etc., for no more lawless region exists in this respect than the beach. The next thing to be done was to plant this boundary completely with shrubs and trees, to secure ornament and further



THE MAIDEN'S PINK (DIANTHUS DELTOIDES).

NEREMBERGIA RIPULARIS.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN COLUMBINE (AQUILEGIA CERULEA).

protection for the lawn proper. These trees, from their deciduous nature, afforded a pleasant shade, far pleasanter than that of any evergreen. Besides, the blazing reflection from adjoining sand-stretches is always more trying for evergreens than for deciduous trees; this notwithstanding the fact that red cedars are not uncommon on sea-beaches. The objection to evergreens, however, lies specially in the great difficulty found in transplanting them successfully in such unmitigated sand. Nature has favored the spontaneous growth of red cedars and one or two other evergreens, on sea-beaches, but for what reason and how, who shall say? Experience also soon taught me that in these bleak sections nothing but the coarser, more vigorous, deciduous trees and shrubs would be likely to succeed. I confess that I tried sundry very attractive plants, both deciduous and evergreen, but soon found myself reduced to nearly the varieties I am about to mention.

It is scarcely worth while to relate my various mishaps, although they were numerous. Very many choice shrubs and trees died. There were graceful birches, white-fringes, Judas-trees, beeches, larches, elms, maples, evergreen shrubs and a dozen other beautiful trees; but they all died, sooner or later. I wonder I did not give up in despair. If a foot of good soil could only have been spread on the surface, the undertaking would not have been so difficult, for even a thin

stratum of solid earth might have secured the plants a decent foothold. However, after a while, certain shrubs and trees did not only live, but grew vigorously. The grouping was irregular, skirting the fence in such manner as to afford occasional glimpses without, as well as a considerable variety of flowers and foliage. Willows and poplars and similar free-growing deciduous trees were found best suited for outer boundaries. They obtained a hold on the soil quicker, and therefore, with their vigorous natures, grew up at once as a shelter to choicer plants inside. In accordance with correct methods, this outer grouping consisted of mixed shrubs and trees. Here and there a tree, varying the sky-line above masses of shrubs and low trees, gave a striking and agreeable effect. Many of these trees, as well as shrubs, tossed up leaves with silver linings or were of a decidedly gray aspect—a feature always agreeable at the sea-side, if not repeated too often. For this special purpose of relief from monotony, I found the peculiar-looking catalpa one of the most valuable ornamental trees. Its great, heart-shaped, shadowy leaves piled themselves in rounded, spreading masses, umbrageous in the highest degree. It presented a vivid, soft yellowish-green late in fall, and thus not only gave varied coloring to the grouping, but gave a rich effect at a time when most other trees and shrubs began to lose their natural hues. Smooth, glossy stems and beautiful loose panicles of white flowers, flecked inside with orange and purple, add to the charm of this excellent tree, which, fortunately for me, delighted in well-fertilized sandy soil. Among three varieties of poplars used on my sea-side lawn, a great favorite was the American aspen (*P. tremuloides*). It is not a lofty tree, but very beautiful on account of the trembling sensitiveness of its leaves. No forest tree comes earlier into leaf, and the exquisitely delicate green of its first leaves makes one of the most charming effects of early spring. The aspen sheds its leaves early, but they turn a pleasing yellow in fall. In a good soil, even if light, its growth is rapid, giving the tree a pyramidal form while young, and a symmetrically irregular outline at maturity. The branches and twigs have a grayish hue, and the older bark is spotted with black. Many outer branches become pendulous as the tree grows old.

As a matter of course, I used the silver poplar, so often criticised for its suckering tendencies as a street tree. It proved, however, a valuable tree for me, growing rapidly

and retaining a healthy habit. The tree itself is really very attractive, although of irregular, spreading form. Its leaves are of a deep, bright green on the upper surface, with white down on the under. This color, instead of disappearing as the season advances, seems on the contrary to grow whiter, the sheen of the leaves in a light breeze having the effect of numerous quivering, silver blossoms.

The other poplar of my lawn was the balsam or tacamahac. This tree has a fine habit and growth, and the rich gamboge-yellow of certain parts of the foliage is very attractive. To those who are accustomed to the common ill-shaped poplars along the road-side, my expressions in their praise may seem somewhat extravagant. Let me say, however, that no tree can be more improved by the systematic use of the pruning-knife than the poplar. The willows used in my lawn constitute, perhaps, its most valuable ornamental feature. The soil was very favorable to their growth, and I used a number of them because of the variety of their effects, especially when mingled with the mixed outer grouping of shrubs and trees. Few realize the diversity of form exhibited among willows. Kinds numbered by hundreds take on almost every form and color conceivable, although still retaining many characteristic qualities of willows. In speaking of willows, the form of the common weeping-willow (*salix Babylonica*) naturally occurs first to the mind; it proved, indeed, a valuable tree for my lawn, with its graceful, fountain-like foliage, but, more than almost anything else, it requires pruning. Similar, and still more delicate and graceful, was the Japan willow (*salix Sieboldii*). But the best willow of the lot was the laurel-leaved willow (*salix pentandra*). The value of this willow, though long known, is too little recognized. For a willow, the leaves are very large, shining and glossy, like veritable orange-leaves. Otherwise the growth of this remarkable shrub is erect, rounded, almost pyramidal in general contour,—peculiarities seldom seen among willows. Indeed, it requires pruning less than almost any plant of its genus. The rich yellowish-green of the stem also contrasts well with the foliage, and gives the tree a decidedly elegant appearance. I employed also another somewhat uncommon willow, *salix regalis*. The leaves were of so light a hue as to present during much of their growth the grayish white of native silver. This truly royal willow is perhaps the lightest and

most silvery shrub we have among those suited for sea-side planting. *Eleagnus hortensis* and the sea-buckthorn, though silvery and effective in such positions, are far inferior in richness of coloring. One or two other trees I tried with considerable success; but the kinds already named include the best varieties employed.

Among the shrubs, perhaps the most noteworthy and generally valuable for the position



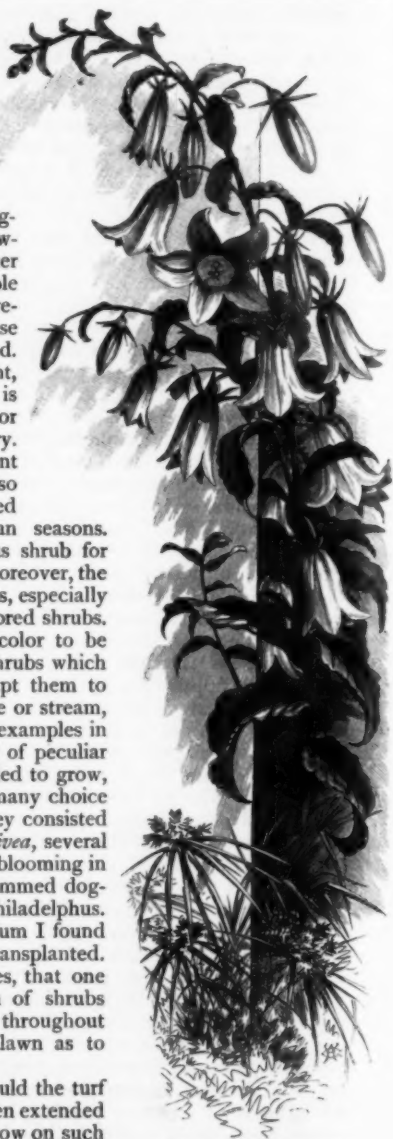
LARGE-FLOWERING TICKSEED (*COREOPSIS GRANDIFLORA*).

was the California privet (*Ligustrum ovalifolium*), a plant originally from Japan. It is perfectly hardy, grows rapidly in almost any position, and is very ornamental in appearance. In fact, it gives an evergreen element to the place, for the leaves stay on at times all winter, and have a dark, waxy green, suggestive of the laurel, rhododendron and other evergreen shrubs. This plant I used freely throughout both the boundaries and inner

groupings. Though an old shrub, the California privet is not known as it should be. Among the low-growing willows were found several suited for my purpose. The rosemary willow (*S. rosmarinifolia*), with its narrow, delicate, grayish-green foliage, properly pruned, did remarkably well, as did also the well-known Kilmarnock willow, of picturesque, perfect curves and rich foliage.

Very beautiful, also, is the purple-leaved weeping-willow (*S. purpurea pendula*). It is very narrow-leaved and graceful, glaucous on one side, after the manner of willows, and dark greenish-purple on the other. Both of these varieties need frequent pruning to retain symmetry. In this case they were employed both low and high grafted. Uplifted on a stem seven or eight feet in height, the effect of their parasol-like crown of foliage is very fine, alike mingled with other trees or standing alone somewhat within the boundary. I preferred the picturesque and more permanent nature of low-grafted specimens. It has also been noted elsewhere how much high-grafted plants suffer from the exigencies of American seasons. *Eleagnus hortensis* formed yet another vigorous shrub for mass-grouping by the sea-side, and possessed, moreover, the silvery-gray foliage so beautiful in such positions, especially if duly mingled with a proportion of darker-colored shrubs. There is a choice relation and sympathy of color to be found in combinations of certain trees and shrubs which will fully reward the study that seeks to adapt them to appropriate neighborhoods. A willow by a lake or stream, and a Norway spruce on a rocky hill-side, are examples in point. Within the belt of plants which proved of peculiar importance in my exposed position, I was enabled to grow, scattered about near the walks or boundaries, many choice and beautiful flowering deciduous shrubs. They consisted of such kinds as the silver-lined *Hydrangea nivea*, several spireas already spoken of, notably *S. tomentosa*, blooming in midsummer, as well as the snow-berry, red-stemmed dogwood, *Amorpha*, *Forsythia*, *Deutzia* and *Philadelphus*. The fresh green foliage of the common beach-plum I found very effective in large masses, and readily transplanted. It is important in such places to plant in masses, that one shrub may protect the other. This collection of shrubs gave considerable variety of flowers and foliage throughout the season, and were so disposed about the lawn as to leave broad, open surfaces of turf.

But here came in the question: Of what should the turf be made? My experiments in this line had been extended and decidedly unfortunate. Grass would not grow on such soil, and many other things failed as I tried them, until it occurred to me to use some of the creeping herbaceous plants, wild flowers, if you please, that spring up in almost any soil. I was specially successful in producing turf by means of broad patches of *Lysimachia nummularia*, otherwise called moneywort or Creeping Charlie. Its small light-green or yellow leaves grow with great rapidity, and spread out in thick, dense areas of a fresh, lively color. The flowers studded all over the mass gleam like little yellow jewels. In order to give room for other plants, these moneyworts are planted three feet apart, and here and there, espe-



BLUE HAREBELL (CAMPAULA ROTUNDIFOLIA).

cially on the outer borders, are scattered low-growing herbaceous plants. There were bright-colored dwarf phloxes, neat, many-formed sedums, white or pinkish flowered candytuft, white rock-cress, and the mountain everlasting scarcely an inch high, with creeping stems and silvery leaves. Then there was the *Aquilegia cœrulea* of our illustration, the curious blue Rocky Mountain columbine, one of the most interesting plants of its class; the pretty little maiden's pink and delicate blue harebell peered out in numerous spots, while the pure white blossoms of the *Nierembergia rivularis* studded a carpet of its own rich green. Plants of large-flowering tickseed (*Coreopsis grandiflora*) were also used, and made gorgeous clusters of bright-orange flowers. It made truly a party-colored carpet, but it was pleasant to the eye throughout the summer, with the added charms of a series of blooms, although it could not, of course, in every

way equal grass. Let me also say here that one great secret of the success of this lawn lay in thorough mulching, and in the copious application of water, which sometimes contained in solution strong ammoniated fertilizers. Vigorous growth is absolutely essential to permanent success in the adverse surroundings of sea-side lawn-planting.

Pruning, also, especially in the case of such trees and shrubs as are here named, cannot receive too careful attention.

In concluding this brief sketch of my sea-side lawn, I would again warn any one from attempting too much in such exposed places. There are unquestionably very great difficulties to overcome, and only by carefully adapting oneself to circumstances is tolerable success possible. It should be remembered, on the other hand, as an encouraging fact, that, given abundant water, fertilizing power and mulch, pure sand may be made to perform marvels hardly possible on any other soil.

A FREE LENDING LIBRARY FOR NEW YORK,

WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AS BRANCHES.

THERE is at present a general impression in the city of New York, among the class known as "leading citizens," that the time has come to found a great public lending library. This is certainly cause for congratulation—though why the time should be thought only just now to have come might not be easy to explain, in view of the well-known experience, not only of many English towns, but also of several of our own sister cities.

Boston, twenty years ago, thought the time had come, and acted accordingly. She spent, and spent well, in founding her great free library, more than two dollars for each man, woman and child within her limits, and she has sustained it to this day with equal spirit and liberality. That library has now more than three hundred and sixty thousand volumes, and her citizens last year took from it to their homes more than one million one hundred and sixty thousand books. Many smaller places in New England and elsewhere, not without careful investigation, have followed her example, finding in the practical results of her twenty years' work proof satisfactory to their tax-payers that a free library is a profitable investment of

public money; while in the West, the great cities of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, with the western free-handed energy, have established free libraries on such a scale that one, at least, of them bids fair to rank among the greatest in the world.

Our first excuse for our delay in the matter, as for all other civic delinquencies, is the mixed composition of our population,* but in that respect both Boston and Cincinnati are, in fact, almost as heavily handicapped as New York, while Chicago is even worse off. The shape of our city, also, its insular site, its intense commercial activity, and the nightly exodus of such hosts of its busy workers, all tend, by offering unusual conditions, to embarrass the consideration of the question.

It is a discouraging and humiliating reflection that we, the citizens of this, the

* A reference to the census for 1870 shows the foreign-born population of Boston to be 35 per cent. of the whole; of Cincinnati, 37 per cent.; of Chicago, 48 per cent., and of New York 45 per cent. One third, however, of this 45 per cent. are Germans, who may for the most part, for the purposes of this calculation, be considered the same as ourselves. The Irish element is even larger in Boston than here, being 23 per cent. to our 22 per cent.

metropolis of the western hemisphere, have to-day, as a body, relatively fewer literary privileges than were enjoyed by our predecessors at the beginning of the century. Our libraries then were small, but they were within the reach of all. The Society Library, for instance, in the year 1795 had five or six thousand volumes and some nine hundred subscribers; it has now some sixty-five thousand volumes, but its subscribers are somewhere about twelve hundred. The Apprentices' Library, at its foundation in 1820, was probably within fifteen minutes' walk of three-quarters of the apprentices in the city; to-day its collection of over fifty thousand volumes is positively inaccessible to probably at least the same proportion. The cause is everywhere the same—that the means have gradually come to be regarded as the end,—the true end and aim of a public library being evidently not the mere collecting of books, however valuable, but the getting of them read by those who need them.

It must be admitted that the great city of New York has just cause for shame, being in this state of things not only behind the age, but behind many small and unimportant towns of past ages.

Our largest libraries, the Astor and the Lenox, are, even to well-to-do business men, practically as inaccessible as if they were in another city. The Society and the Mercantile, though not free, are, it is true, peculiarly within the reach of a large class, and they, as well as the smaller collections of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Cooper Union, may be consulted in the evening; but this involves a sacrifice costly indeed to most—that of their few hours of home life and home influence. To the vast majority of mechanics and working-men, these also are entirely out of reach. What wonder, then, that the dime novel and the sensation story-paper pass from hand to hand, and gradually become almost the exclusive reading in thousands of humble homes! Yet there are few lads who would not rather read a natural history adapted to their years, with anecdotes of wild and tame animals, or really good books of travel and adventure, provided that all these are so illustrated as to bring them within the grasp of an unpracticed imagination.

When the oldest of our city libraries were established, New York was a little town of easy and simple habits. Since those days she has increased, and all the inventions of the modern world have come in a hundred-

fold, but the methods of her libraries remain unchanged. If one of her citizens has to-day occasion to inform himself in any but the most elementary manner on some subject, say of scientific or historical interest, he must send to London and buy the necessary publications, or go in person to one, probably successively to several, of our bonded book warehouses, facetiously termed free libraries, get the books out, if happily they are there to be got out, one by one on his written recognition, and read them with what heart he may in some elbow-touching rank of fellow unfortunates,—and all before four o'clock in the afternoon. The result should have been foreseen by any one with the least knowledge of human nature, or the slightest experience of human action. Although our half-dozen principal libraries aggregate some half-million of volumes, the majority even of our cultivated classes make no use whatever of them, and naturally regard them with indifference, while the great mass of the population are doubtless ignorant of their very existence.

Our public may be divided roughly into three classes of readers,—that is, of those who would become readers under more favorable circumstances. The first comprises people of wealth and leisure, together with those who make literature a profession; the second, business men of all kinds, who generally can better afford money than time; the third, working men and women, of whom it is no stretch of truth to say that they have neither time nor money at their disposal. The first class can make shift to get on as at present; the second, on the contrary, does not and will not make use, to any extent, of facilities such as we now have; the third cannot if it would.

A great library is no longer an experiment, nor are its manifold benefits now for the first time to be demonstrated. As we turn the pages of history, scarce a monarch truly great but found or revives one; scarce a free people of any political sagacity but early manifests solicitude on the subject. If the great sea-port of the ancient world, though heiress of the stupendous monumental records of primeval civilization, yet counted her collection of parchment and papyrus scrolls among her chief glories, housing it splendidly among the palaces and temples of her principal street; if the chief mart of modern Christendom has provided for her library (it now numbers over a million volumes) even more munificently, expending one hundred and fifty thousand pounds ster-

ling on its reading-room alone; surely the metropolis of the New World, of destinies possibly greater than either, need not fear to lay foundations broad and deep for a structure grander than human eyes have thus far seen.

But who, in this city of shifting population, of feverish commercial activity, of popular and not too pure administration, can be found, of strength and skill to wield the ponderous instrument, to hold it back from unworthy uses, and to guard it from falling into ignorant or corrupt hands?

The money question will be the first to strike our New-Yorker. Can the large sum necessary be raised by private subscription? On the other hand, if voted by the city, can the professional politician be kept at bay? It would seem in principle that an institution so entirely for the people, and for the whole people, should not be left to the uncertainties of private benevolence. It ought to be founded and maintained by the city, the necessary appropriation being voted and the money raised in the same way as that for the Board of Education. Practically, however, it would evidently be exceedingly desirable that, to begin with, a fund should be subscribed large enough to defray, at least, the expense of getting the enterprise fairly under way, with a permanent board of management organized and in the field. As we proceed, a plan may develop itself by which these expenses may be reduced much below what has hitherto been thought possible.*

The free library must be considered as, in its simplest and justest conception, the adjunct and concomitant of the public school, joining in the task of popular instruction even before the latter lays it down, seeking to make permanent results already attained, and to carry on the work of educating the people even through their years of maturity. The best thought of the present day on this subject all seems to tend in this direction, and, as might have been expected, not a few able and philanthropic men have already thrown themselves heart and soul into so fascinating a field of work. In Providence, for instance, the public

librarian daily posts upon his bulletin lists of books suitable for consultation on the topics of the day, as mentioned in the daily papers, and he also publishes, from time to time, "attractive articles tempting the reader further." At Harvard College, by co-operation of the professors and the veteran pioneer in library work, Mr. Justin Winsor, the resources of the library are utilized in a systematic way which is probably without example in such an institution.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence that could be exerted by an earnest teacher, having at his disposal the varied treasures of a great library for reward of the diligent and encouragement of the flagging.

Not of the public school alone, however, but of every school and institution of learning, should the public library be the adjunct and the successor,—of every striving, struggling man and woman should it be the confidant and guide, ready to lend counsel in every trade and profession, to every artisan, every artist, to every merchant, to every scholar.

Let those who pride themselves upon their devotion to the so-called practical reflect that the advantages of a library are no longer of a purely literary character, and are becoming less and less so; that the "arts and mysteries" of manufacture are no longer taught by word of mouth alone to indentured apprentices, but that the "master workmen" of the nineteenth century speak through books to all; and that in proportion as our workmen become intelligent and skillful does their labor increase in value to themselves and to the State.

It is probably not too much to say that the benefits already suggested to our working classes, and through them to our city, will alone be of a magnitude to warrant the expense of the undertaking; but it is to the great middle class, engaged generally in business pursuits, that our library will really be the greatest boon, and in the midst of which its beneficent influences will be most promptly and most widely manifested; it is probable that men of action in this same middle class, comprising so many of broadest view and clearest insight, will more often than now give us the results of their experience and observation, when they are able to assure themselves, as they cannot now do, that some one else may not already have been over the very same ground.

Fortunately for the successful working of our future library, there are already in existence excellent models for many details,

* We may advert here to one source of growth of a really popular library, which is in the large number of valuable books now annually scattered or sold for trifling sums, but which would speedily begin to find their way into it, were they only made welcome, and were there suitable public recognition of such gifts by notices posted in the porch and inserted in daily papers—perhaps, also, by proper stamps and labels in the books themselves.

both of construction and operation. The great reading-room, for instance, of the British Museum Library, in London, is not likely to be forgotten by those Americans who have been admitted to its privileges, and it might with advantage be reproduced here, unchanged except in size. It is a circular building, floored with heavy India-rubber, lighted in the day-time by windows in its immense iron dome, and in the evening by the electric light; and it has arranged upon its walls a reference library of thirty thousand volumes, to be taken down at will by any reader. In the center of the room sits the librarian with his assistants; surrounding them is the circular catalogue-counter, and radiating from this are desks for three hundred readers, to each allotted pens, ink, blotting pad, an arm-chair on casters, and last, not least, four feet of elbow room. Any reader wishing a book not upon the walls of the room has but to ask for it at the central counter, and it is presently brought to his desk by an assistant. This arrangement it would be hard to improve upon, but we should have also a second large room, as in Boston, for newspapers and periodicals, while a third, of less size, should be devoted to the preservation and the study of prints and drawings. Many less striking but equally important problems, as, for example, to obtain ventilation without dust, warmth without injury to bindings, light with economy of space and convenient classification, seclusion for special studies with thorough supervision, and many others, have all been solved more or less satisfactorily, and there is no reason why, in all such particulars, we should not begin where others leave off. Probably the key to some of the greatest moment will be found in the abandonment of the shelving on the external walls, and the making of the windows as numerous and as large as possible, so as to light up brightly the alcoves in the stacks of shelves which should fill the center of the building. These stacks, with an iron frame-work and shelves of japanned iron, or, perhaps, of heavy glass, would defy all the destructive agencies from which library buildings have heretofore suffered, except the sledge-hammers of barbarism and fanaticism.

In organizing the lending, or "circulating," work of the library, the Boston plan may probably be followed to advantage. This divides it into two departments, requiring of all borrowers separate application and registration; the Boston "Lower Hall"

containing the more popular books, with all "juveniles," while the "Bates Hall," named from a generous donor, contains the main library; of which many valuable works, of course, never go out at all, and others only by order of the librarian himself.

There has been some talk lately of the possibility of library consolidation in New York, and the suggestion has been made that the old Mercantile Library should constitute itself such a "lower hall" division of a future great library, and that the Niblo bequest to the Young Men's Christian Association (some \$160,000 cash) be used for the foundation of a "Bates Hall" division. This offers a plan by which the great point is gained of setting our library in operation and bringing its advantages home to the people before calling on them to approve of a heavy outlay of public money; for, by use of the telephone, the two or more libraries thus consolidated can continue in their present quarters, under their present administration, until the building of the future be far enough advanced to give them shelter. Of course, in such a transaction, the Young Men's Christian Association, or any other society, should have assured to it a proportionate representation in the future board of direction, and might thus exert for all time an influence for good possibly far wider than by keeping its books apart and within its own walls.

The library edifice should be at the outset of a size to contain one hundred thousand volumes in the main library, twenty-five thousand in the popular circulating library, and ten thousand in the reference library, and should be susceptible of enlargement, without removal or rebuilding, to accommodate two or three million volumes in the main library, one hundred thousand in the circulating, and in the reference library fifty thousand volumes and a thousand readers. A simple arrangement would be to construct a central dome large enough for the full development of the reference library and reading-room, and to make use temporarily of a part of it for the nucleus of the main library, building afterward, as required, radiating wings, along the middle of which the books should be stacked, leaving room near the windows for the so-called "alcove" studies of specialists. The interiors should be planned with regard to but two main considerations—the accommodation of the public and the preservation of the books; and if our American architects of this nineteenth century have not originality enough

to inclose such interiors in walls graceful and agreeable to the eye, yet indestructible by aught but time itself,—why, so much the worse for them and for us. Except the London reading-room already mentioned, there is scarcely a great library-building in the world which should serve us for anything but a warning.

It is evident, as already intimated, that, wherever our library may be placed, it will be an impossibility for the great mass of the people who should use it to come to it themselves in person. The books must be got to them by some means, and if our city express posts can take letters and circulars at a profit—as they now do—for one cent each, it is difficult to see why, under proper management, the cost of carrying books, even from house to house, should be much greater. The chief objection to this house delivery is, indeed, less its first cost than the danger of losing the books or of wasting them on improper persons—the difficulty, amounting practically to impossibility, of keeping so vast a system of registration in working order. A philanthropic effort is now making by our "Free Library Association" to bring good reading within reach of the poor by small libraries in various quarters, and the eagerness with which the books are taken at the one now open shows how great the want has been. This scheme, however, seems scarcely susceptible of more than very limited development, and may, besides, excite among the class for whom it is intended something of the distrust felt for the so-called "missions," left here and there among them by wealthy churches, in departing to more fashionable quarters up-town. In Boston, this case is sought to be met by establishing in the suburbs "branches" of the public library, where duplicates of popular books (which would in any case be required) are kept for local use. Of these subordinate collections, for each of which some local library has served as nucleus, she has now seven, a number equivalent to twenty-five or thirty in New York.

There is, however, a plan which promises to take us a long step in advance of either of these, solving equally well the problem of registration, far cheaper than house delivery, yet giving to every citizen the inestimable benefits of direct access to the entire treasures of the main library, while at the same time bringing about simply and practically a desirable unity in the work of public education. This plan is to make each public school a branch of the public library,

in constant, immediate connection with it by telephone, and also by an active wagon service. Counting grammar-school buildings only, omitting for the present the fifty primary-school buildings, will give about seventy stations—a number not too great for the proper working of the plan. Let each be made the center of a "library district." Let the principal or vice-principal of the school, assisted by a teacher always under his supervision, act as librarian, being clothed with full discretionary powers and held responsible for the books not only, but also for a judicious use of them, first of all by the families connected with his school.*

This will give us at once, without expense and without a chance for "jobbery," seventy stations, not in odd holes and corners, but in handsome buildings, where political trickery but seldom enters and where every influence will be protective and conservative. It will give us the services of seventy scholarly men of undoubted integrity, each already thoroughly acquainted with his district, known and respected by every family in it. It will put the whole management and development of the branches, at least for the present, where it seems naturally to belong—under the control of the Board of Education, and will bring the practical workings of them in each ward under the valuable supervision of the local trustees and inspectors.

The entrance hall of the school building, now used only by the teachers and visitors, will afford space enough for the present, but in time the rooms on the same floor, usually three or four in number, now occupied by janitor and family, may be taken, especially if eventually it is thought best to open reading-rooms at each branch. In this case, the janitor can be quartered in the neighborhood, and probably without additional cost to the city, for an inquiry into the wages paid these custodians, and the service, whether watching, cleaning or keeping order, rendered for the same, will speedily convince any employer of labor

* A hint for some such plan was given by the Holbrook bequest, under which about thirty thousand dollars was not long since paid to the trustees of the several wards, for the purchase of public-school libraries. Where these have been selected to suit the wants of the scholars, the effect is described as very happy; but in some cases no books, apparently, have yet been bought; in others the collections are for the teachers, not the scholars; and in some, again, they suggest the preponderance of other considerations than the best welfare of either teachers or taught.

that the places are such as thousands of worthy men in the city would be thankful for. Each branch must, of course, be provided with complete catalogues of the two divisions of the library, and with suitable books for registration of the two classes of borrowers, as already suggested. These and other details of administration may be found ready to hand in the New England public libraries, where they have been worked up with uncommon skill, and applied with equal adroitness and economy. The hours must necessarily be suited not only to business men but to working men, who, however, will be only too content if they can order a book one evening and get it the next. Two hours a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, may be enough to begin with. As to any serious difficulty in the wagon delivery from the library to the branches, it is enough to say that the distance from any point on this island to each of the aforesaid seventy schools, and back again, is considerably less than thirty miles, so that with ten good horses five rounds could be made daily. With such small districts it is possible to know every applicant, and to keep the register in such wholesome condition that books may, as in Boston, be safely delivered upon written order—in which case the school children would immediately begin to play the carriers. In Boston, the preliminary inquiries into the character of would-be borrowers, as well as the recovery of books and collection of fines from delinquents, are intrusted to the police, and with many advantages. It is possibly in part owing to their efficient co-operation that the loss of books is there so astonishingly small, it having been last year only one hundred and one volumes, or less than one lost in every ten thousand lent. New-Yorkers are not accustomed to look for such assistance from the police, but the service is after all a light one, which we cannot help thinking will be cheerfully rendered, while in many quarters their known co-operation would have a most salutary influence.

This new use of the public schools will cause a shock to some men of routine, and will certainly not be adopted without much discussion in the Board of Education and by the ward trustees. It will be surprising, however, if these gentlemen refuse to accept so honorable an extension of their duties and influence, for there is no reason whatever why such a use should in any way interfere with what is, of course, their first duty, the work of direct instruction. More-

over, good ought to ensue from the better acquaintance of the public with the schools.

To the principals of the schools, also, it will cause an increase of labor and responsibility, which, however, will be amply repaid by the increased dignity, doubtless, also, eventually increased emoluments, of their position.

We have now come to a critical question—that of the site. Perhaps the most suitable spot in the whole city is that now occupied by the Croton distributing reservoir, on Fifth avenue, from Forty-first to Forty-second street; if that gloomy old Egyptian prison is to be pulled down, as now seems both probable and desirable, the mass of excellent dressed stone in it could be nearly all utilized in the new structure. This choice of situation, while diminishing the cost of building, would obviate any outlay for land. It would, at the same time, please those citizens who desire to see Reservoir Square extend out to Fifth avenue, for the new edifice, placed in the middle of the block, will leave on all sides an ample breadth of greensward and shaded walks.

Of the active measures to be taken toward accomplishment of this plan, one of the first will be to secure the passage of an adequate State law. This legislation, having been anticipated in several States both East and West, offers no new problem, unless the proposed use of the public schools may require State authorization. It should cover:

1. Raising and appropriating money for establishing libraries and reading-rooms, to be perpetually free to all.
2. Receiving and using gifts and bequests, of whatever nature.
3. Acquisition and absorption of other libraries, with their consent.
4. Gratuitous contribution by the State of all laws and other public books or papers.
5. Punishment of thefts or willful mischief.
6. Appointment for limited terms, without pay, of trustees or directors empowered to buy land and build, purchase books, engage staff of officials and establish regulations.

The composition of this board of management should be planned by men of proved sagacity. Such, happily, have never been wanting in New York, and those of us who have observed the recent progress of the city in matters æsthetic, particularly the strenuous effort which resulted in the establishment of our Metropolitan Museum of Art, will recall some by character and education especially qualified, not only to assist in organizing such a board, but also to serve upon it themselves with distinction. In this

board the City Government will naturally be represented; the Board of Education, also, and perhaps the trustees of the public schools—certainly Columbia College and the University of New York, and possibly each of the learned professions and the National Academy of Design. It is evident that there should be assured a large and constant majority entirely above political influence.

Shall the work be done? Indispensable, first of all, is an earnest, generous, unselfish co-operation by all who are in a position to

lend aid, whether by word or deed. The trustees of existing libraries, the commissioners of education, the trustees of the public schools and the principals of the same, our fellow-citizens in the legislature and in the city council, clergymen and editors, gentlemen of wealth and families with a few books to spare—can all help on. Let them all help, and with their might, and there will arise swiftly and surely before our eyes a majestic structure which shall be for centuries the glory and the blessing of our home.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Trees.

WE do not remember any article in this department of the Monthly which has proved so prolific of beneficent results as one which was published four years ago, on "Village Improvement Societies." It was responded to from Maine to Texas, gave rise to a great deal of inquiry, and resulted in the establishment of a large number of associations for the beautifying and improvement of village property and life. One of the most important of all the improvements inaugurated was the setting out of trees for shade and beauty and profit; and this is so important a matter, from an economical point of view, that it deserves a special article. The appearance of Mr. B. G. Northrop's papers on "Tree-planting" and "Forestry in Europe" makes the writing of the article both easy and pleasant. Mr. Northrop has done a great service to the country in collecting and disseminating information upon these subjects, and we know of no man who has done, or is doing, so much as he to beautify and enrich the State which honors him with the charge of her educational interests. Such a man is a treasure to Connecticut, at any price, and he will not fail to be remembered, when the results of his foresight and enthusiasm shall become apparent and established, as a great public benefactor. More than fifty village improvement societies have been established in Connecticut, mostly through his agency, and he has gone up and down the State, making public addresses on the topic, until the public mind is fully awakened. We can do our readers no better service than in turning over the pages of information and statistics he has furnished, and quoting freely from them. In illustration of the great interest attached to forestry abroad, it is stated that previous to 1842 there had appeared in Germany 1,815 volumes on the subject of forestry, and that an average of one hundred volumes on that subject are published in that country every year. There are more than 1,100 volumes on forestry in the Spanish language. In America, the great question has related to the best and quickest methods of getting our forests out of the way. We

have done nothing but cut and burn our wood. Destruction has been the end aimed at, and the end has been only too well achieved. In the Old World, the effect of the destruction of forests has been very carefully and intelligently traced, and this effect should give America pause at once in her suicidal policy. To strip a vast realm of its trees is to change its climate from a soft and moist one to a dry and harsh one, to dry up its streams, with all their capacities for irrigation and navigation, and to transform a fertile soil into a barren waste. It is declared that Tunis and Algiers were once fertile regions, supporting a dense population. Their decadence is largely traceable to the destruction of their forests. Rentsch ascribes the political decay of Spain to the same cause. Hon. George P. Marsh says: "There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where causes set in action by man have brought the face of the earth to a desolation as complete as that of the moon, and yet they are known to have been once covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures and fertile meadows." Mr. Marsh is trying to impress upon America the importance of arresting the work of destruction going on within her borders, and the facts which he adduces from Persia and the farther East may well excite our profound alarm. Regions larger than all Europe are now withdrawn from human use, though they once flowed with milk and honey.

In the discussion of this matter of the destruction of forests, we have never noticed any competent allusion to the agency of railroads. Mr. Northrop tells us how many ties must be produced to furnish our 85,000 miles of railroad, viz., 34,000,000 sleepers per annum. These are astonishing figures, but nobody talks of the consumption of wood for the production of steam-power in locomotives. Nearly all the railroads of the country, passing through wooded districts, use wood for steaming just as long as the line will produce it. The consequence has been that a railroad is a scourge to all the forests within five miles of it. The hills and valleys are stripped bare. A tornado ten miles wide, destroy-

ing everything in its path for the entire distance, would not be more disastrous to the forests than an ordinary railroad throughout its length. Hundreds of thousands of acres of beautiful woodlands, that were the nursing-homes of streams and the mothers of climatic salubrity and balm, have been burned up in the locomotive furnace, and the hills and valleys where the forests stood are baking in the sun.

A world of mischief has been done already in America, and now, of course, the question is, "What is the remedy?" The first answer is, "Stop destroying." Wood must be cut—that is true; but it is not necessary to cut it clean, unless the land is needed for cultivation. Timber must be felled for building and manufacturing purposes; but it is not necessary to denude the land and burn it over. Large tracts of undisturbed forests should be left, and then, when the work of destruction has been perfected, we must begin and plant forests and let them grow. The American is not a patient man. He is particularly desirous to see the result of his toils and his expenditures in his life-time. To plant a forest, which it will take fifty or sixty years to mature, seems like throwing away life; but it is demonstrable that so good an investment for one's family cannot be made as an investment in the growth of a forest. Mr. Northrop quotes Dr. James Brown as saying that he has seen crops of larch, of sixty-five years' standing, sold for from \$700 to \$2,000 per acre, from land that was only worth originally from \$2 to \$4 an acre. It has been calculated by a competent authority that a plantation of ten acres of European larch, to last fifty years, will produce a profit of thirteen per cent. per annum, and give a net profit of \$52,282.75! Mr. Sargent, director of the Botanic Garden and Arboretum of Harvard College, calculates that there are 200,000 acres of unimproved land in Massachusetts, which could at once be covered with larch plantations with advantage, and that, if so planted, their net yield in fifty years would be considerably more than a billion of dollars. Mr. Northrop advises the Connecticut farmers to plant white ash; but Grigor says: "No tree is so valuable as the larch in its fertilizing effects, arising from the richness of its foliage, which it sheds annually. The yearly deposit is very great; the leaves remain and are consumed upon the spot where they fall."

Farmers who want information for practical use should send to Mr. Northrop for his book. Lands are various, and have their special adaptations to certain kinds of trees. All trees, however, are trees of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the acres. If a farmer have a sterile pasture, let him remember that the way to make it fruitful, at the least expense is to plant it with trees. Trees have a chemistry of their own for dissolving the elements of the rock in the crevices of which they will grow. Spread a sterile pasture with shade and strew it with leaves every year, and a good piece of land will be made of it for those who succeed the planter, while the crop of trees will pay all expenses and leave a handsome profit.

When we remember what a wonderfully beautiful

object a tree is, how important a part it plays in all our landscapes, how useful it is in the arts and economies of life, and how beneficial it is in its climatic influences, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm with which specialists regard it, and the zeal with which such a man as Mr. Northrop pushes its claims upon the popular attention. If all communities would give themselves up to his leading, and share in his devotion, they would do a good thing for themselves and for the country. As for him, we hope he will not become weary with popular indifference, and that, if necessary, he will be willing to wait as long as it takes a tree to grow for the reward which is sure to come to his memory.

Dr. Tanner's Fast—Cui Bono?

DURING the month of July and the early part of August, a certain Dr. Tanner fasted forty days and forty nights in this city. This tremendous feat was performed nominally in the interest of science, but nobody has found the point where science would be benefited by the experiment, and the great faster has failed to make clear the motive which actuated him in his marvelous undertaking. But the fast was accomplished, as it seems to be pretty universally admitted, with freedom from even the suspicion of trickery, and the man has survived—not without a great shock to his system—a shock from which he is not likely soon to recover.

Now, if there are "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," there must be some good in Dr. Tanner's fast, which, of course, a wise editor ought not to be slow in finding. First, Dr. Tanner has made himself famous. Six months ago, we had never heard of Dr. Tanner, and we doubt whether his name was in any way familiar to our readers. Now, there is hardly a spot in the civilized world that is not acquainted with his name and his most notable achievement. Notoriety is not exactly fame, but it is something which many work for throughout their lives. Dr. Tanner achieved it, as no modern man has done, in forty days. He swallowed a good deal of water, that did not agree with him, during the period, and the retchings he experienced furnished material for daily bulletins, and he suffered all the pangs of starvation; but he is now the notorious, or the famous, Dr. Tanner, who went forty days and nights without food. If he were now to walk down Broadway, and it should happen to be known that he was in progress on that thoroughfare, all the shop-men would run to their windows, and little boys would gather around or follow him. What more could they do for a king or a cannibal? We know of writers who would be quite willing to go through Dr. Tanner's trial if they were sure of winning his reward,—a reward they have sought for long, but never found. Whatever Dr. Tanner's motive may have been in fasting, this is his first reward. He is famous.

The next good which seems to have been achieved by his fasting is the furnishing of another desirable man to the lecture platform. Who doubts that more than one lecture bureau has already proposed to him

to come before the public with the recital of his achievements? One hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a night are sure for him, as a lecturer, during the coming season. To do some strange thing, which has not the slightest relation to a man's power to entertain or instruct an audience, is all that is necessary to engage the interest of the lecture bureaux. Well, the old lecturers are wearing out, and the country is to be congratulated on the introduction of new blood, and upon the achievement of Dr. Tanner, which secures it.

Carlyle speaks of his beloved British nation as "mostly fools." We suppose the proportion of fools to the grand total of population, or "to the square mile," may be as great in America as in Great Britain, and it is to be presumed that a goodly proportion of these, stimulated thereto by the brilliant example of Dr. Tanner, will undertake to do a job of fasting on their own account. It cannot be possible that a notoriety so great as Dr. Tanner's can be achieved in forty days without bringing to the front a great flock of fools who would be greatly delighted by the possession of such a notoriety, and would be quite willing to earn it, even by fasting. Suppose, for a period of forty days, a thousand fools should fast. Think what a saving of the materials of life would be effected! And then think how surely the whole batch would die, and relieve the world of their useless presence!

It would be easy to trifle through a long article on this topic, and still be engaged in the detail of the beneficent results that follow naturally from the feat of fasting that Dr. Tanner has achieved; but we want an earnest word upon it. Among both the British and the American fools, there are those who talk of matter as the mother of mind. They do not believe in the dualism of the human constitution. To them, there is no such thing as mind,—as an independent and distinct principle,—but that which we call mind is no more than a manifestation, through the offices of the brain, of the powers of matter. To use familiar language, "thought is a secretion of the brain," as bile is a secretion of the liver, or mucus of a mucous surface. When the body dies, those manifestations of its activities which we call "soul," die, because they are entirely of the corporeal nature. All through the trial of Dr. Tanner, the papers were talking of his indomitable will. He was ill; he was wretched; many of his advisers, private and public, discouraged him; but, through all his weakness and all his discouragement, his will was indomitable. His spirits, depending upon the animal life, were depressed, because all the powers of the animal life were depressed; but there was one light within him, fed from an independent fountain, that burned steadily and brightly through all. His pulse might be feeble, his animal life might burn low; but the food for his will and the maintenance of his determination was never wanting. For these, he had food to eat that the materialist knew not of. It was freely said that if it had not been for his will, he would have died. How many have died on a shorter process of starvation, simply because their discouraged minds dragged them down to death! The

confession that the mind has anything to do in preserving the bodily life, is an admission of the dualism of human nature. As an illustration of this dualism, we have rarely seen anything better or more demonstrative than Dr. Tanner's experiment, and so we regard it as one of great value. The doctors may not find anything in the experiment that will be of use to them in their profession; but the psychologists cannot fail to look upon it as in a very high degree suggestive and valuable.

If the mind supports the body through a great trial of bodily strength, and maintains its power, though the supplies of the body are cut off, then the mind must have an existence upon which the body as truly depends as the mind depends upon the body. In other words, they are most intimately associated with each other, and are interdependent; but are distinct entities—dual existences, dual forces, dual principles. We think it will be very difficult for the disciples of monism to explain the phenomena of Dr. Tanner's case on any ground that will not destroy their own doctrine.

Of course, everybody has been reminded by this marvelous fast of the fast of Christ in the wilderness. It seems to us a very low and degrading view to take of this fast of Christ, to regard it as a struggle of the divine nature to overcome the gross appetites and passions of the human. We are told that Christ was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin, though we cannot imagine that the nature of Christ—so in love with purity, so full of benevolence, so unselfish—was ever called upon to "mortify the flesh"; but we can imagine that, in the day of Sadduceeism, when the immortality of the soul was not only not believed in by a prominent Jewish sect, but contemptuously scouted, he could engage in an experiment which proved the dual nature of man. "Man shall not live by bread alone," were his own words, "but by every word of God." That was his answer to monism, and no better is needed; and these were the first words he uttered on the completion of his fast, as if that were the lesson of it most prominent in his mind.

One thing, at least, Dr. Tanner has done. He has removed the fast of Christ from the realm of miracle, and made that credible to the disbeliever in miracles which seemed to him like a fable or an idle tale.

The Bennett Business.

IN our July issue, we published an article entitled "The Apotheosis of Dirt." The occasion was the completion of the term of imprisonment of Mr. D. M. Bennett, for sending indecent literature through the mails, and the complimentary reception given to him at a public hall in this city. The complaint and claim of Mr. Bennett and his friends are that he was unjustly convicted and incarcerated; that the book he circulated was in no sense obscene; that the ruling of the judge in his case was an outrage; and they even quote the authority of Attorney-General Devens, Secretaries Sherman and Schurz, Pardon Clerk Judge Gray, and several other dignitaries, as in favor of Bennett; and they assert that the Presi-

dent directed Mr. Comstock not to bring any more suits for mailing the offending pamphlet. Whether these latter claims are true, we do not know. Men in their position are not in the habit of loosely criticising the judgments of courts. At any rate, the fact remains that Mr. Bennett was convicted by due form of law, and, after all the facts were known to the men in authority,—as we are assured they were,—the convict was not pardoned, but was compelled to serve out his sentence.

Now we submit that no wise nor prudent man would accept the statement of a convict or his friends in regard to the judgment of a court.

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

It is a very firm, and, we may presume, a very sincere impression on the part of those who have been made to feel the retributions of the law, that they have suffered unjustly. We do not assert here that Mr. Bennett did not suffer unjustly. We only say that the presumption must be, on the part of all prudent citizens, that the court was right, and that he was wrong. The assertions and denials of Mr. Bennett and his friends cannot be accepted as against an unimpeached legal tribunal. They must not ask nor expect too much of us, or the public; they must not ask nor expect that we shall do more than they would do in like circumstances. The claim is made that Mr. Bennett has suffered because he is an enemy of Christianity, but we took care to quote from the Boston "Index," edited by quite as eminent an opponent of Christianity as Mr. Bennett, a more condemnatory opinion of him than any one we have seen from Christian sources. It is not necessary to reproduce here the paragraph we quoted from the "Index," and we need only to say that Mr. Bennett seems as angry with the editor of that publication as he is with us, from which we may at least gather the comfort of learning that all the meanness and untruthfulness of the world is not monopolized by the believers in Christianity.

Complaint is made by Mr. Bennett and his friends that we have lugged in some private letters of his to a woman, as a part of the case. We have done no such thing. We were not responsible for publishing the letters. They had been made public, their authorship had been confessed by Mr. Bennett, and they were in our hands as a convenient means of determining the personal character of the writer. We denounced them as vile, and we assert without fear of contradiction, by Christian or infidel, that they could not have been written by a pure man, or by a man who reverences woman. It is entirely legitimate to judge Mr. Bennett's character and moral standing and immoral tastes by the revelations of these abominable letters. There is no apology to be made for them, and those of his friends who are disposed to regard them as venial do themselves a wrong by attempting to excuse them. In the public and private animadversions upon the article that has been so offensive to Mr. Bennett and his friends, very free use has been made of the word "hypocrite." Well, we do not pretend to sanctify. We never did.

We do not pretend to be without the weaknesses and passions that pertain to human nature; but if these accusers and users of hard epithets mean that we are fond of dirt, but are too prudent to say so, or seem to be so,—if they mean that we practically adopt the atrocious doctrine that "virtue depends upon who's looking," then they are mistaken. They must at least give us the credit for having ordinary good taste, and dirt is not only bad in morals, but it is "bad form." To say nothing of Christian morals in the matter, there are some men who have instincts of cleanliness which relate to their minds as well as their persons. They regard dirt with natural disgust, even if they fail to look upon it with moral abhorrence; and to these men, whether in infidel or Christian ranks, the writing of the private letters to which we have alluded would be an impossibility. A dirty letter comes from a dirty mind, and we like neither.

Again, if the idea is intended to be conveyed that we pretend to believe in Christianity and do not believe in it, then another mistake has been made. The flings at Christianity that are made in such a letter as Mr. Elizur Wright sends to us, and which we consented to print, are unseparably painful to us. The claim that the opinions of infidels are just as precious to them as those of Christians are to the believers in Christianity, is not sound. They have not proved it by such a series of martyrdoms as have illustrated the history of Christianity, and Christianity is something more than an opinion. The difference in value between an opinion and an affection is as great as that between a pebble in the highway and a diamond in its golden setting. A Christianity which consists only of opinions is a very shabby article, and we do not pretend to believe in it. The Christianity which is a divine life, a divine inspiration, and a divine hope, is so inexpressibly dear to so many people, it is such a help to them in the struggle with their grosser natures, it gives to life and death so stupendous a meaning, it is such a comfort in trouble and sorrow and burden-bearing, that we should need to be inhuman not to regard the efforts aimed at its overthrow as aimed at the dearest interests of the human race. To pretend that an infidel's opinions are sacred to him in any such way as Christianity is sacred to a Christian, is to trifle most inexcusably with holy things.

There is no doubt that many candid men and many pure and good men among the self-styled "liberals" of this country and this age, have been forced into their infidelity by the type of Christianity that has been presented to them. Ecclesiasticism and dogmatism and formalism are responsible for a great deal of the infidelity of the time. Against these, we have faithfully lifted a warning voice for many years; but we say here that Christianity, pure and simple, is not any more responsible for them than the "liberalism" represented by "The Index" is responsible for Mr. D. M. Bennett and his doings. Nor is the Church Christianity. Is liberalism sure that it is fair with us? Is it sure that, in aiming at the destruction of the mistakes of men about Christianity, it is not trying to destroy a life that would be of infinite advan-

tage to itself? They must be a lonesome and a sad set who deny Christ as the revealer of the fatherhood of God, Christ as the exemplar and the inspirer of a divine life, Christ as the mediator between God and man, Christ as the author of the highest code of morals ever promulgated upon the earth, and Christ as the hope of immortality. When they have suc-

ceeded in blotting out the faith in, and the love of, and devotion to, this personage, they will blot out the light of life and the hope of the world. One thing is at least true, and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Elizur Wright know it as well as we, viz.: that every loyal and devoted friend of Christ "hath clean hands and a pure heart."

COMMUNICATIONS.

"The Apotheosis of Dirt," A Reply.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

The appearance of my name under the above sensational heading, in your issue for July, page 463, induces me to offer your readers a few words, rather to set the facts right than to justify myself for the part I took in the meeting there referred to. The latter I did in the words I there uttered, which I should not be ashamed to see in your or any other journal of civilization. I am very far from promoting the apotheosis of Mr. Bennett or any other man, having never yet found any man, either in life or history, sacred or profane, who did not fall far short of an easily imaginable perfection. But having read Mr. Bennett's writings with care and pretty extensively; having attended his trial, and candidly considered the attacks made upon him after his conviction and imprisonment, and his replies to them, not to honor him as, after all, a brave, truthful and nobly useful man, would be to dishonor myself.

It is not true that Mr. Bennett had been "convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails," if the opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States on the character of the matter he sent is worthy of any respect. That was the pretense of the indictment. Now, whatever Mr. Bennett, in his life, may have done, said or thought, which was not embraced in the indictment against him, is no justification for his imprisonment. The less he was a saint, the more inexcusable was the jury for convicting him of what he was not guilty, and the more execrable the judge for the rulings which upheld them in it. If there is in English or any other history a more palpable outrage on justice than that perpetrated by Judge Benedict in the trial of D. M. Bennett, I am sure I do not know where to find it. I felt deeply mortified by the whole proceeding, the law and the Society which led to it, as well as the deplorable result. If we cannot repress clandestine literature without a clandestine law and a professional liar, we had better not attempt it. I believe Rev. Sidney Smith was a tolerably clean, as well as a very sensible man, and I heartily agree with what he wrote in the "Edinburgh Review," nearly as long ago as I was born, where, among other important things, he said:

"Though it were clear that individual informers are useful auxiliaries to the administration of the

laws, it would by no means follow that these informers should be allowed to combine,—to form themselves into a body,—to make a public purse, and to prosecute under a common name. An informer, whether he is paid by the week, like the agents of this society, or by the crime, as in common cases, is, in general, a man of very indifferent character. So much fraud and deception are necessary in carrying on his trade—it is so odious to his fellow subjects—that no man of respectability will ever undertake it. It is evidently impossible to make such a character otherwise than odious."

A good farmer, in eradicating weeds, takes care not to destroy his corn, and does not set his barn on fire to exterminate the rats. It was perfectly plain to a vast number of people, not fanatically inclined, that the prosecution of Bennett was nothing but the old Christian blunder of punishing where it is impossible to refute. The discovery of personal delinquency, not covered by the indictment, and, indeed, not indictable, was used to mitigate an adverse public sentiment. I do not envy the praise lavished by bigots and fanatics on those liberals who were too timid or jealous either to stand by the victim or reprobate the judge. Inasmuch as Mr. Bennett acknowledged his fault in the matter for which he was not punished, and was forgiven by the only party liable to be injured, the publication of the objectionable letters written by him was a gross and unpardonable infraction of the very law which proposes to protect the decencies of society, and stamps with hypocrisy the whole movement against him.

Let us see. Supposing Mr. Bennett was, as I think, unjustly convicted, so far as obscenity is charged in the matter he mailed, yet there is no doubt that he had attacked Christianity with the utmost vigor and contempt, and you say: "The safety and purity of society rests, as it always has rested, with the believers in, and professors of, Christianity," as a reason why his punishment should be acquiesced in and accepted as righteous. This is pouring contempt on the law for no longer permitting heretics to be burnt, and on Christianity for being obliged to resort to imprisonment on false charges to protect itself against an infidel press. It surely is to be hoped that the great bulk of Christians do not intend nor expect to repel the contemptuous assailants of Christianity by a contemptible indirection, which makes the law a laughing-stock. It would be better to resort to the old direct

method which was applied to Giordano Bruno, effectually as to the man, though ineffectually as to his opinions. I presume there were not a few Christians present at the Bennett reception in Chickering Hall, who sympathized as heartily with the indignation expressed at the unjust imprisonment as the infidels. We are all mortal men, and have many points in common besides faith.

For a Christian journal to refer to that great meeting as an "apotheosis of dirt," was to use a most unfortunate figure of speech—a sort of rhetorical boomerang. Dirt is none the better for being really apotheosized, and there happens to be in the same book where Moses Stuart found a justification of slavery a good deal of the very "dirt" which the Comstock obscenity law excludes from the mails on pain of imprisonment. Even our "free lovers," I think, would be ashamed of the doings of Saint

Mordecai. This high claim for Christianity as a purifier reminds one how much the "purity of society" has depended on a hole in a wall, with a priest on one side and a spell-bound female on the other. I shall not enter on the question, though I think it is an open one, whether society is as much indebted to Christianity as Christianity is to skepticism, for so much "purity" as it has. I have lived to be ashamed of having been used by Christians to propagate a set of dogmas which are essentially immoral, and if the "free lovers" have made use of me to deepen that degradation of woman which Christianity found her laboring under, and, with terrible effect, attempted to perpetuate, I shall live to be ashamed of it. But I do not think they have intended to use me in that direction. If so, they have mistaken their man, as much as the Christians did.

BOSTON, July 12, 1880.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Education in Europe.

IN the department allotted to communications, in a recent number of your magazine, I read with attention a letter upon the education of women. We are, indeed, forced, in this latter day of dawning American perception in the matter of culture, to compare the qualities which distinguish educated people at home and abroad, for we have, in the United States, so far left behind the primitive simplicity of our stay-at-home ancestors as to covet a place among the polished circles of the polite world.

I do not refer to the "great unwashed," which is about the same all Christendom over—perhaps a trifle better informed in Germany and the United States than elsewhere. But in our so-called upper classes, there is a restless movement toward something like the broad, easy cosmopolitanism of refined Europeans. It is a conceded fact that Americans, away from home influences, lose their provincialisms more quickly than most other people, probably because there is less force of gravity of dead-and-gone generations drawing them to their established centers. But this assimilation is often only in the mere superficial things of dress and manners, and as a nation we do not adopt the spirit of foreign languages as do Germans and Russians, or even Englishmen. These last, it is true, speak the acquired tongues with that omnipresent English infection which every American hopes to carry across the ocean for the amusement of his friends, but always finds he has lost on the steamer, and cannot possibly recover until he has again landed in Liverpool.

Now, this failing of Americans to grasp practically a foreign tongue can be nothing more than the result of that mistaken course of instruction which the article signed S. B. H. so vividly portrays. The education of the English girl so far differs from that of her overworked and under-taught transatlantic

cousin, that I have been led to make the contrast a subject of much observation.

For this reason, as well as to vitalize my poor pretense of American French, I entered as pupil one of the charming *pensionnats* in Geneva. Perhaps nothing can so far go to prove the reality of the advantages opened by the European system as a brief sketch of life at Bois de Fey. I write, not from a gushing school-girl's stand-point, but from mature insight, as well as a critical analysis of results. The name of this school—if such one must call it, for want of a better English word—I should like to write in letters of gold for American girls to whom fortune has given the better part of "a finishing year" abroad, although it is but one of many such happy institutions on the Continent.

To begin with, we number, in our merry family, four English girls, sweet and serious and honest; two or three Americans, whose chief disadvantage is in knowing less French than most of the others; several Germans, who acquire the language with astonishing rapidity and speak it with great flexibility; several French girls, all vivacity and excitability, after the manner of their nation; one little girl from Bombay and one from Java, the complement being made up of Swiss. A heterogeneous family, but in an enviable state of assimilation. To say they are the happiest young people, out of their own homes, that I have ever seen, would give but an inadequate idea of their contentment. Perhaps, in contrast with the compulsory and monotonous school routine of American girls, they have too much liberty and make too little effort. At least, so it seemed to me at first. They were always in the garden, or on half-duty, I thought. But, now that I have fallen in with the varied round of occupations, I find that the demoiselles, for the most part, work quite as hard as though under stricter orders, and with this to us unknown difference: they study from pure interest in their subjects.

To be sure, Mademoiselle gives a *jeton* for every correct answer, or bright idea, or careful translation, or success in composition, during the admirable two hours devoted to recitations. But it is not a spirit of emulation which makes students at Bois de Fey. I look back to the trials of my school-girlhood, and to some later experiences in the deep, narrow rut of a bleak New England boarding-school, and believe that there is nothing in America like these two morning hours in the cheerful *salle d'étude* at Bois de Fey.

Around the long table (or some supplementary small tables, drawn cozily up) sit the girls, with their knitting or crocheting, or any light work which occupies the fingers without claiming the attention. At the head of the table, with the lesson-books for the day open before her, is Mademoiselle. After a chapter from the Bible and a simple prayer, which elevate this French Protestant school far above many of the fashionable academies in the United States, there is a special calling of names from a little blue book, wherein each young lady's name stands opposite to some simple household duty allotted to her, and to be performed before the ringing of the bell, at ten o'clock. One is to dust the pianos, one to arrange the flowers, one to see that the fire is properly replenished, one to look after the games that are to be replaced, one to keep the book-shelves in order, etc. These performances being commended or disapproved, the exercises begin.

First, there are several rounds of spelling; then synonyms are demanded for the words,—both excellent discipline in aiding the foreigner to acquire a French vocabulary. Then sentences are read, or improvised, in which the same words are employed,—and they must be well employed to please the fastidious ear of Mlle. P. This leads naturally into grammar and composition, after which comes an entertaining lecture on geology, botany or physiology from Mademoiselle, whose French is pure and fluent, and who requires well-expressed notes written upon her remarks. The history and literature of different countries follow, and a few rapid rounds of general questions close the recitations. Of course there is a German teacher for the French and English girls, an English class for the German and French girls, and a master of mathematics for all. But the charm of the home is the liberal instruction of its kind and cultivated mistress.

But there are other methods of educating girls in Europe which are even farther removed from the "mechanical way of learning" prevalent in American schools. Perhaps nothing appears, upon first view, more superficial and nomadic than the course pursued by many an English mother in the "training" of her daughters. And yet the English girl whom one encounters everywhere in Europe is a refreshing example of versatile culture. She is not "crammed," but is genuinely cultivated. This involves a more liberal process of imparting many-phased information than is possible in our first-class schools where the cramming system is in vogue. I am afraid to turn the leaf back, somewhere prior to my first European experiences, and recall all the things which I studied,

in common with sixty or seventy-five other over-taxed young ladies. Although possessed of as many different inclinations or capacities, we were reduced to one striving, indiscriminating mass. All day, and sometimes half the night, we labored and strove—for what? For perfect recitations and a high standing in our class, at best. I do not believe we ever had a rational conception of why we studied, of the means of cultivation professedly within our reach, or of the use or tendency of any branch of mental application.

It was all one nebulous effort; and the ability to acquire each individual *lesson* was a sort of necromancy which had to be worked by a special evoking of the sensitive and easily excited memory. I do not think we were stupid; but this I know; that most of the information supposed to have been absorbed during the school term each year, became in the summer a vague blur of incoherent impressions,—a chaos of irretrievably mixed dialectics and hopelessly misplaced facts.

Ah, well! it is not worth while to call up the slowly vanishing phantoms of buried school-books. Doubtless, every "finished" girl in America experiences the same retrospective amazement in contemplating, from the perihelion of graduating day, the immense "ground" she has gone over in her brief scholastic orbit. Of course there are, here and there, sturdy feminine organizations which, when coupled with clear intellects, come unexhausted from the race. But nearly always the female constitution is incapable of that prolonged nervous strain called by your correspondent "the high-pressure method."

But these English maidens who dwell in green pastures of Europe and lie down by the still waters of culture!—how does their ideal education come to them? By work, assuredly; but also by perpetual variety and refreshing contact.

They often begin life with a French governess at home. When they have outgrown their nurseries, a systematic course of travel and languages follows. Mamma gathers her sons and daughters under her wing and goes to the Continent. Here, perhaps, the girl begins with a good German school, her summer holidays among the mountains of Switzerland or the lakes of Italy being pervaded by a ubiquitous German flavor, induced by the presence of a companion, until she is so thoroughly acquainted with the language that she can read, write and speak it,—even think and dream in it. After that, she is polished afresh by a French governess, whose quick ear and eye no English word nor gesture is permitted to escape. A winter in Italy, amid the refining influences of Rome or Florence, it may be, completes this graceful training; and then the maiden is ready to be chaperoned by her capable mamma into a society where her acquired tongues are not dead languages, as they are apt to be in the drawing-rooms of well-bred America.

It seems to me, however, that the school-plan, observed in this Genevan *pensionnat*, is the best; for the governess, with all her personal surveillance, makes a slower impression upon the intelligence than does contact with other young minds in the same

strait. To be obliged to recite side by side with French-speaking associates lends a glibness, first from mere imitation, then from habit. And it perpetually stirs up the spirit to renewed energy, as the girl is thrown among all the multifarious requirements of a little French world such as this. The speech becomes a part of the occasion. I think this home

phase of Bois de Fey will rise before me whenever I hear the diplomatic tongue in America, bringing with it the cozy breakfast freedom, the chatter of lunch, the merriment of the prolonged dinner,—all the pleasant girlish talk; and, above all, the kind and ever cheerful presence of Mlle. Pradez.

L. CLARKSON.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell."*

AN interval of something more than four years has elapsed since Dr. Bushnell's death, and we have here at last a worthy memorial of his life: We took up this handsome volume expecting to be interested, but we have been interested beyond our expectation. There is a charm that never intermits from the beginning to the end of the narrative, and you are drawn on to read the whole of it with unabated zest. The very brief fragment of autobiography with which the book begins is a true appetizer. If you had never heard before of Dr. Bushnell, you would be curious to learn something further of the man who could write that sketch. It is wonderfully racy, of a strong, fresh, vital, idiosyncratic nature. Carlyle's idiom is not more pronouncedly unique than is Dr. Bushnell's. John Foster did not more eagerly seek, nor more decisively succeed in securing, a thought, and a form for the thought, that should be incommunicably his own, than was the case with the subject of this biography. Dr. Bushnell was too high and sound and genuine a soul to be spoiled with affectation, yet we cannot resist the impression that he did humor, and even force, his bent for idiosyncrasy a little beyond what was perfectly wholesome. The result at length was a style in which the accent of individuality had become unpleasantly exaggerated. If that same accent had been softened instead of being sharpened—softened through such good taste as is mainly identical with wise deference to the opinion of others, Dr. Bushnell's style would have grown into one of the most charming vehicles of expression that our American literature has known. As the case stands, Dr. Bushnell's later period of production seems to us a kind of brazen age, degenerated from the golden one of his prime. Still, the golden age with Dr. Bushnell was so choice, that a considerable degree of degeneration was entirely compatible with high merit remaining after the change.

The record of Dr. Bushnell's life is very simple, and may be briefly given. He was born in Connecticut, of sterling New England parentage, in 1802. He spent his boyhood and youth on his father's farm. He was graduated at Yale College in 1827. During the two following years, he first taught a school, and then was editor on the staff of

the "Journal of Commerce," in New York. He now became tutor in Yale College. His tutorship continued two years. Study of the law was carried forward at the same time. Just as his preparation for the bar was complete, a religious revival in the college produced a crisis in Bushnell's own inward experience. The result was that he entered upon a course of theology in the New Haven divinity-school, and became a minister instead of a lawyer. His first and only pastorate was in Hartford. This extended from 1833 to 1860. After 1860 till the time of his death, in 1876, with intervals of travel and temporary sojourn in various places resorted to for the sake of his health, which was in a slow, intermittent decline, Dr. Bushnell continued to reside in Hartford, an active and influential citizen no less than a venerated minister of the gospel. He exercised all this time what he called a kind of "ministry at large," in the writing of books and of papers for the periodical press.

Such was the uneventful life recorded in this book. But the man himself was much more than the outward life he lived. The interest of the narrative is not in the incidents that occur, but in the man to whom they occur. He was a noble, strenuous spirit, deeply religious, stoutly bent on being orthodox in his own individual way. He was involved at one time in theological controversies, out of which he emerged, if not triumphant, still unharmed, to enjoy, during the latter period of his life, a measure of general respect very grateful to his heart. His sense of his own individuality was so intense that it hardly differed from a kind of transformed and modified egotism. This stimulant consciousness of himself sustained him greatly during the long suspense of his failing health. He continued to the last to feel that he had work to do which could be done by no one but himself. He probably conceived of his mission in the world of thought as being relatively more important and influential than it really was. Some of those who write of him in this biography not unnaturally share the mistake. With all the generous force and fertility of nature that he possessed, Dr. Bushnell still was a somewhat narrow man. He was, perhaps, too intense to be broad. His accomplishments were not equal to his endowments. He had original virtue enough in him to have vitalized and made serviceable a much larger amount of learning than he seems to have acquired. If he read widely, this does not appear, either in his

* Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

correspondence or in his books. His thought, it seems to us, would have been juster and richer if it had had more material of acquirement to exercise itself upon.

But Dr. Bushnell was a rare, a lofty soul; we have not many such. His life is a book to read with profit and delight. It is full of the breath of a pure and heavenly inspiration. One feels cheered and spurred as one reads. The authorship is composite; but the composite authorship has produced, on the whole, a satisfactory book. What we chiefly miss is, first, in connection with the polemical periods of Dr. Bushnell's life, succinct and lucid statement of exactly the points in controversy between Dr. Bushnell and his opponents; and, secondly, a history of the interior processes by which Dr. Bushnell advanced from stage to stage of his mental and spiritual growth. But we feel sincerely thankful that we have so much, and that what we have is so good. Seldom, if ever, have we seen private letters from any pen, every line—every word—of which so well repaid perusal. Dr. Bushnell would seem to have let almost nothing slip from him into utterance that he had not first steeped to saturation in his own personality. The quaintness, the picturesqueness, the suggestiveness of his turns of expression entice you to read date, signature, parenthesis, commonplace detail—everything that he took the trouble to write. There is more thought, more freshness, more originality, sometimes, in a single page of one of his apparently least-considered little notes to his wife, than you might chance to find in a whole ream of the letters which the great, generous Walter Scott somehow got time to lavish in unstinted improvidence on the vast mob of his correspondents. The whole book is readable, and, besides that, is worth reading.

If the reader is induced to make himself familiar with "Sermons for the New Life," and with the "Character of Jesus," he may justly feel that he knows Dr. Bushnell at his best. He will certainly feel that Dr. Bushnell's best is something exceedingly good.

Swinburne's "Songs of the Springtide."

WE have read Swinburne's last book with every desire in the world to understand it. It is filled to overflowing with the stuff out of which poetry is made, but it is not poetry. It is a wilderness of magnificent language, besprinkled with vehement phrases,—a sea of sonorous measures, surging hither and thither in billows of rhythm; but it signifies nothing. What led to its composition we have to conjecture; but, giving him the benefit of his title, we may suppose it was the influence of the sea. We look for it, accordingly, but we do not find it. It is true that three of the four poems of which it is composed imply it; but for any impression that they leave upon our minds they might as well have implied the woods, or the air, or anything else under the sun. They contain no evidence that he ever saw—

or, seeing, was impressed by—the sea; no such evidence as authenticates itself in Byron's famous apostrophe to the ocean (which was written on the shores of the Mediterranean), in Campbell's "Lines on the View from St. Leonard's," or Bryant's "Hymn of the Sea"; nothing which presents or suggests, either in mass or in detail, the restless surface of the waves, burnished by the glare of the sun, obscured by the shadow of the clouds, and ruffled by the boisterous merriment of the wind; nothing, in short, which appeals to the imagination like the one hundred and eighty-third stanza of the last canto of "Childe Harold" ("Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form"), or the line and a half in "Thanatopsis," which sums up its elemental effect with the gravity of the Greek tragic writers, or the Hebrew prophets:

"And poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Not a line, not a word, has suffered "a sea-change." "Thalassius," if we understand it, is an attempt to reflect the emotions of one born by, and possibly of, the sea—an offspring of that mysterious and awful force; "On the Cliffs" is an attempt to revive and recall the personality of Sappho, whom we have to suppose supreme among the martyrs of passion; and "The Garden of Cymodoce" is an attempt to celebrate one of the Channel Islands, upon which Victor Hugo once resided, and which his memory has glorified ever since in the eyes of his adoring poet. The volume closes with a "Birthday Ode"—a long and tedious rhapsody in all sorts of measures, saturated with enthusiasm for this grand man and his works, which are "so incomparable as to seem incredible."

We have indicated, as well as we could in a brief notice like this, the existing characteristics of Swinburne's poetry. It is wearisome in its wordiness and exhaustive in its obscurity. We try to persuade ourselves that we understand it; but, after reading a few pages of it, we give up in despair. If this is poetry, we say, we are on the eve of a new dispensation, which will overthrow all that has gone before,—the noble simplicity of Homer, the awful sublimity of Dante, the world-containing comprehension of Shakspeare,—all that we have loved and revered from of old:

"The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or peaty mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring.
Or charms and watery depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

The faith of reason has gone, or the songs of Ariel would not be hushed before the silence of Thalassius, nor would the immortal shape of Juliet fade into the passing shadow of Sappho. It is an age of unreason, and Swinburne has become one of its prophets.

"The Ode of Life."

THE difference, or one of the differences, between a poet in *esse* and a poet in *poese*, is shown in the

* Songs of the Springtide. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus.

* The Ode of Life. By the author of "The Epic of Hades," and "Gwen." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

choice of subjects selected by each, as well as in their methods of handling them. The poet of aspirations, ignorant alike of his limitations and the resources of his art, grasps at the unattainable. The poet of achievements, who carefully studies his powers and what is possible to be achieved, contents himself with gathering the flowers that grow along his path. He feels the profound truth of Lord Houghton's stanza—

"A man's best things lie nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet."

Not so his ambitious fellow-singer, who habitually takes refuge in dimness and distance, and is never so much inspired as when he is unintelligible. Such a one is the author of "The Ode of Life," who is as much to be pitied as he is to be censured. He is to be pitied, because he possesses an uncommon degree of poetic talent, which is wasted in this production, and he is to be censured, because he has declined to learn by the failure of his betters. He should have known—no one better, for his culture is evident in all that he has written—that no poet, however great, has yet succeeded in grappling with the problem which he so rashly essays to solve, and which he so mistakenly persuades himself that he has solved. "Whatever may be the fate of the work," he says, "the writer knows well that nothing more mature can be expected from his pen, nor can he hope again to find unappropriated so fruitful a subject for verse." He is correct in thinking it a fruitful subject,—he might have said the most fruitful of all subjects,—but he is mistaken in thinking it unappropriated, for every thoughtful poet, from the days of Lucretius down, has appropriated as much of it as he could, and has left of what it was—an undecipherable secret, a mysterious manifestation, whose beginning and whose end are unknown.

There are two ways of regarding life, or, more strictly speaking, the Life of Man, which is the fruitful subject of the "Ode,"—one obvious, the other recondite; the obvious being confined to our knowledge of ourselves, the recondite to our apparent relation to the universe. One suggests pictures of the different stages of mundane existence, from the cradle to the grave; the other reflects impressions of the things by which we are surrounded. Human life, on its picturesque side, is the theme of nearly all Bryant's poetry. It moved like a shadowy procession before the eyes of the boy to whom the woods of Berkshire yielded their solemn secret in "Thanatopsis," and it surged tumultuously before the eyes of the aged man whose last great hymn was "The Flood of Years." No other poet ever dwelt so persistently upon it, and no other poet ever brought it so nearly home to the bosoms and business of men. It was recognized in a different and more profound spirit by Wordsworth, who cared not for it as it was manifested in the multitude, but who dwelt upon it, like the egoist that he was, as he felt it in his own individual being. The heights and depths of life are scaled and sounded in his glorious "Intimations of Immortality," which read like a transcript from the universal manuscript of nature.

If "The Ode of Life" could be written, it would have been by Wordsworth; but it escaped even his elemental genius, as this his noblest poem proved, and where he failed who can hope to succeed? Certainly not the author of "The Epic of Hades."

There were two methods open to him—the recondite method of Wordsworth, and the obvious method of Bryant, either of which might have insured a measure of success; but he chose neither, or, rather, chose a combination of both, and the result is disappointing. His Ode can be read, if one determines to read it, but it is not likely to be remembered, either in its entirety, which is merely that of a rhapsody, or in its parts, which lack distinctness and contrast. He is occasionally picturesque, in a quiet fashion, as when he endeavors to realize the life of childhood. Here, for example, is a glimpse of a group of boys, set against a background of country landscape:

"I see the warm pool fringed with meadow-sweet,
Where stream in summer, with eager feet,
Through gold of buttercups and crested grass
The gay procession, stripping as they pass.
I hear the cool and glassy depths divide
As the bold, fair young bodies, far more fair
Than even sculptured Nereids were,
Plunge fearless down, or push, with front or side,
Through the caressing wave.
I mark the deadly chill thro' the young blood
When some young life, snatched from the cruel flood,
Looks once upon the flowers, the fields, the sun,—
Looks once, and then is done!"

Prettier than this is the glimpse of girlhood:

"Now with thy doll I see thee full of care,
Or, filled already with the mother's air,
Hushing thy child to sleep.
And now thyself immersed in slumbers, deep
Yet light, I see thee lie.
And now the singer, lifting a clear voice
In soaring hymns or carols that rejoice,
Or busied with thy seams, or, doubly fair
For the unconscious rapture of thy look,
Lost in some simple book."

This is pleasant writing, certainly, but it does not come up to what we have a right to expect from a poet who undertakes to sing "The Ode of Life"; and when we say that it is the best that we have been able to find in this Ode, we suspect it will hardly induce our readers to struggle through the one hundred and fifty odd pages in which it is imbedded. If he has failed, as we think he has, the failure lies in his subject as much as in himself. We think worse of his subject than of him, and better of him than he appears to think of himself; for we refuse to believe that "nothing more mature can be expected from his pen." He has made a mistake such as men of genius are apt to make, and the best thing he can do is to forget it speedily, as the world will, and write a better poem. There is still a brilliant future for the author of "The Epic of Hades."

King's "Echoes from the Orient."

THE Orient of Mr. King's volume is not the gorgeous East, which, in Milton,

"With richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold";
the wild and romantic East to which Byron trans-

* Echoes from the Orient. With Miscellaneous Poems. By Edward King. London: C. Kegan Paul.

ports us in "Childe Harold" and "The Giaour"; or the languorous, poetic East of gardens, kiosks and harems which Moore depicts for us in "Lalla Rookh"; but the East of which we read so much during the Russo-Turkish war, the Occidental East,—that bloody, debatable border-land between the forces of the Crescent and the Cross. This ground was trenched upon some half a century ago by the late Sir John Bowring, who sought to acquaint his countrymen with the poetic literature of every country in Europe, and who published a small library of anthologies, which whoever can may read. Others have cast their eyes upon it from time to time, but so far, we believe, Mr. King is the first English-writing poet who has set to work seriously to preserve its echoes in verse, and who has fitted himself to do by journeying through the regions which he describes. Twenty of the thirty-two poems of which his volume is composed are devoted to them—the longest, "The Sorrow of Maniol," being based on a Roumanian legend, while the remainder are attempts, more or less successful, to embody the characteristic features of its landscapes, and the life of its peoples, their joys and sorrows, "fierce wars and faithful loves," in a word, the elements of their national character as it is reflected in their popular folk-songs. He has been struck by what he has seen, and has reproduced it with a faithfulness that has destroyed the poetic impression at which he aimed. His work is carefully wrought, but it is literal and hard. We miss the idealism which we look for, and which must have enveloped the themes as they existed in his mind. We especially miss this quality in "The Fair Bosnian," who might have taken her place in literature with Wordsworth's "Highland Girl." "An Idyl Among the Rocks" suggests a stormy episode of Oriental border-life. There is not much story in it, but what there is is fairly indicated, and the gleams of landscape through which it conducts us are picturesque. Here is such an one:

"Across the rocky lands, along the hills,
Upward beside the foaming cataracts,
Past lonely khans upon the mountain side,
Through darkened woods of oak and sycamore,
And through the pass of Zygos, where the crags
From all their vast recesses echo forth
The cries and murmurs of a hundred brooks,
Which nourish old Peneios, as his wave
Flows down to greet the olive and the vine."

Quite as distinct, and much less Tennysonian, is this glimpse of "Night in the Herzegovina."

"No blade of grass, nor any green is here,
Save on a crag one starving olive tree;
The torrents into caverns disappear,
Or hastes, moaning, downward to the sea."

"The shepherd homeward to the fold his flock
Leads by the crooning of his rustic reed:
The goats bound airily from rock to rock,
And gambol where our human feet would bleed."

"The mountaineer, with dagger at his side,
With pistols in his belt, and carbine
Firm in his hand, seems like a ghost to glide
Along the rocky high horizon line."

"The Ballad of Miramar" is the best poem which the untimely fate of the Emperor Maximilian called forth: "Prince Lazarus" is an effective rendering of a well-known Serbian legend; and "The Tsigone's

Canzonet" is still better. We are inclined to think, indeed, that it is the finest thing in the book, or that it would be if its two long lines were capable of musical modulation.

Wikoff's "Reminiscences of an Idler."

MR. WIKOFF has the courage to announce himself on his title-page as the author of "My Courtship and its Consequences," a book now well-nigh forgotten, but remembered, when recalled, as one of the least creditable volumes ever put forth by a native American. This, however, should not prejudice the reader against the present book, but, unfortunately, the memory of his title-page seems to have hung like a pall before Mr. Wikoff's eyes while he was writing these reminiscences, and so a good half of the book is very dull. Toward the end, the writer warms to his work, and it becomes of more interest. It is rarely that the title of a book is so exact an index to its character as the title of this volume. Mr. Wikoff, if we may accept his own evidence, has devoted a long and laborious life to the pursuit of idleness. He has no more story to tell than the needy knife-grinder; he has seldom had exciting adventures or held memorable conversations; he has merely loitered for half a century among the notabilities and notoriety of Europe and America. To say this is to say that this book is a book of gossip. Now, a book of gossip may be a good thing. Greville's "Memoirs" were valuable, for instance, though they were little more than a book of gossip. But there is gossip and gossip. And by far the most of Mr. Wikoff's gossip is either valueless in itself, or else it is second-hand. In the long account of Paris as it was in 1830 and thereabouts, is the most barefaced borrowing from Sir Henry Bulwer's "France, Social, Literary and Political," and from Captain Gronow's "Recollections." Although quotation marks appear, without a detailed reference to these books it is impossible to say how much is taken verbatim, and how much is paraphrased. Besides the matter thus lifted, a short history is given of everybody Mr. Wikoff meets or sees; if he goes, for instance, to a ball at the Tuileries and sees two old men shake hands, he fills three pages with a sketch of the life of each, containing no details not to be found in the biographical dictionaries from which Mr. Wikoff has apparently derived his information. This is popularly known as "padding"; it fills fully one-half of Mr. Wikoff's pages. In still another way is the book monotonous; Mr. Wikoff is a persistent optimist. Every man he meets, if not a great man or a good man, is at least a handsome man or a well-dressed man. He sprinkles sugared phrases over every chance acquaintance. As for the ladies he has the fortune to approach—they are sylphs, fairies, houris, goddesses! And Mr. Wikoff dilates upon their physical charms with an impudence almost refreshing. He pays special attention to the ladies' figures, which are described with the most luxuriant superlatives. All these glowing por-

* The Reminiscences of an Idler. By Henry Wikoff. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1880.

traits are framed in a style easy to the point of carelessness; not even the three colleges, at one after another of which Mr. Wikoff received instruction, have seemingly been able to teach him to write English.

These are the main demerits of his book. In its favor are to be recorded his vivacity, his eagerness in the pursuit of idleness, a certain *naïveté*, good spirits, and the fact that somehow he always got into good company. He tells us how he spent the night in a diligence with his head, accidentally, in his sleep, on the shoulder of a fair stranger, who turned out to be the Countess Guiccioli; he describes over again Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay; he narrates how Lady Bulwer appealed to him for aid in the midst of her quarrel with Sir Edward George Lytton Bulwer; he met Mrs. Norton in her regal beauty, a few hours after the verdict in the Melbourne case; and he informs us of his success in patching up a disagreement between Edwin Forrest and his future wife, then Miss Sinclair. From these experiences it may seem that Mr. Wikoff made a specialty of matrimonial infelicity; but he had other experiences also. He traveled with Forrest through Russia and the East; he was in Paris at a barricade just as it was charged by the troops; he saw the execution of Fieschi; he was present when "Jim Crow" Rice first turned about and wheeled about on the London stage (in the index, we may note, this Rice is confounded with "Dan" Rice, of circus fame); and he was introduced by Fanny Elssler to Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian. The letters from Mrs. Grote are much the best things in Mr. Wikoff's book—as he says of one of them: "Was there ever such a piquant jumble of topics more eloquently conveyed, or at times more quaintly expressed? Horace Walpole never mixed a more palatable dish of gossip." In a later letter, Mrs. Grote tells him that she has taken a box to see Fanny Elssler come out in the *Tarentella*, and that she carries with her three good men and true to applaud heartily, "among them a countryman of yours, Charles Sumner." Mr. Wikoff tells us about his friend Sampson, who came over to this country for the Bank of England, and went back to wield enormous power over the financial world as the "city" editor of the London "Times"; but he does not mention, characteristically enough, that Mr. Sampson was discharged from this high position for selling his influence.

A large proportion of the final hundred pages of these "Reminiscences" are given up to Fanny Elssler, whose trip to this country, where she danced the top of Bunker Hill Monument on, was owing to Mr. Wikoff's personal exertions. Strange to say, both of the rival queens of the dance of fifty years ago, Marie Taglioni and Fanny Elssler, probably the two finest dancers ever seen, are alive to-day. Mr. Wikoff, in speaking (page 321) of the Duke of Reichstadt's passion for Fanny Elssler, says that she did not know of it till after his death; the current account is different.

Readers of the de Remusat "Memoirs" may be interested in another Napoleonic anecdote recorded by Mr. Wikoff, although not apparently original with

him. It is said that Napoleon, in a moment of fondness, told Mlle. Georges to ask for anything she wanted. Sentimentally enough, she requested a portrait of her imperial lover. "Oh, if that is all you want," said the emperor, "here is my portrait—and a very good likeness it is, too." And he handed her a five-franc piece, containing his effigy and superscription.

Gath's "Tales of the Chesapeake." *

MANY readers are familiar with the amusing fictions which frequently appear in the Western newspapers over the signature of "Gath"; and in the present volume Mr. Townsend comes forward for the first time frankly as a story-teller. These "Tales of the Chesapeake" consist of twenty-seven pieces, thirteen in prose, and fourteen in verse. The latter may be dismissed off-hand, as calling for no special consideration; most of them are simple ballads, easily told, but giving no evidence of the poetic gift; there is one exception, however: "The Imp in Nanjemoy" is really a fine psychologic study in meter of the results on John Wilkes Booth of that long man-hunt of which he was the game, and at the end of which he died at bay. Of the thirteen prose pieces, one, "Sir William Johnson's Night," besides having nothing of the Chesapeake in it, is a cheap and personal newspaper squib wholly unworthy of a revival in the pages of a book; and two others are studies of the "Old Washington Almshouse" and of "Preacher's Sons in 1849." This last, which sketches vividly the happenings in the life of a Methodist itinerant on the eastern shore, thirty years ago, is in some respects the best bit of work in the book.

The remaining ten stories are of very varying value; some may fairly be called excellent, others are only commonplace. One may detect in them a distinct proof of a decided vocation for prose fiction; and had the call been heeded earlier, and the gift been made much of, we might have been able to welcome Mr. Townsend as a promising recruit in the already creditable band of Americans who can do that difficult thing: write a good short story. He has evidently the story-telling faculty, and it might have been cultivated to fine effect. But the writing of fiction has been but a side issue. And so we see much cleverness, indeed, but also the marks of a lack of training. And more than all, there is no strong savor of marked individuality; there is no Gath trade-mark, which might incite an imitator. Two tales, "Ticking Stone" and "Dominion Over the Fish," are in the Edgar Poe or Fitz-James O'Brien style; another, "The Big Idiot," is seemingly an imitation of Washington Irving. Curiously enough, the plot of "Judge Whaley's Demon" is very like a play by M. Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, called the "Filleul de Pompignac," although, with finer art, the French author did not attempt to explain away the main idea of the plot in a conventional happy conclusion. There is true strength at times in some of these tales, however, in spite of an occasional

* Tales of the Chesapeake. By George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"). New York: American News Co. 1886.

weakness in handling the theme, especially in "Crutch, the Page," by far the finest story in the volume, and the one which gives most hope of Mr. Townsend's future work. Here is real skill in the conception and presentation of character; here is sharp dramatic interest; a truly well-told story, well worth telling.

But even in this there is a touch of the bad taste inherent in cheap newspaper work. Because the old lady of the tale keeps a boarding-house, the second chapter is entitled "Hash." And we have noted many other lapses into newspaper idioms and mannerisms. In general, the style is hasty. It is with something very like a shock that one reads—

"He keeps the saddle as he used
In younger days, when he enthused
Three provinces," etc.

This is poetic license with a vengeance.

About's "Story of an Honest Man."*

It was full time a story like this was put forward by some one holding a front place in French literature, for its fair fame was day by day sinking lower and lower, under the double pressure of the trifling and heedlessly immoral tales written for the consumption of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "the average sensual man," on the one hand, and on the other under the weight of the pseudo-scientific narratives of the so-called "naturalists," who seem to be able to find the dark colors with which they paint only in the muddiest depths of human degradation. Alike from the insidious immorality of M. Feuilleton and the cold descriptions of the lowest vices by M. Zola, this simple and sincere story comes as a great relief. Of M. About's skill as a writer of fiction no one needs to be told who remembers the "King of the Mountains," or the "Man with the Broken Ear;" and though his present theme is lacking in the lightness and brightness of these earlier tales, and is, indeed, serious and elevating instead of being merely amusing, there is no loss nor lack of ease and grace; and there is gain in strength and dignity. "The Story of an Honest Man" is the model of what a story with a purpose should be. It is not didactic; it does not preach—save by example; and its interest does not flag for an instant. Perhaps this is because its purpose is a very simple one, and easy to handle in fiction. This purpose, we take it, has been to show that French fiction is possible which shall be fair and not foul; that all the French are not either frivolous in emptiness or sordid in vice; that there are still brave men and honest women in the fair land of France; and that a novel may be written which shall be thoroughly French, and yet not have for its characters the drunkard and the rake, and for its scene the grog-shop and the brothel. M. Zola has a horror of sympathetic characters; M. About here gives us hardly anything else; although not free from failings and from faults, there is scarcely one of the people who pass through the pages of this

book that an honest man need regret taking by the hand. There is no villain in the story—save, remotely, His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.; there are no "sensations" in it; there is not much of a love story, but there is a story which every novel-reader who has not spoiled his taste by the fire-water of fiction will read through to the end, almost without stopping and with unbroken interest—the one quality without which all the other gifts of the novelist are as naught.

The naturalistic school makes great parade of its use of modern scientific formulas; M. Zola's "Rougon-Macquart," for instance, is a group of twenty intersecting stories, held together by the principle of heredity. This very principle is the backbone of M. About's story, and its development is far more natural and more scientific here than in M. Zola's much-vaunted volumes. M. About, to be sure, has one great advantage; he is not only clever and able, but his cleverness is disciplined and his ability trained, and both are supplemented by wide culture. The amusing account of the reforms in the school, while Pierre is a boy, recalls to us the fact that M. About is a graduate of high rank from the strict *École Normale*, where he was in the same class with M. Taine and M. Sarcey. And the difficulties and struggles of the crockery-makers, of whose factory Pierre at last becomes the owner, remind us of the admirable little book on the A. B. C. of political economy which M. About put forth a score of years ago. It is of no consequence that we may detect a slight slip now and then, such as the antedating of founding of the South Kensington Museum, for instance; the general impression is one of strength, well informed and well trained. In short, the "Story of an Honest Man" is a manly and dignified novel, worthy to be read by honest men and women, and especially by those who have got a notion, not altogether without reason, that the French fiction of our time is wholly given over to the devil.

Mrs. Gray's "Fourteen Months in Canton."*

THE wife of Dr. Gray, archdeacon of Hong-Kong, has very admirably supplemented the work of her husband, "China: a History of the Law, Manners and Customs of the People." Her book* takes the unpretending form of a series of letters to her family in England. Mrs. Gray accompanied her husband to the scene of his labors when he returned to China after a visit to his own home. During the fourteen months of her stay in China, Mrs. Gray was an indefatigable sight-seer and explorer. With the intelligent enthusiasm of an educated English woman, she made the best possible use of her opportunities to study the people at home, and in all of the human activities which engage their attention. The archdeacon accompanied her in most of her peregrinations, and, as he is well-versed in the Chinese language, she was never in want for an interpreter close at hand. Added to this, the position of archdeacon of the English church establishment

* The Story of an Honest Man. By Edmond About. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

* Fourteen Months in Canton. By Mrs. Gray. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880. Pp. 444.

at Hong-Kong gave him peculiar privileges and facilities for observation, in which Mrs. Gray naturally shared. The result of all these appears in a most entertaining and instructive volume. Less learned and ambitious than the archdeacon's work, and more minute than any similar work of which we have recollection, Mrs. Gray's record of her fourteen months' study of the manners and customs of the Chinese gives us a vivid and exceedingly life-like picture of the domestic and familiar manners of this interesting and curious people. So much of the daily life of the people of China is out of doors, that any observant person, with plenty of leisure, could not fail to gain a clear idea of the habits of this peculiar people. But Mrs. Gray seems to have a clear perception of what would be most interesting to her readers. The writer managed her own household, and so she gives us many piquant glimpses of home life as conducted under Chinese skies by foreigners. Her minor trials with the native servants, helpers and trades-people are not made tedious to the reader, and the minutiae of common things, the cost of living, the ways of the Chinese world, and the character of those with whom the writer came in contact, are all

described entertainingly. We certainly gain a fresher and more nearly photographic view of Chinese interiors from this book than from any other which pretends to sketch the manners of the Chinese. The work is nicely printed, and is illustrated with many tolerable engravings.

Mrs. Dickinson's "Among the Thorns."*

NOTWITHSTANDING the punning character of its title, Mrs. Dickinson has written a really clever story. Originally contributed as a serial to a denominational monthly, it bears certain marks of that intention which mar its artistic completeness. But its faults are those of strength, not of weakness. It is well conceived, well developed, and well concluded. In respect of its plot, or plots,—for there are several,—it is remarkably successful. There are no "rich windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing." Most important consideration to summer loiterers, the book is eminently readable, and the hand that wrote it is capable of excellent things.

* *Among the Thorns. A Novel. By Mary Lowe Dickinson. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. Pp. 430.*

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Electrical Separators.

It often happens that the announcement of a new invention is accompanied, or immediately followed, by the appearance of others more or less like it. As an illustration of this, it may be observed that the new apparatus for separating iron ores and sands by electrical means, recently described in this department, is so closely followed by others that it is evident other inventors were seeking the same ends at the same time. A zinc-mining company, being troubled by the presence of iron in their ore, sought the aid of an electrical expert in Berlin, and the result of his labors is a new separator of some interest. It consists of a steel shaft, supported at the ends, in a position slightly out of the horizontal. On this shaft is a common screw conveyer of the usual shape, and made of brass. This is surrounded by a tube, split open on the upper side through its whole length. Outside of this is placed a drum, or cylinder, composed of electro-magnets, separated from each other by rings of brass. These magnets are of different power, the weakest being placed at the receiving end of the apparatus, and the most powerful at the opposite end. The split tube in the center of the drum has one edge bent sufficiently to just touch the outer cylinder of magnets, and thus serve as a scraper. The mingled ores of zinc and iron are

poured, in a finely divided state, by means of a hopper, into the end of the apparatus, and fall upon the bottom of the drum of magnets. This drum turns slowly, and causes the ores to slip downward toward the lower end. The zinc, not being affected by the magnets, escapes, while the iron, clinging by magnetic attraction to the magnets, is carried up by the revolution of the drum till it meets the scraper, when it is brushed off, and falls into the open slit in the brass tube that surrounds the conveyer. Here it is carried out through a spout at the end of the machine. The angle at which the drum is inclined causes the mingled ores to roll over and over so that every particle is in turn exposed to the magnets, and as these increase in power toward the discharge end, all the iron is taken up and thrown into the conveyer. The first machine constructed, though very small, was found to have a capacity of about one ton an hour, and to do the work with entire success.

Another machine, employing the same principle, has been constructed in this country for separating brass and wrought and cast iron filings, when mixed together in machine shops. The mixed filings are placed in a hopper so arranged as to distribute them in a thin sheet, or film, upon the upper side of a horizontal drum composed in part of magnets. The drum turns slowly, and the brass filings slip off and

fall into a box placed to receive them. The iron filings cling to the magnets, and are carried on by the revolution of the drum till they meet a light brush. The cast-iron filings, being only slightly affected by the magnets, are easily brushed off, and fall into a box below. The wrought-iron filings, being more powerfully attracted to the magnets, cling to them, and pass under the brush without being disturbed, and may be occasionally removed by hand. The machine has the merit of simplicity and cheapness, and is said to do its work in a satisfactory manner.

The ingenious separator already described in this department has since been modified by allowing the mingled ores to fall from a circular hopper, in a slender thread, directly between the poles of an upright electro-magnet. On the magnet are placed two armatures having square edges facing each other between the poles of the magnet, the stream of falling ores passing between them. A blast of air is directed at right angles with the stream of ores, just as it meets the magnets. The action of this is to blow the ores away in two streams, each having a different path or trajectory, the iron ore being turned aside by passing through the field of magnetic attraction between the armatures, and falling in one place, while the non-metallic portions are blown in quite another direction, and fall in another receptacle.

Gas Fuels.

THERE can be no question that the best fuel for heating, cooking or making steam is a gas. Only the high price of common gas prevents it from being the universal fuel. A gas flame is clean, free from smoke, gives its full power instantly, and may be cut off the moment the required work is done. It is equally available in the range, furnace, and locomotive or marine boiler. To reduce the cost of making gas has been the aim of many inventors, some of whom have been more or less successful; and it has been demonstrated that a good heating-gas can be supplied to the householder at very low rates. Some of these new gases and processes have been already described here, and the prediction may be ventured that gas is the fuel of the near future. All of the later processes for making gas fuel depend on the production of hydrogen from water, and in a new process recently brought out, naphtha and water alone are used to produce what is called an "oxyhydro-carbon heat," or flame. It is practically a non-luminous gas of great heating power, made in a self-contained apparatus that is at once retort and burner. From an examination of the apparatus, it may be described as a pair of iron retorts, somewhat resembling coal-gas retorts, and cast in one piece. For a common cook-stove, the retort, in its two compartments, would hold about one quart of water. It is supplied with inlet pipes at one side, near the bottom, one pipe for each compartment, each pipe being packed for a short distance with fine wire netting. From the top of each division of the retort is taken a pipe, bending over and turning under the flat bottom of the retort. Here one pipe ends with a minute hole, or burner, and the other in a ring pierced with

small holes on the inner side, or toward the top of the other pipe, which is placed in the middle of the ring. One of the inlet pipes is connected with a tank containing naphtha, and the other connects with a tank containing water, and each is raised sufficiently above the retort to give a fall of about fifteen feet. Under the retort is a small metal cup, connected with a branch pipe from the pipe supplying naphtha. The retort is placed in the fire-pot of the stove or range, and about a tea-spoonful of naphtha is allowed to run through a pipe into the cup under the retort. On lighting this, it burns for a few moments and heats the retort. The naphtha and water are then turned into the retort in very small quantities, or at the rate of seventy or eighty drops a minute. The naphtha is at once volatilized, and under its own pressure escapes through the opening below, and takes fire in the form of a minute and slender flame. The wire netting on the supply-pipe here serves to prevent the gas from striking back into the supply-pipe, and to distribute the naphtha in the retort in as finely divided a state as possible. Water flows into the other division of the retort in minute quantities, and is at once converted into steam, and then into superheated steam; in other words, is decomposed into its gases, that, escaping from the ring below, strike the naphtha gas-flame, and combine to produce a gas-fire of intense heat, free from smoke or dust. The process once started, the supply of naphtha in the cup under the retort is cut off, and the process of gas-making goes on continually, so long as the supply of water and naphtha is maintained. By adding a third division to the retort, and a certain length of pipe in the fire-box, the same apparatus will, with the use of more naphtha supplied by a separate pipe, produce a good illuminating gas, so that the range may at once cook for the family and make gas for lighting the house by night. For making steam, the retorts are somewhat larger, but are essentially of the same construction. The retort, placed in an open fire-place, gives a brilliant and powerful sheet of flame: really a bright open fire, that may be lighted instantly, extinguished in a moment, and requires neither cleaning nor attention, and makes neither smoke, smell nor dust. By adding the retort for making luminous gas to the fire-place, the open fire will give a bright light and make a light and cheerful blaze on the hearth. It would appear as if this method of making and using a cheap gas-fuel, suitable for the household and boiler-room, had been thoroughly tested, and it will do much to bring into use the fuel of the future, which will be a gas.

New Steam Fire-Engine Boiler.

IN the refinement of steam engineering caused by the growing demand for high pressures in engines of all kinds, particularly in steam fire-engines, the tendency appears to be toward the exposure of the water to the fire in very small quantities, either in films or thread-like streams. Among the boilers of recent design is an upright fire-engine boiler having groups of pipes joined into nests at top and bottom by a hollow ring, and hanging down into the fire-box

from the crown sheet. Each nest of pipes is connected at the top directly with the water space of the boiler, and below by a pipe and elbow that enters the boiler near the bottom. The object of this is to give a large number of pipes in the fire-box with as few openings into the crown sheet as possible, and thus save perforating and weakening the sheet. The leg of the nest of pipes also serves as a support for the pipes, and acts as a spring in correcting expansion and contraction. The smoke flues pass directly through the boiler to the stack above, passing near the top of the boiler through a horizontal sheet of iron. The openings in this sheet are slightly larger than the smoke flues, leaving an annular space, through which the steam passes to the space above that serves as a steam drain. This causes the steam to pass in films in contact with the hot pipes, at once superheating the steam, and keeping the pipes in the moisture and preventing burning. The boiler is reported to give high working pressures in very short firing, and to do good and steady duty while at work. It appears from inspection to be admirably designed for a high-pressure boiler, whatever the use made of the steam.

Utilization of Scrap Tin.

THE vast heaps of scrap tin found about tin-ware works, and the quantities of refuse tin cans that form such an item in city waste, have often been made the subject of experiment to separate the tin coating from the sheet-iron. Melting the scrap gives only a spongy iron, and the extraction of the tin by the action of acids or chlorine gas is too expensive, so that hundreds of tons of this material are wasted every year, and all the experiments to save it appear to prove abortive. The latest experiments, however, seem to promise a cheap method of recovering both the tin and iron in a pure and useful shape. The tin scraps are placed in a furnace where the temperature and the supply of air can be carefully adjusted. This gives a roasting in free air that causes the film of tin on the iron to oxidize. The alloy of tin and iron under the film of tin is next oxidized, and then the scrap is taken from the furnace, and the coating of oxides on the iron is shaken off by simple machinery. This leaves the iron in a comparatively pure state, while the powdered oxides may be smelted with other tin ores, or, as is preferred by the inventor of the process, they may be submitted to the action of hot sulphuric acid, which dissolves the oxide of iron, leaving the tin untouched. The tin may then be separated from the solution of sulphate of iron and melted, while the solution may be evaporated to dryness and then placed in retorts to recover the sulphuric acid, the residue in the retorts being valuable in making paints. The waste heat from the retorts is used to assist in roasting the scrap, and in evaporating the solution of sulphate of iron. Waste fruit-tins are first roasted to remove the solder that may cling to them, and are then treated by the same process. The process is one that it may be hoped will save a great deal of money now lost without recovery, and do much to rid manufacturing cities of many unsightly heaps of refuse.

Memoranda.

New Fruit Jar.—A new device for preserving fruit in its natural condition consists of a glass jar or tumbler, having a cover with a rubber packing-ring, secured to the jar by a screw clasp. At the bottom of the jar is a hole, designed to be closed air-tight by a suitable stopper, and inside the jar is placed a layer of dried clay, to absorb the moisture that may escape from the fruit. The grapes or other fruits are hung up inside the jar, the cover is put on, and the air is withdrawn by means of an air-pump, when the opening in the bottom is closed and sealed.

Gas Soldering-iron.—Several kinds of irons for soldering, using a gas flame to heat the iron, and thus saving the delay and trouble of placing the iron in the fire, have been made. In a new form of soldering-iron the bit is held by a narrow piece of iron, projecting from the end of the handle, and bent slightly to accommodate the gas-burner. The bit is hollow at the back to receive the flame, while a small hole is made through the bit to carry off the products of combustion. The gas-jet consists of a tube having a movable sleeve at the end, and a number of narrow slits at the sides for admission of air, the gas entering the tube through a pipe in the handle. By sliding the sleeve up or down, more or less of the air-inlets may be covered, and the mixture of air and gas regulated with great nicety. The tool is reported to give a soldering-bit uniformly and evenly heated, and giving good results in work.

Skating Surface.—An artificial surface, suitable for skating, and behaving very much like natural ice under a skate-iron, has been formed by a mixture of the carbonate and sulphate of soda. The crystalline mass is spread on a floor, and may be used as a skating-rink, and will last indefinitely, with slight repairs. It "cuts up" like ice, and, when too rough, may be smoothed again by a simple steaming apparatus.

Malleable Nickel is among the late metallurgical products, and it is now announced that it is an alloy of zinc and magnesium. The nickel-zinc alloy is made by mixing the pure oxide of zinc with five per cent. of oxide of zinc. To this may be added 1.20 per cent. of magnesium, when the alloy becomes malleable, and may be welded to nickel, or to steel or iron. The alloy has recently been made useful by welding thin sheets of iron and nickel under a steam hammer, the product being a thin sheet of iron, nickel covered. The sheets have also been rolled, giving large sheets of steel or iron having a nickel surface, that takes a high polish.

Ruby Paper.—The Geological Survey of Pennsylvania reports the discovery of large deposits of garnet, in the form of an aggregation of grains and crystals of garnet bedded in a small percentage of other minerals. The value of the deposits is thought to spring from the fact that the material may be used in making a very sharp cutting sand for sand-papers and cutting wheels. Experiments already made would seem to indicate that the garnet, or, as it is called, "ruby paper," will prove of value in the arts.

Barff Process.—The so-called "Barff process" for coating iron articles with a film of magnetic oxide, described at the time of its announcement in this department, is now carried on upon a large scale, but the objection has always been raised that, while the film prevents rust, it has a disagreeable appearance and color. Other experimenters used air instead of steam, in applying the magnetic oxide coating, and secured a better color, but at the expense of stability. By a new process, the chamber in which the iron to be coated is placed is filled with carbonic oxide, and, on introducing heated air, combustion begins, and con-

tinues till all the carbonic oxide is converted into carbonic acid, when the surplus oxygen in the air attacks the iron, converting the surface first into a magnetic oxide and then into common rust. A second supply of carbonic oxide is admitted, and burned as before, but the supply of air being withheld, combustion is maintained in part by extracting oxygen from the rust, which is again converted to a magnetic oxide, which is the film desired. Repeating the operation tends to thicken the film and make it secure, and, at the same time, retain an agreeable color and surface.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Love and Jealousy.

WHEN the sun-flushed roses render
Fragrant homage unto June,
Cupid—nestling 'mid their splendor—
Cried: "My heart is out of tune,
And I crave a new sensation!"
Then the pale pinks round his bed
Changed to crimson and carnation,
And the white musk-roses, red.
Sighed the listless god: "I'm weary
Both of conquest and repose,
And begin to feel it dreary,
Seeing things *coulleur de rose*.
Beauty ceases to delight me,
I am sick of everything,
And would like a snake to bite me,
Or a honey-bee to sting.
'Hide-and-seek' might give me pleasure,
To outwit,—as I defy,
Without fear, and without measure,
That grim hydra, Jealousy."
Now the summer breeze, that tattles,
With this reckless banter flies
Where, upon his bed of nettles,
Rests the monster, who replies:
"If defeat be recreation,
Bid the small god plume his wing:"
Zephyr flew to Cupid, humming
Softly in his drowsy ear:
"Hark!—grim Jealousy is coming;
Rise up quickly—he is here!"
Light as foam upon a billow
Young Love rose, for he had seen
Ghastly shadows on his pillow,
Turning all the roses green.
And with quick, mysterious power
To a maiden's bosom flew,
Where heart's-ease and passion-flower
Gleamed with youth's pure morning dew.
But within that sweet seclusion
Lo, a surly voice near by
Whispered: "Love is a delusion
When apart from Jealousy."
Cupid felt his courage failing
In the presence of his foe,
For the dew was fast exhaling
And the heart's-ease drooping low.
Then he cried out, in his sorrow:
"You are present, yet unseen"—
"Yes—I ride upon your arrow,

And invisible the green
Of my shadow round you sweeping,
Oh, you foolish little sprite,
For I wake while you are sleeping
And am subtle as the light."
Sobbed poor Cupid: "While this settles
My defeat,—let me propose
That you rest among the nettles,
While I'm pillowed on a rose;
Let me be with pleasure sated,
I will sneer no more at bliss,
Having surely overrated
New sensations such as this."
"Since my power you have derided,"
Growled his foe—"till time shall cease,
We will rarely be divided,
And together find no peace.
Let us make a compact—reaping
Its reward—if you should see,
By mere chance, that I am sleeping,
Fan your fires and let me be.
If I find you drowsy, deeming
Love hath safety in repose—
Be my sting unto your dreaming
What the thorn is to the rose."

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Uncle Eek's Wisdom.

There is no victory so cheap and so complete as forgiveness.

If you suspect a man wrongfully you license him to defraud you.

Luck is the dream of a simpleton; a wise man makes his own good fortune.

Wealth in this world is just so much baggage to be taken care of but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and is a never-failing source of profit and pleasure.

Gratitude is a debt which all men owe and which few pay cheerfully.

Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of them since the creation.

Happiness consists in being happy—there is no particular rule for it.

About all that cunning can do for a man is to make him incredulous.

Too great economy in youth leads to avarice in old age.

All prudes were once coquettes and only changed because they were obliged to.

Experience has a very poor memory and true charity none at all.

A fair compensation for honest service is the best present you can make a man, and the best gift he can receive.

Doing nothing is the most slavish toil ever imposed on any one.

True eloquence is the power of completely impressing others with our ideas.

The charities which a man dispenses after his death look suspicious.

Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Some men seem to have a salve for the woes of others, but none for their own.

Extreme gravity is oftener the result of stupidity than of wisdom.

Politics at the Log-Rolling.

I b'lebes dat any nigger's in a sorry sort o' way
Dat swallows all de racket dat de politicians say;
For I's been a grown-up cullud man some forty
years or so,
An' I's heard 'em make de same old 'sertions heap
o' times befo'.
Dar's lots o' cussed foolishness an' gassin', anyway,
'Bout bustin' up de Consterchusion eb'ry 'lection-
day;
'Cause I gib it as de notion ob a plain an' humble
man,
Dat de Gub'ment an' de country, too, is tough
enough to stan'.
I nebber takes more polertics dan one good man
kin tote,
An' I don't need any 'visin' when I go to drap
my vote;
I talks wid all de canerdates, an' tell 'em what I
choose,
But I goes in on de side dat gibs de biggest bobby-
kews!

J. A. MACON.

A Wish.

THERE's a legend old of the midnight watch
That at sound of the midnight bell,
A voice rung out through the silent town
And the cry was: "All is well!"
"All's well!"

O friend, when thy midnight hour shall come,
With the sound of the passing knell,
May a voice ring out to thy weary heart
And the cry be: "All is well!"
"All's well!"

W. T. PETERS.

Signs of the Times.

IN the calm blue light of a summer sea,
A boat went flitting by,
And a youth and a maiden earnestly
Watched its beautiful white wings fly.

They gazed as only the young can gaze,
With longing and joy and hope,
And the white sail, luffing a little, showed
The legend of "Samson's Soap."

In the sweet still light, another sail
Came fast and ever faster,
And the motto, bright, that it bore aloft,
Was "Dodson's Porous Plaster."

And farther off, but hurrying on
(Fierce roars the surf and louder),
Came a sail with the sweet suggestion to
"Use Lightning Baking Powder."

"How sweet," said the maid, "it is to sit
At Nature's feet, and adore her,
Reading and learning the virtues of
'The Thunder Hair Restorer.'"

"Yes," said the youth, and he dropped a tear,
"Such joys one never forgets,
I love to be told, in this gracious way,
Of 'Tecumseh's cigarettes.'"

BESSIE CHANDLER.

A Balladine.

SHE was the prettiest girl, I ween,
That mortal eyes had ever seen;
Her name is Anabel Christine,
Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
Her lace was washed in coaline,
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
She wore a dress of grenadine,
Looped over a skirt of brillianine.
Her petticoat was bombazine,
Her foot was shod with a kid bottine,
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline.
She sailed away from Muscatine
In a ship they called a brigantine.
She flirted with a gay marine
Till they reached th' Republic Argentine,
Where they were married by the Dean,
And lived on oleomargarine.

CORNELIA SEABRING PARKER.

Revolution.

IN Carthage—so the story goes—
The tender maidens fair
Once bravely furnished strings for bows
By cutting off their hair.
But time a revolution brings;
Our belles, with artful care,
Now fasten *beaux* upon their strings
With fresh supplies of hair.

TELL me, lady, what is sweetest,—
What, of all things, the completest?
'Tis the kiss of him we love most.
Nay, 'tis the kiss of her we love most.
Nay, 'tis *two* kisses. Here true bliss is.
This, fair lady, is the sweetest,—
This, of all things, the completest.

J. H. PRATT.

